



VOL. 1

COLLECTED

# MINDFIELD





ASPEN  
Vol. 1

#0  
COVER A

# MINDFIELD



Alex  
Koma  
B.D.





Vol. 1

#0

Cover B

# MINDFIELD







# MINDFIELD™

## HEAD GAMES

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CREATED BY **J.T. KRUL**

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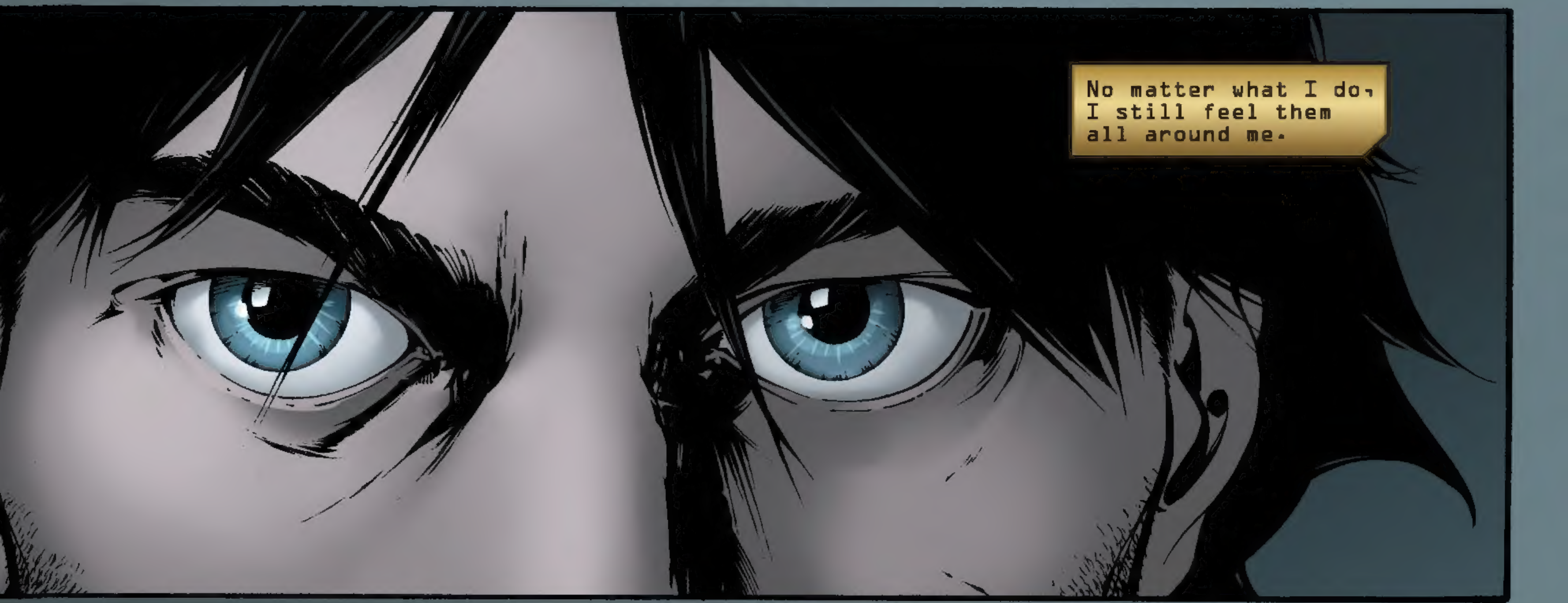
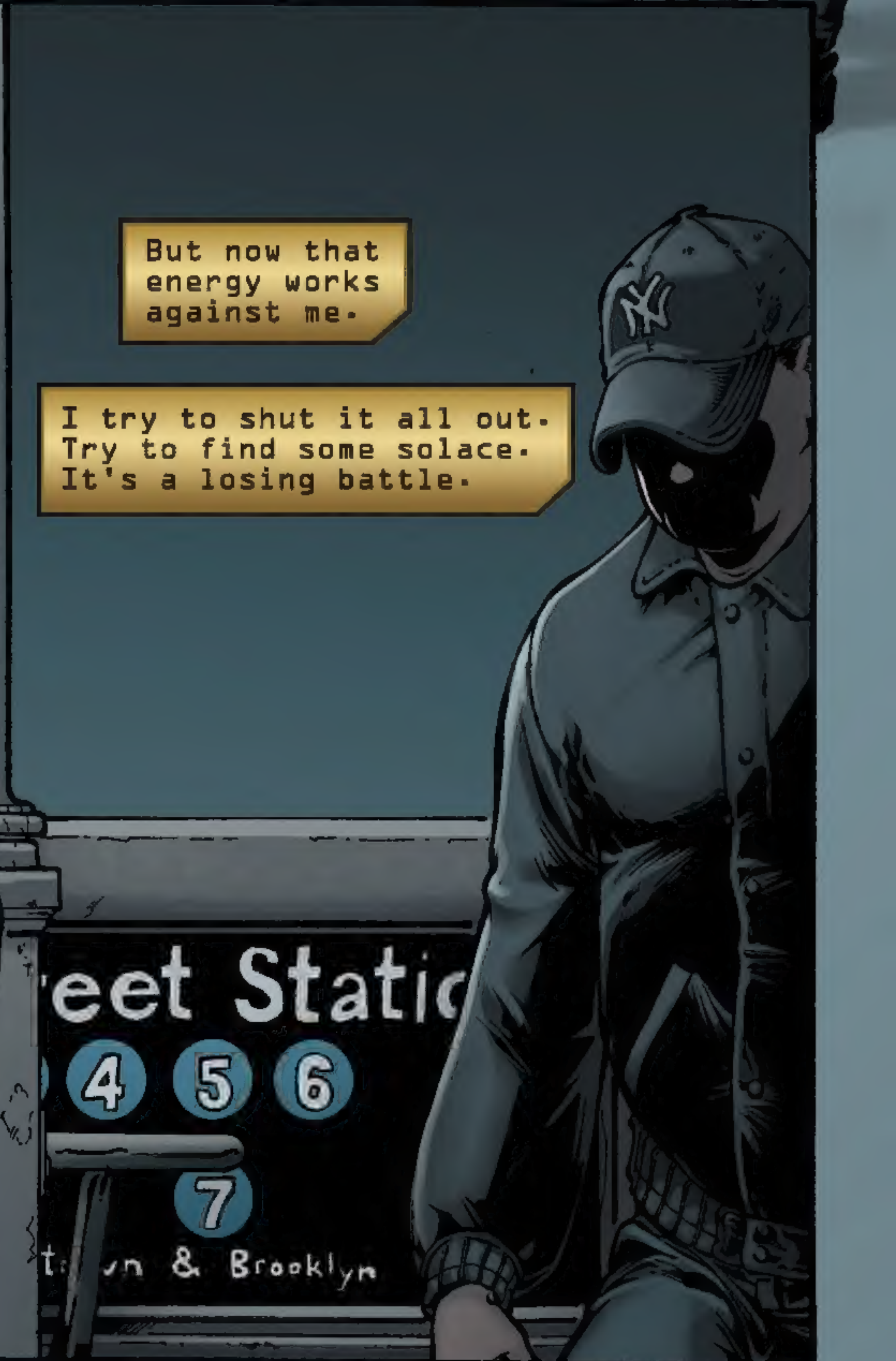
I used to like cities.  
The sights, the  
sounds, the people.  
The constant energy  
humming in my ear.

The urban heartbeat. A  
sign of life itself.



But now that  
energy works  
against me.

I try to shut it all out.  
Try to find some solace.  
It's a losing battle.



No matter what I do,  
I still feel them  
all around me.





I don't see their  
faces, but I know  
their secrets.

And I f\*\*\*ing  
hate that.

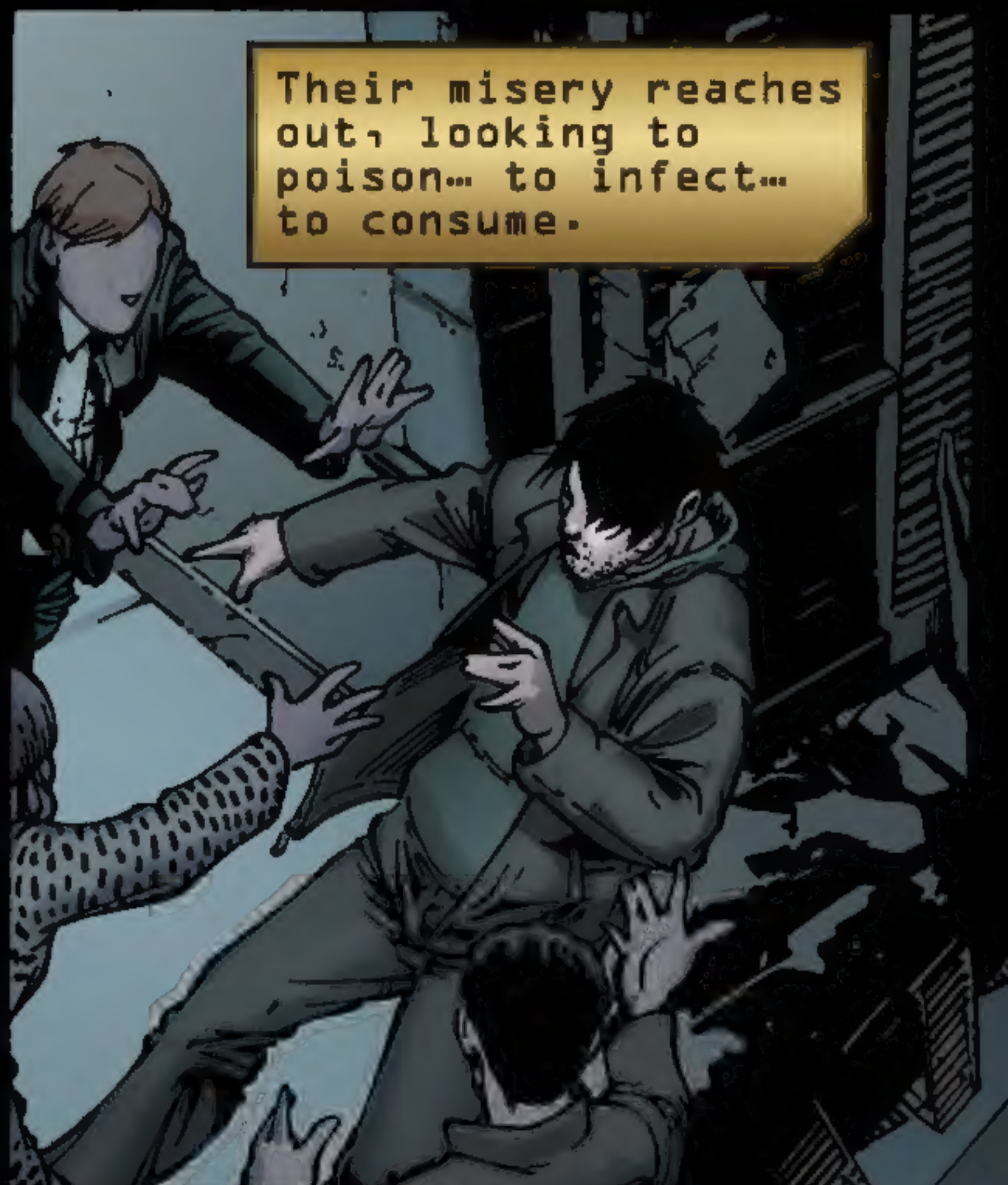




Filthy, ugly, putrid.

They spew their mental vomit at me.

It seeps through my pores. Digs into my skull.



Their misery reaches out, looking to poison... to infect... to consume.

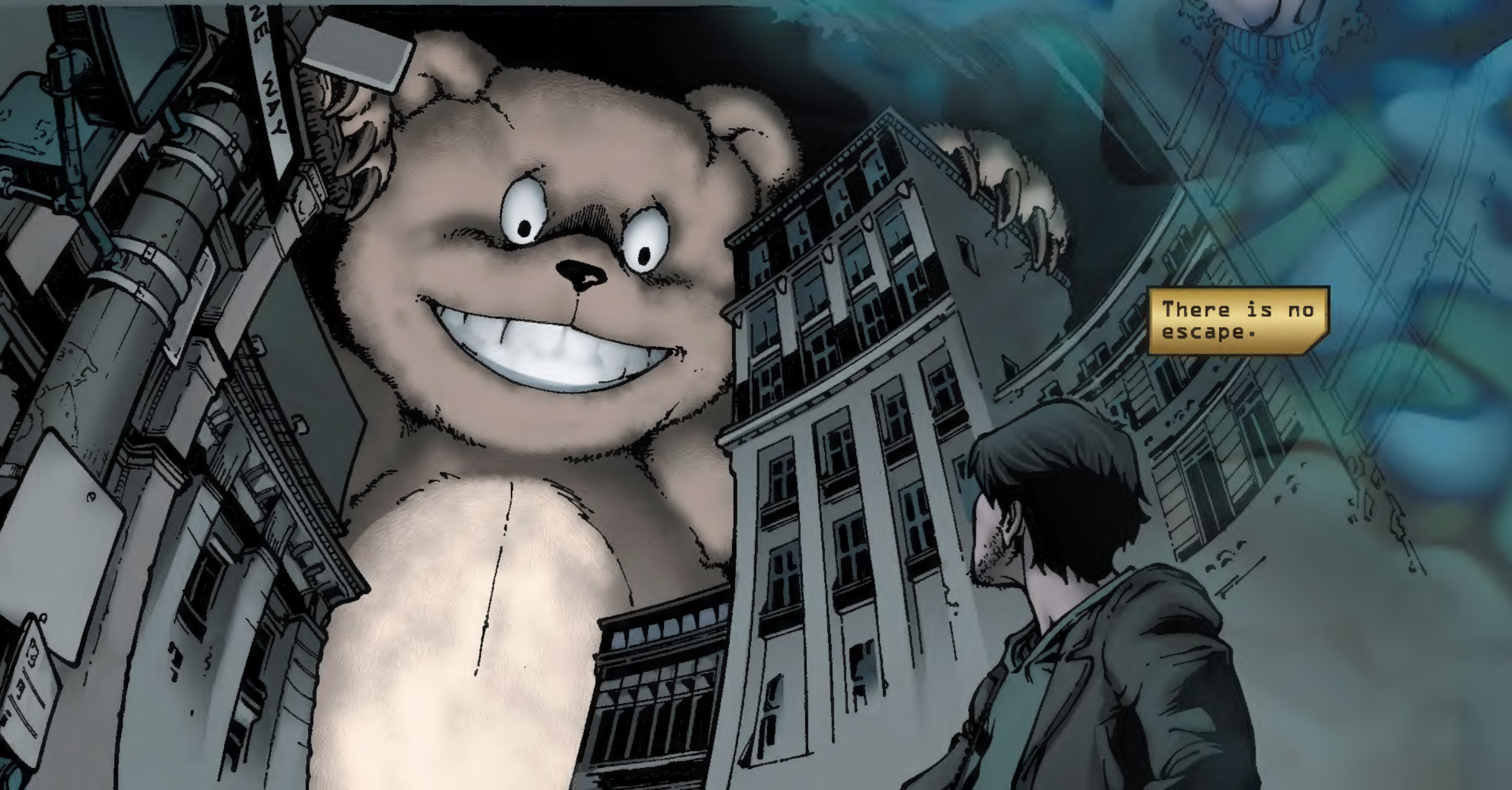


If only I could get away.



Escape to some remote place.

But I know the truth.



There is no escape.

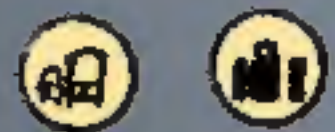


This is  
my life.



Departure Gates ↓

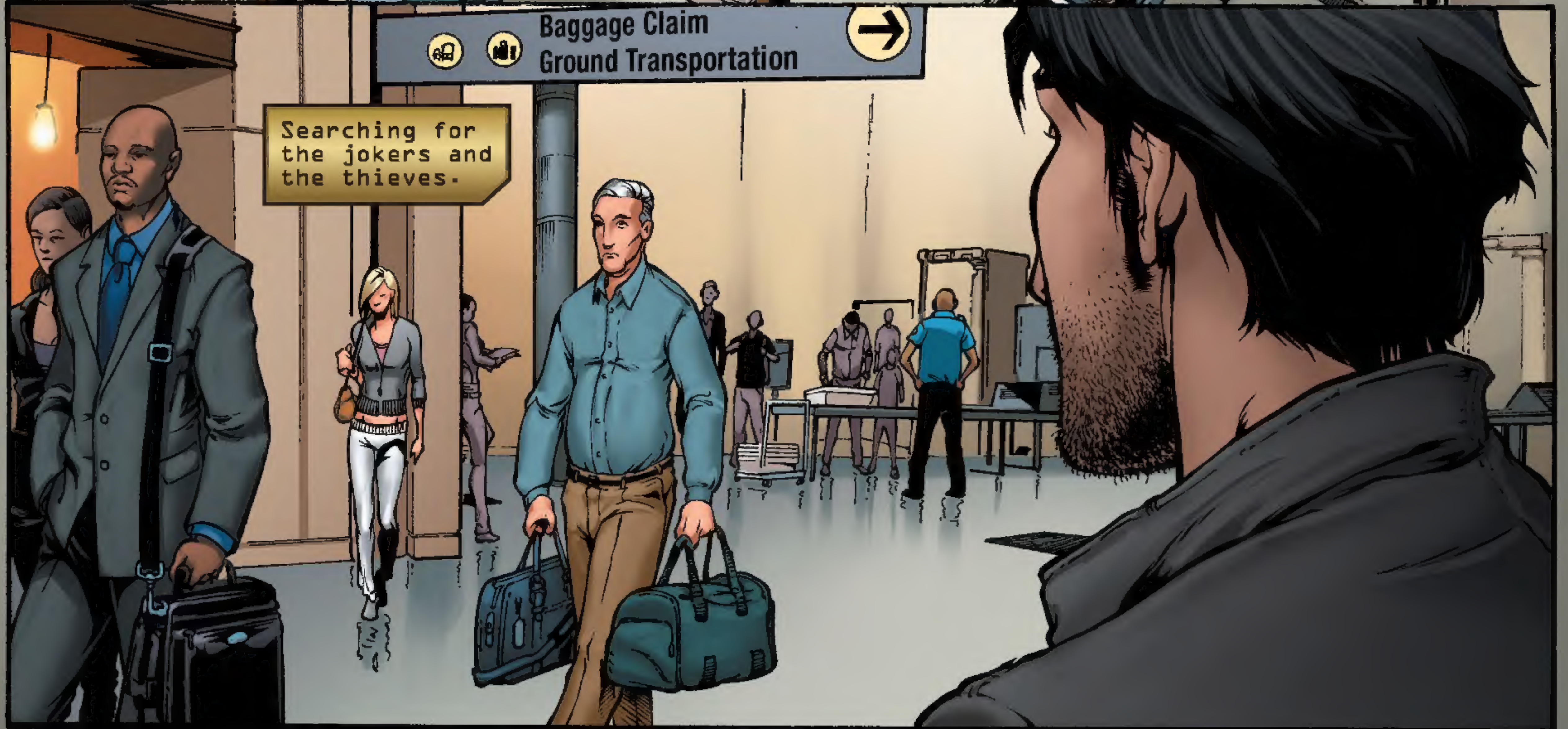
Stationed along  
a watchtower.



Baggage Claim  
Ground Transportation



Searching for  
the jokers and  
the thieves.







Trying to find some relief.

HEY, BOB DYLAN--



--HOW ABOUT YOU FOCUS ON THE TASK AT HAND?

YOU'RE THE ONE WHOSE GOT HER NOSE BURIED IN THAT GOSSIP RAG. NO WONDER I KEEP GETTING FLASHES OF DENZEL IN HIS SWIM TRUNKS.

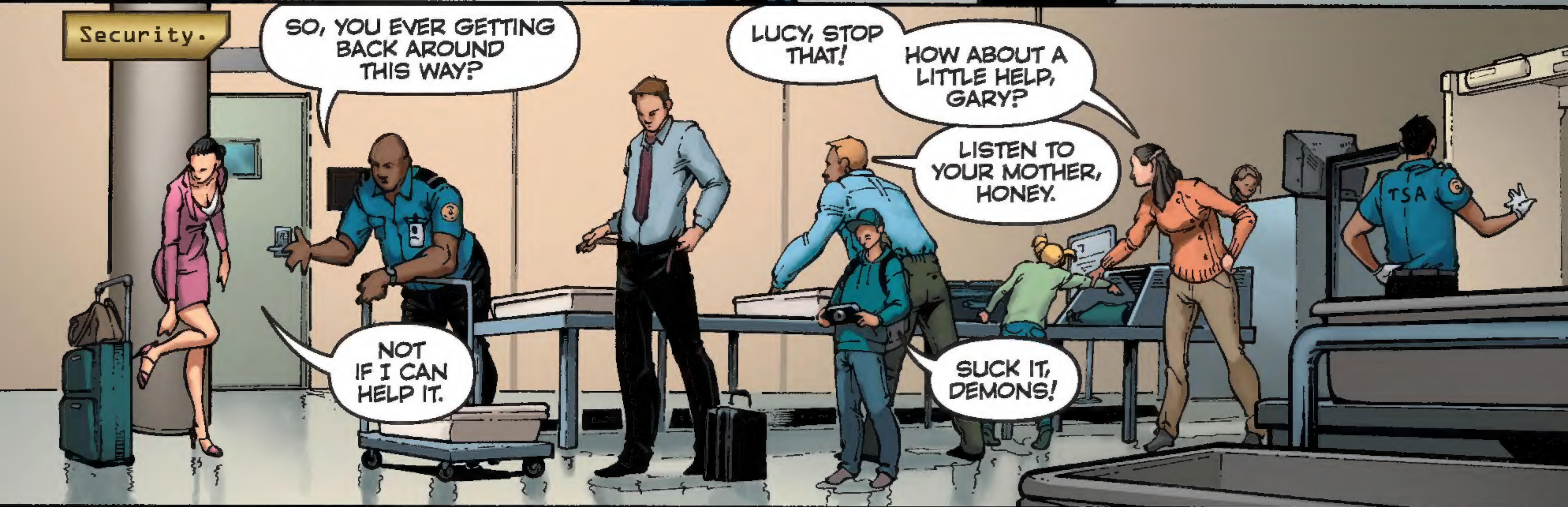


WHAT? YOU GOTTA PROBLEM WITH A BROTHER BEING A SEX SYMBOL?

NOT AT ALL. I'M JUST MORE OF A WILL SMITH MAN MYSELF.

Erika and I are partners. Not in the biblical sense, but the agency sense.

We have one job and one job only.



Security.

SO, YOU EVER GETTING BACK AROUND THIS WAY?

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT.

LUCY, STOP THAT!

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE HELP, GARY?

LISTEN TO YOUR MOTHER, HONEY.

SUCK IT, DEMONS!





Picking up what  
the rest of the  
world misses.

WHO'S MY  
GOOD LITTLE  
BABY?



Seeing what  
they can't.

PLEASE  
STOP  
LOOKING  
AT ME.



A thought  
police--

BREATHE...  
TWO... THREE...  
FOUR...



Literally.

Rrrgh!



There.

YOU WILL SEE--  
SEE WHAT IT IS  
LIKE TO LIVE AND  
DIE IN FEAR!















<LANGLEY, VIRGINIA.  
C.I.A. TERMINAL  
SIMULATION CENTER.>>

END  
SIMULATION.  
RESET IN 30  
MINUTES.

JESUS, MAN! I THINK YOU  
BROKE MY RIB. WHAT IS THIS,  
YOUR FIRST TRAINING EXERCISE?  
TAKE IT EASY NEXT TIME.

RUN SLOWER  
NEXT TIME.

JACKASS.

LET'S FACE IT.  
YOU ENDURED FAR  
WORSE WHEN YOU  
WERE IN THE THEATRE  
DEPARTMENT  
AT J.C.

ANYTHING  
FOR THE PART,  
HUH?

I THOUGHT  
THAT BRIEFCASE  
FELT A BIT  
LIGHT.

NOW, YOU  
TELL ME.

HOW'D...  
HE KNOW?





I GUESS I SHOULD BE HAPPY CONNOR ONLY GOT HIMSELF KILLED THIS TIME AROUND.

BUT WITH ONLY A HANDFUL OF AGENTS IN THIS PROGRAM, WE CAN'T AFFORD LOSING ONE SO EASILY.

WE'VE INVESTED TOO MUCH IN THEIR SAD LITTLE MINDS.

ESPECIALLY CONNOR, SIR. HE'S THE MOST EFFECTIVE TEST SUBJECT IN COBALT.

WHAT ABOUT ERIKA?

SHE'S A BETTER PROTO-TYPICAL FIELD AGENT. HIGHER PROFICIENCY IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT AND WEAPONS TRAINING.

BUT CONNOR'S SHOWN THE MOST COGNITIVE SKILLS AND EFFECTIVE PRIMARY PERCEPTION QUOTIENT.

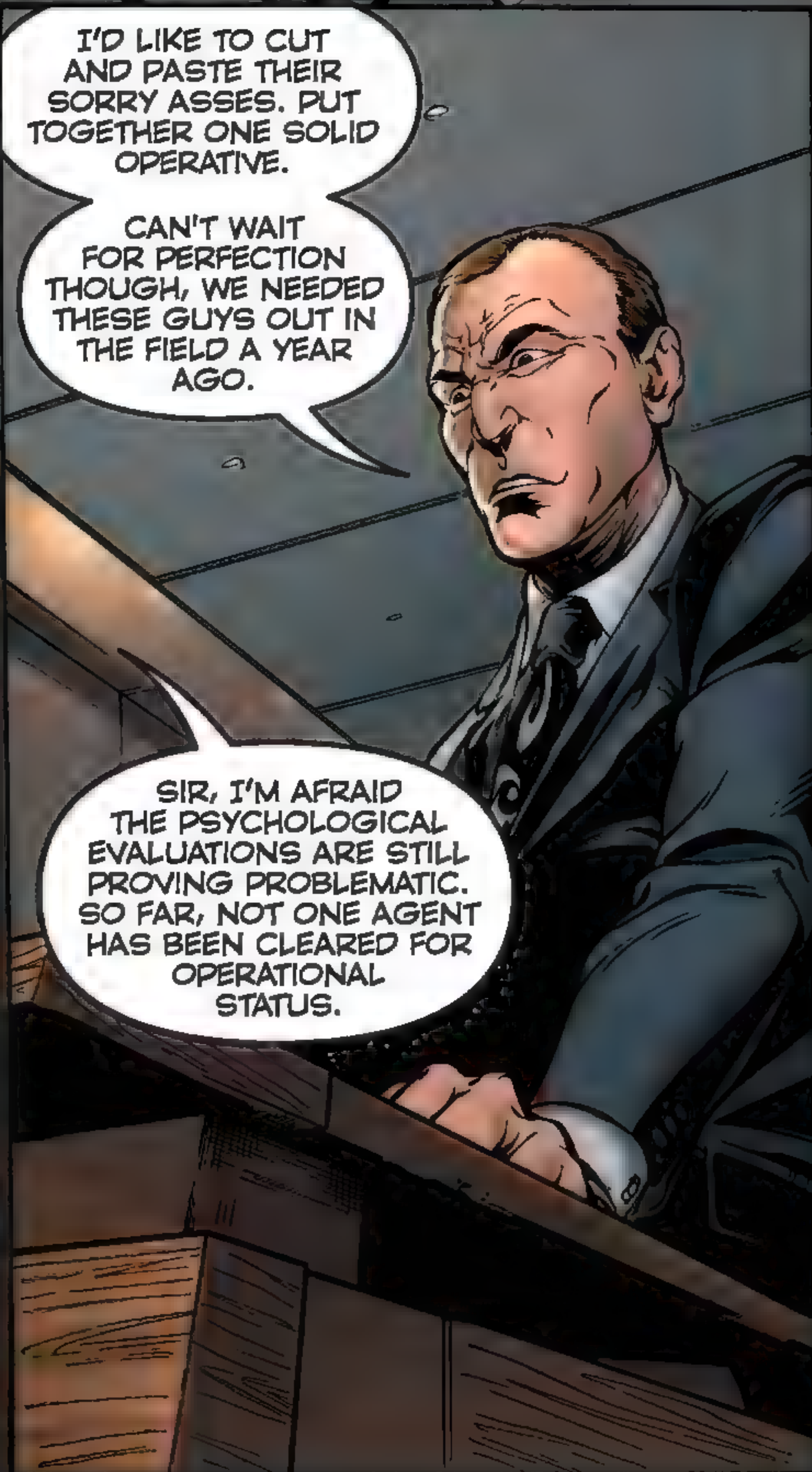
I'D LIKE TO CUT AND PASTE THEIR SORRY ASSES. PUT TOGETHER ONE SOLID OPERATIVE.

CAN'T WAIT FOR PERFECTION THOUGH, WE NEEDED THESE GUYS OUT IN THE FIELD A YEAR AGO.

SIR, I'M AFRAID THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATIONS ARE STILL PROVING PROBLEMATIC. SO FAR, NOT ONE AGENT HAS BEEN CLEARED FOR OPERATIONAL STATUS.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. I'LL GET THEM CLEARED FOR DUTY.

EVEN IF I HAVE TO WRITE THE DAMN REPORTS MYSELF.







NOT A BAD WAY FOR WANNABE ACTORS TO SPEND THEIR TIME, I GUESS.

DO YOU THINK THEY WOULD VOLUNTEER FOR THIS SIMULATION, IF THEY KNEW WHAT *WE* WERE CAPABLE OF?

PROBABLY NOT.



WOULD YOU HAVE SIGNED ON FOR THE PROGRAM, IF *YOU* KNEW WHAT *WE'D* BE CAPABLE OF?



GOOD POINT.

AIN'T NO BIG SURPRISE THOUGH. ALWAYS KNEW THE WORLD WAS SH\*T. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS NOW WE GOT THE PROOF.

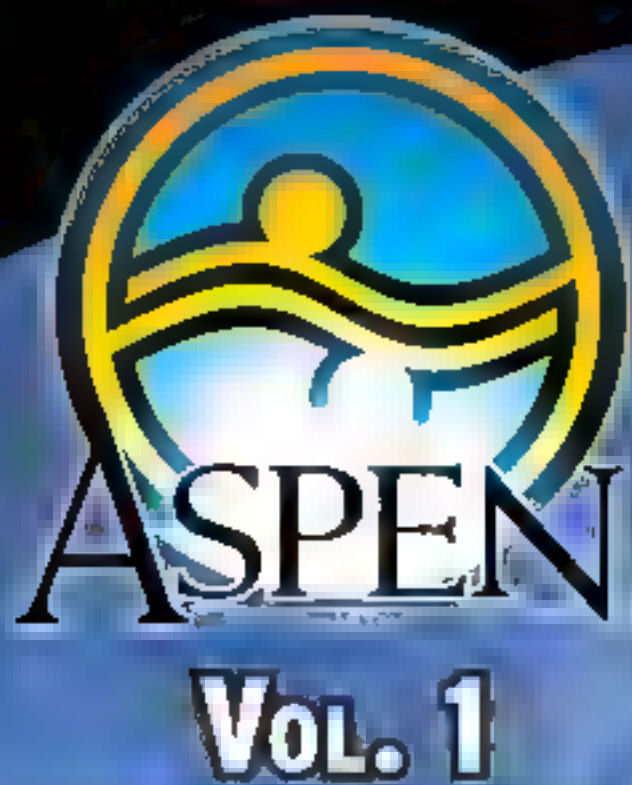
YEAH...

DAMN, IGNORANCE WAS BLISS.



TO BE CONTINUED  
MINDFIELD #1.06.16.10



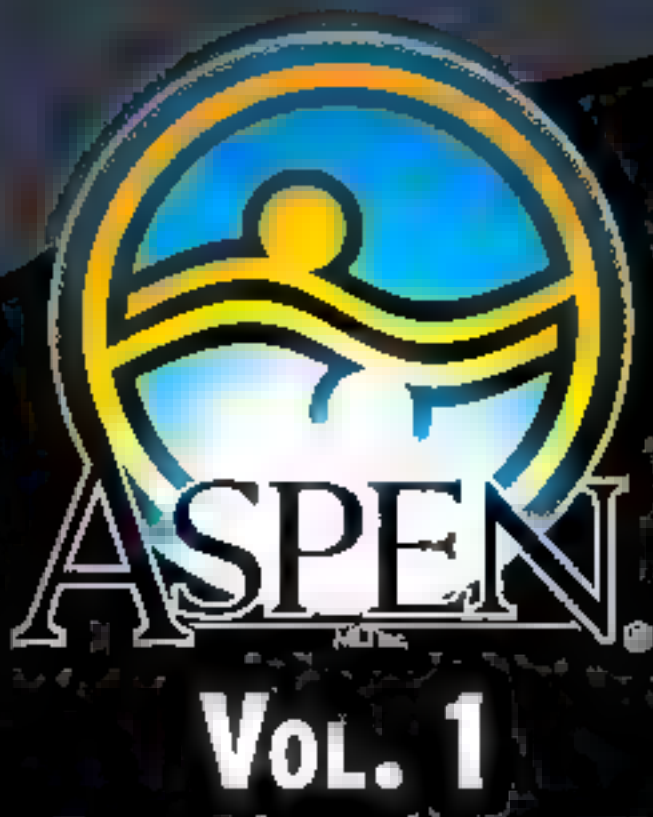


# MINDFIELD

#1  
OF 6  
COVER A







# MINDFIELD

#1  
OF 6  
COVER B





story & creator\_

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illustrations\_

ALEX KONAT

inks\_

SALEEM CRAWFORD &  
JON BOLERJACK

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<MICHIGAN STATE  
UNIVERSITY.>>

HOW CAN I REACH  
YOU? HOW CAN I  
GET THROUGH  
TO YOU?

IN ATTEMPTING TO  
COMMUNICATE-- TO CONNECT  
WITH YOU ON A HUMAN LEVEL--  
I AM **TRAPPED** USING WORDS  
THAT ONLY SERVE TO **ESTRANGE**  
US FROM OUR SPECIES.

NATIONALITY. RELIGION.  
POLITICAL AFFILIATION. WE  
THINK THESE MARKERS  
MEAN SOMETHING, BUT  
THEY DO NOT.

THE **ESTABLISHMENT**-- CALL  
IT SOCIETY, GOVERNMENT, OR  
CIVILIZATION-- HAS TRAINED US  
TO DEFINE OURSELVES BY OUR  
ENVIRONMENT. OUR CLOTHES,  
CARS, FOOD, SPORTS TEAMS,  
TASTES IN ART, MUSIC, AND  
POP CULTURE.

THROUGH THESE FICTITIOUS  
FILTERS, THEY CONTROL US.  
THEY HAVE CHANGED US  
FROM HUMAN BEINGS INTO  
CONSUMERS. IS THIS TRULY  
THE NEXT STEP IN OUR  
EVOLUTION? IS THIS OUR  
DESTINY? OUR FATE?

AND FOR THOSE WHO  
WOULD DARE OPPOSE THIS  
GROTESQUE ABOMINATION  
OF OUR SPIRIT, WE STAND  
AGAINST A **JUGGERNAUT**--  
ONE THAT MONITORS OUR  
EVERY MOVE.

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBERS  
AT BIRTH, COMPLETE CREDIT  
CARD HISTORY, REGIONAL  
SURVEILLANCE, UNLIMITED  
WIRETAPPING, GLOBAL  
POSITIONING SATELLITES...

...THEIR REACH IS  
ENDLESS. **THEY**  
ARE WATCHING.



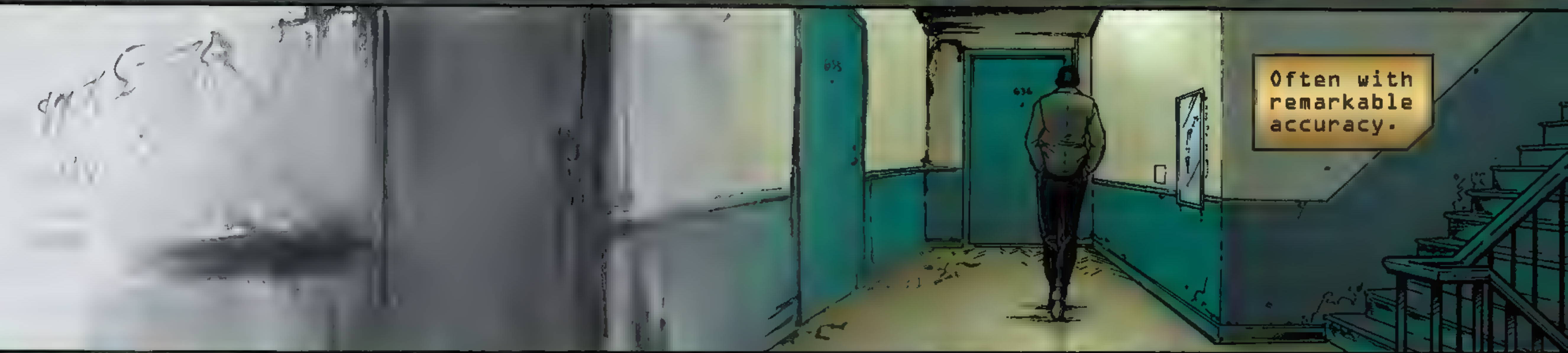
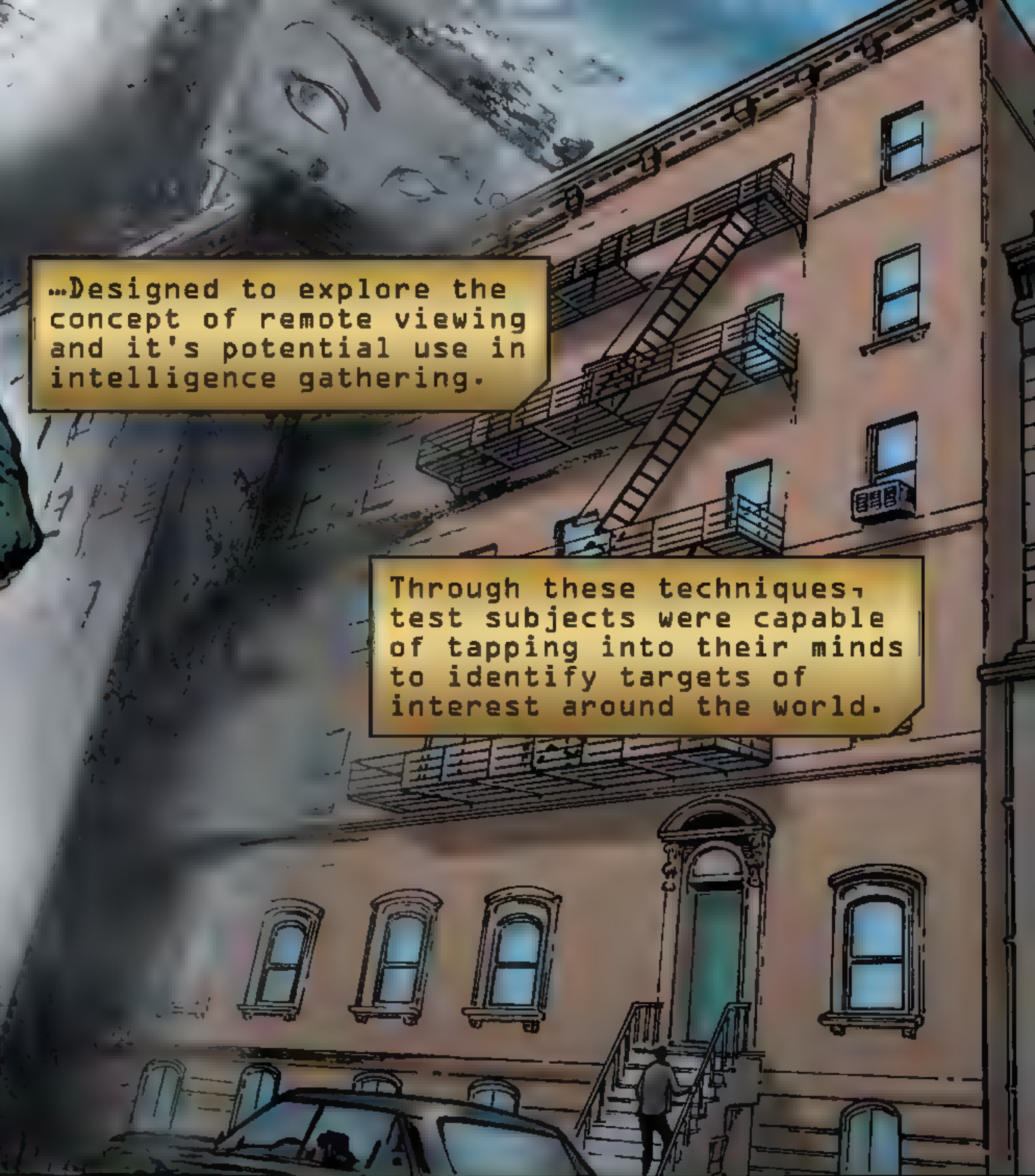


In the 1970's, the CIA began the Scanate program...

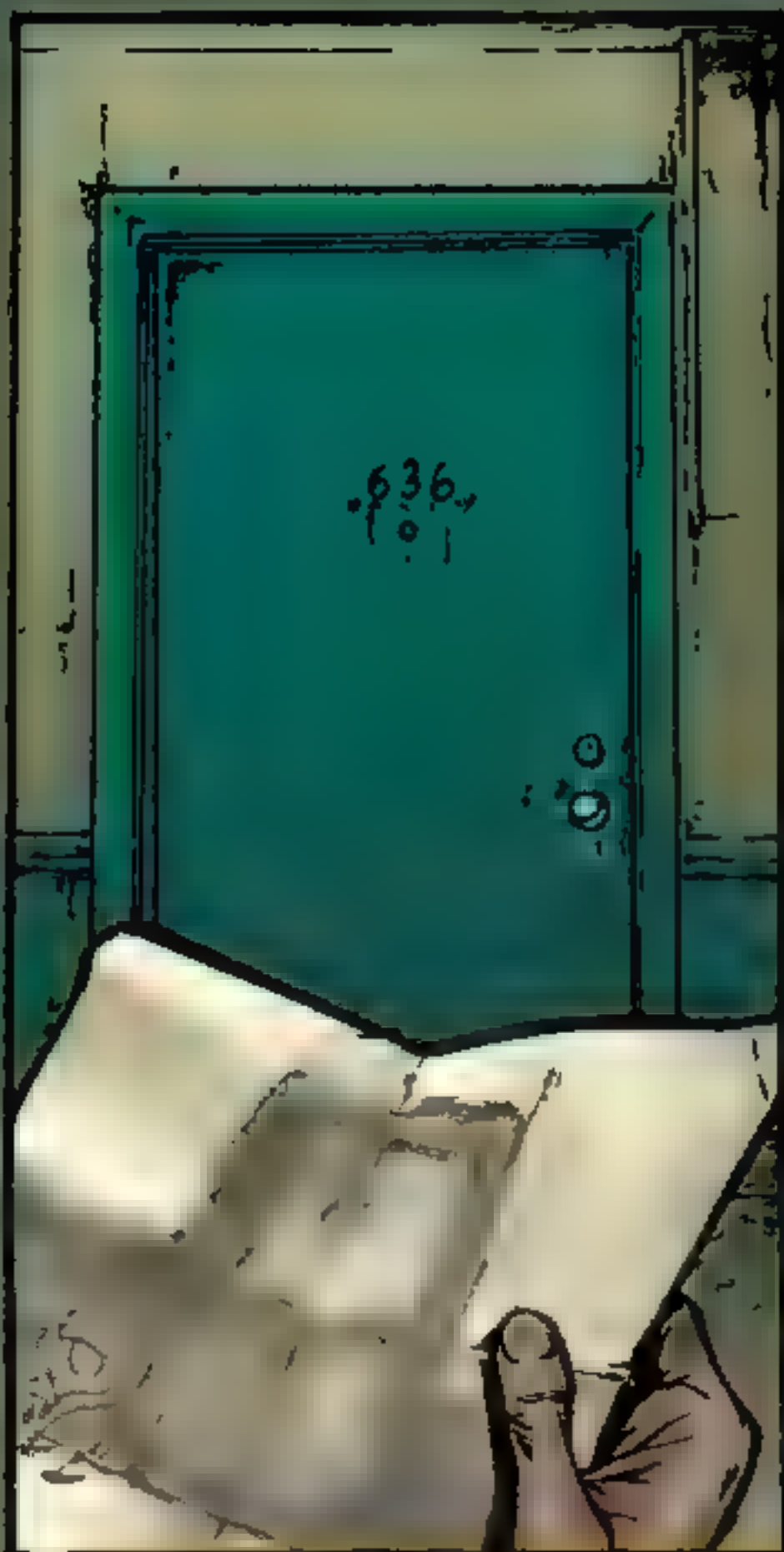
...Designed to explore the concept of remote viewing and it's potential use in intelligence gathering.

Through these techniques, test subjects were capable of tapping into their minds to identify targets of interest around the world.

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Night View



Often with remarkable accuracy.



Still remote viewing was, by far, the most successful psychic espionage enhancement program to date.

It wasn't the CIA's first leap into the world of psychic warfare. They had been tinkering with the human mind since the birth of LSD and the legendary MK:Ultra program of the 1950's.



But that was then. This is now.





ERIKA, YOU  
GETTING THIS?  
I COUNT FOUR.

<THE  
TIMERS MUST BE  
SYNCHRONIZED...>\*

<...OR THE  
AMERICANS WILL  
CLOSE THE SYSTEM  
AFTER THE FIRST  
EXPLOSION...>

SAME HERE,  
CONNOR. WHAT  
DO YOU HAVE  
KASEEM?

<...AND WE'LL  
WASTE THE OTHER  
OPPORTUNITIES.>

<WE MUST  
HURRY.>

THERE  
SHOULD BE  
FIVE. WE'RE  
MISSING  
ONE.

I FOUND HIM.  
HE'S ON THE  
CRAPPER.

ERIKA, TAKE  
A PEEK. MAYBE  
YOU'LL LIKE WHAT  
YOU SEE.

DOUBT  
IT, ISAAC.

OKAY.  
LET'S DO  
THIS.

\*<TRANSLATED  
FROM ARABIC.>





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FREEZE!

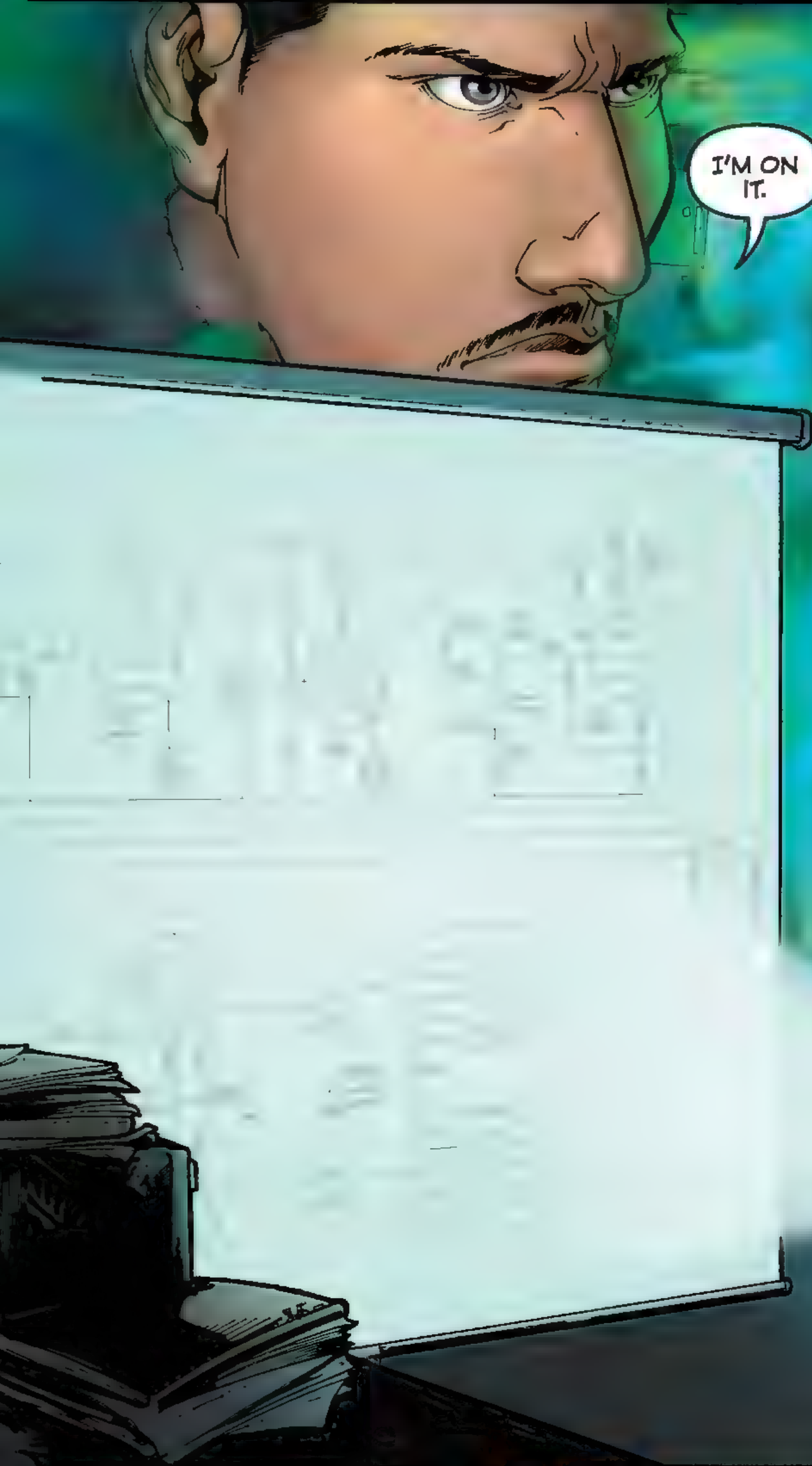
ON THE  
GROUND.  
NOW!





NO! YOU STOP, OR WE ALL DIE.

KASEEM?



I'M ON IT.



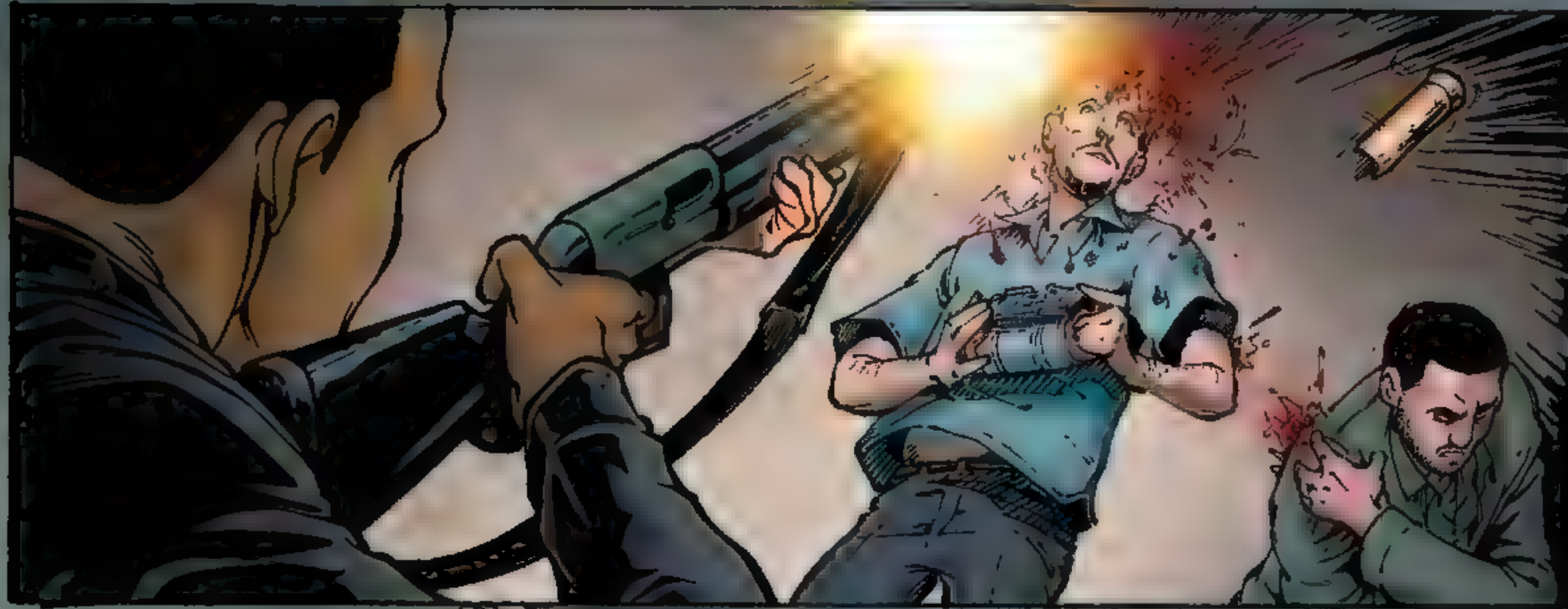
OKAY, FRIEND. SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT.



WE'RE CLEAR. IT'S LACKING TWO NECESSARY CONNECTIONS.

H-HOW DID YOU KNOW?





WHAT THE HELL, ISAAC?!?

YOU SAID IT WASN'T ARMED.

THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN SHOOT IT.



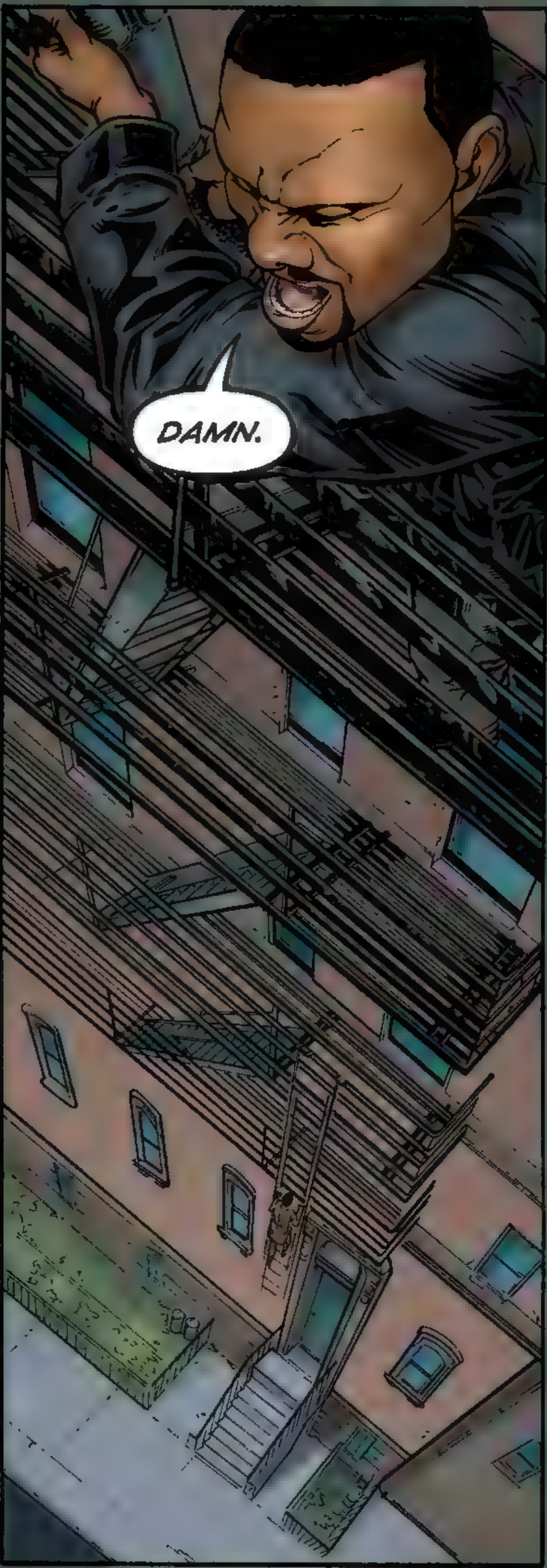
THAT'S FOUR. I'LL TAKE CARE OF NUMBER FIVE.







I GOT'EM!



DAMN.



ISAAC...?

I SAID, I GOT'EM!



WHAT'S THE STORY?

IT'S A FOOT RACE.

MY MONEY'S ON ISAAC. THAT BOY CAN MOVE.





DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT ONE. HE'S NEUTRALIZED.

MAYBE...



...BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE.

GGGGGLE

The mind is always strongest when the end is near. The signal radiates like a final blast of psychic energy.

Memories crystallize.

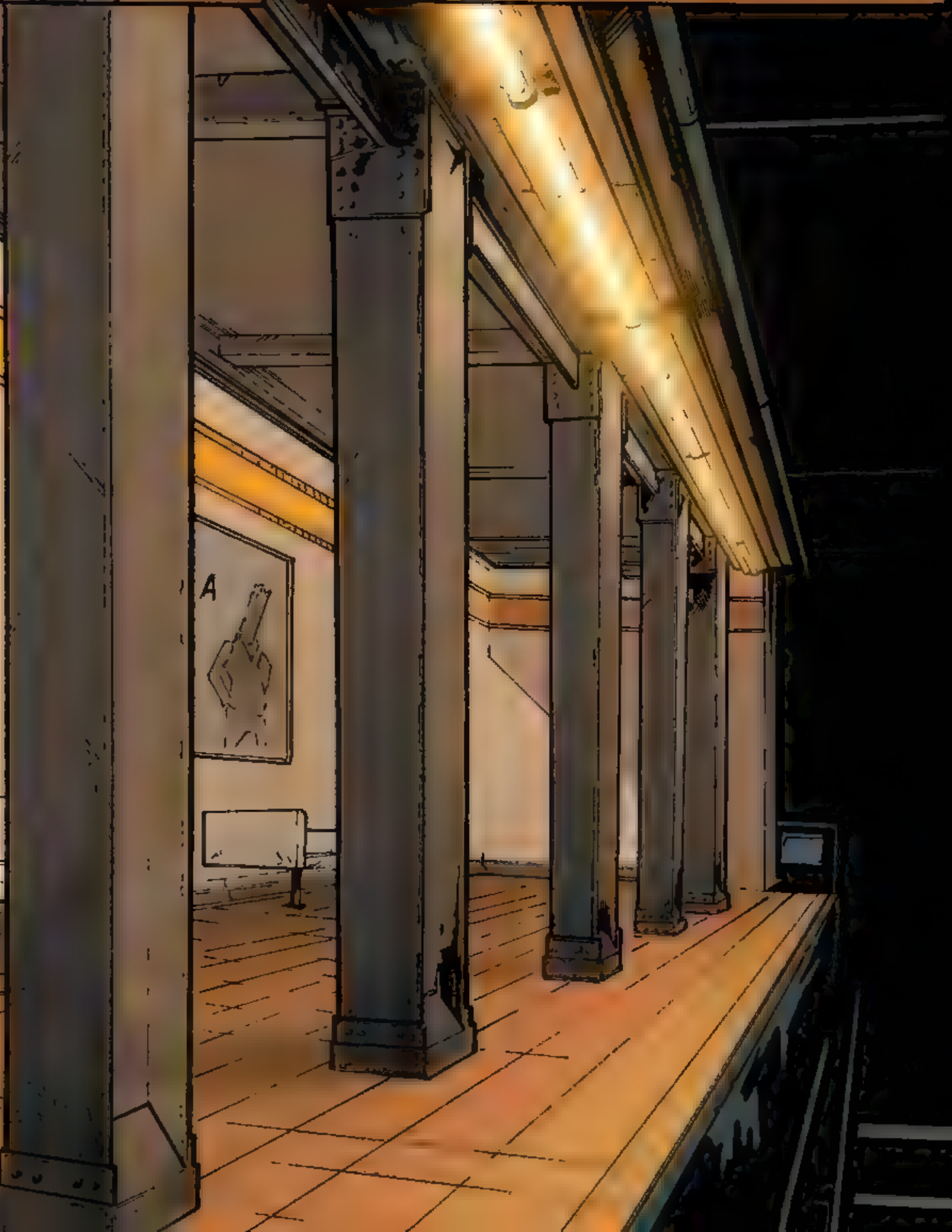
Thoughts clarify.

I'm not saying I agree. Not at all. He wanted to kill thousands.

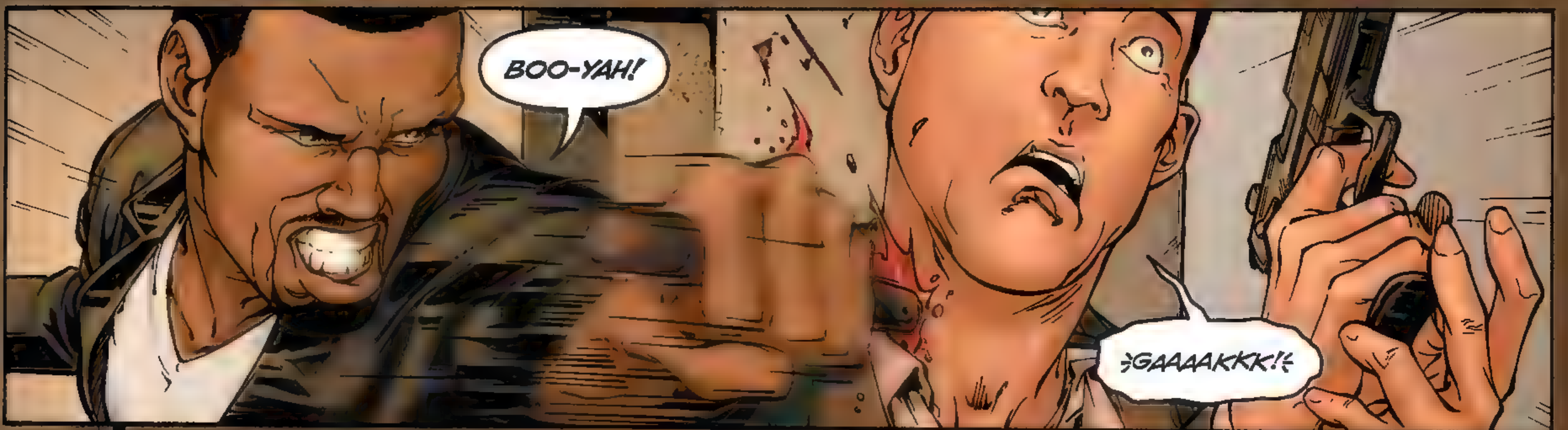
But I guess I understand.

God, I hate this part of the job.

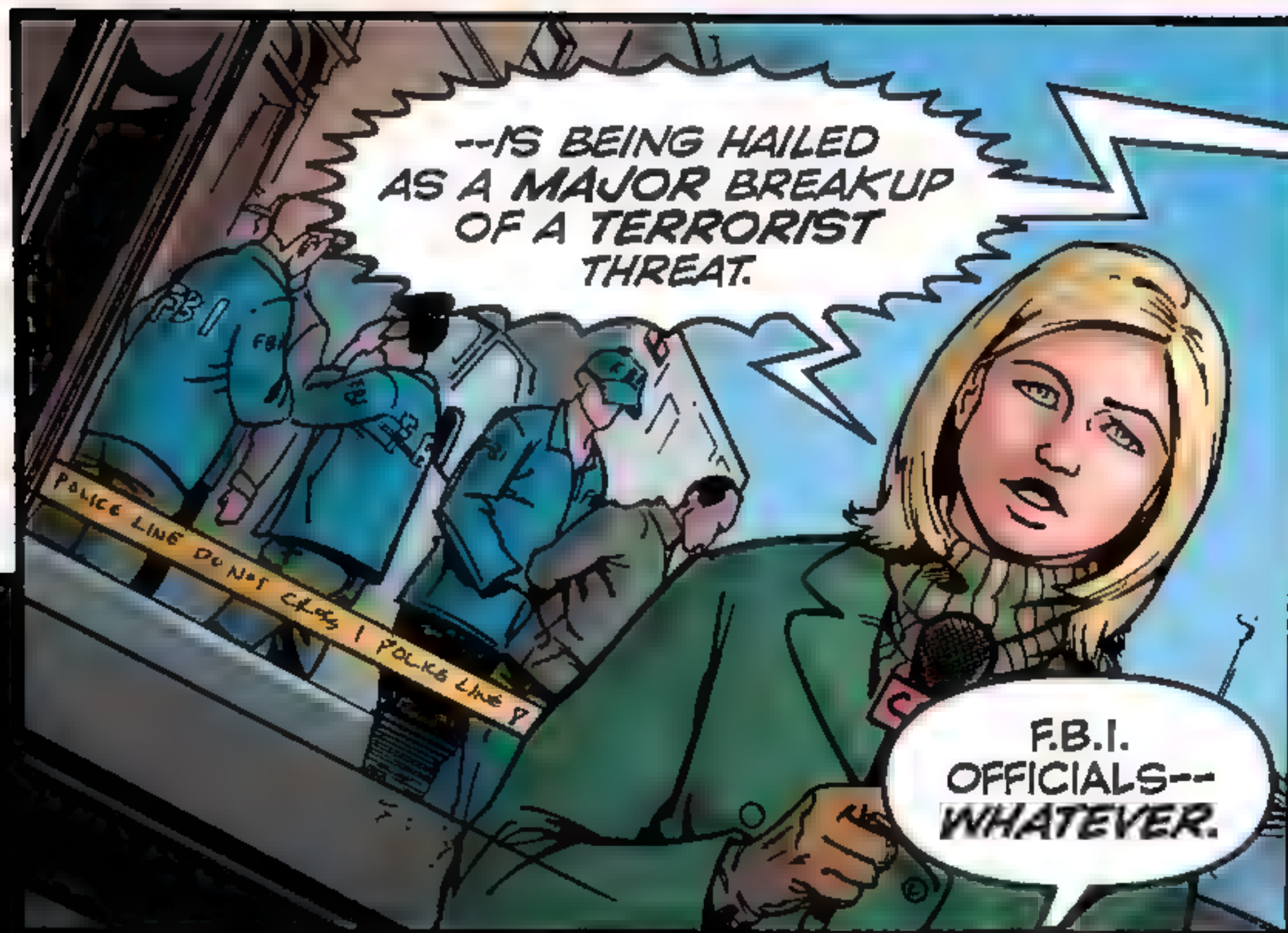












--IS BEING HAILED  
AS A MAJOR BREAKUP  
OF A TERRORIST  
THREAT.

F.B.I.  
OFFICIALS--  
WHATEVER.

ACCORDING TO  
F.B.I. OFFICIALS, FIVE  
SUSPECTS WERE IN THE  
PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTING  
SEVERAL EXPLOSIVE DEVICES  
WITH INTENT TO DETONATE  
THEM IN NEW YORK'S  
SUBWAY SYSTEM--



LOOK AT THEM  
STRUTTING AROUND  
IN THEIR WINDBREAKERS.  
THEY DIDN'T DO A DAMN  
THING BUT PICK UP THE  
PHONE WHEN *WE*  
CALLED'EM.



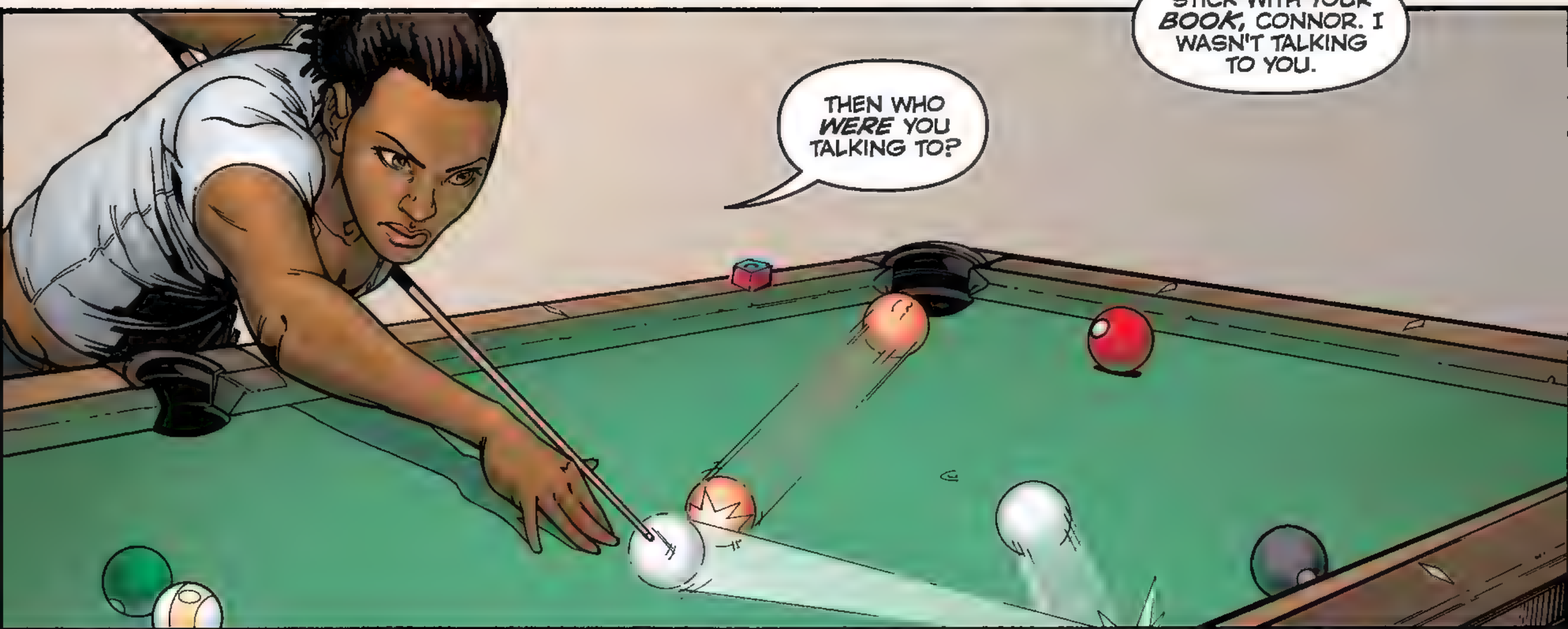
THEY COULD HAVE  
AT LEAST INCLUDED ONE  
*MIDDLE EASTERNER*  
FROM THE BUREAU FOR  
THE *PHOTO-OP*.

IT LOOKS LIKE  
THE *ARYAN RACE*  
IS BRINGING IN  
THE *SONS OF ALLAH*.



POSERS. IT'S LIKE MY OLD  
ASSIGNMENT. WE DO THE  
DIRTY WORK-- GET THE  
JOB DONE-- AND  
SOMEONE ELSE TAKES  
ALL THE CREDIT.

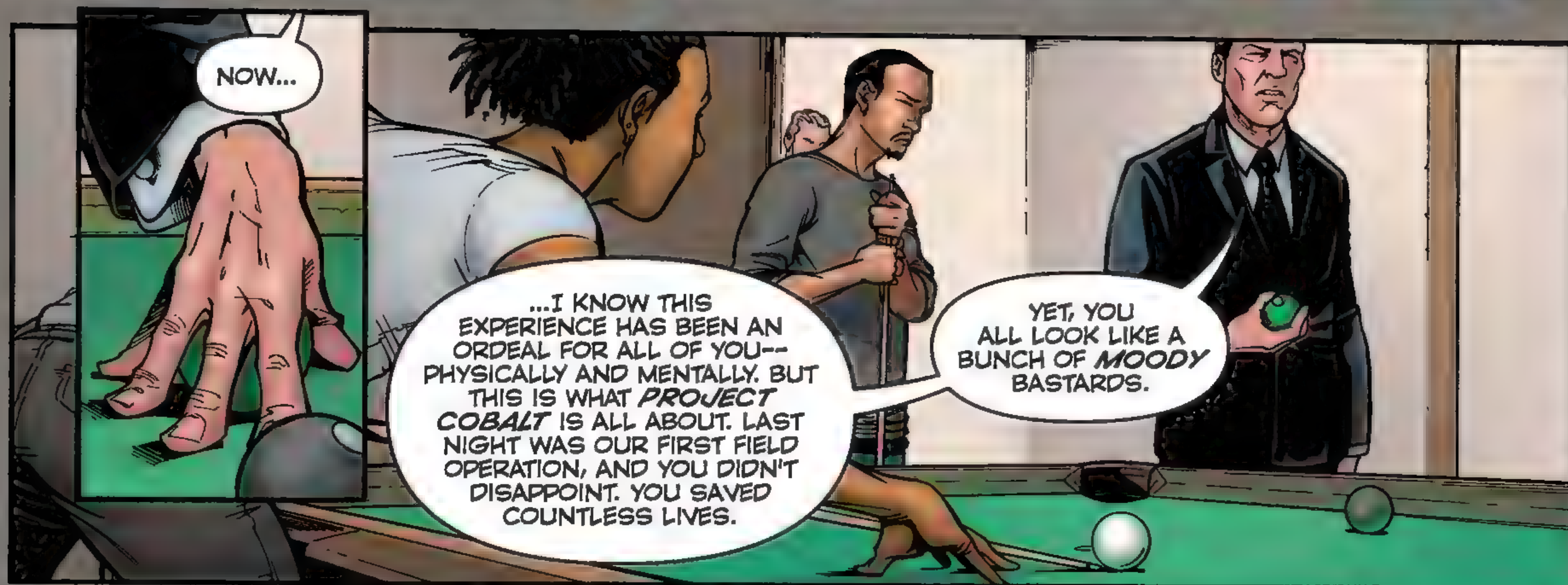
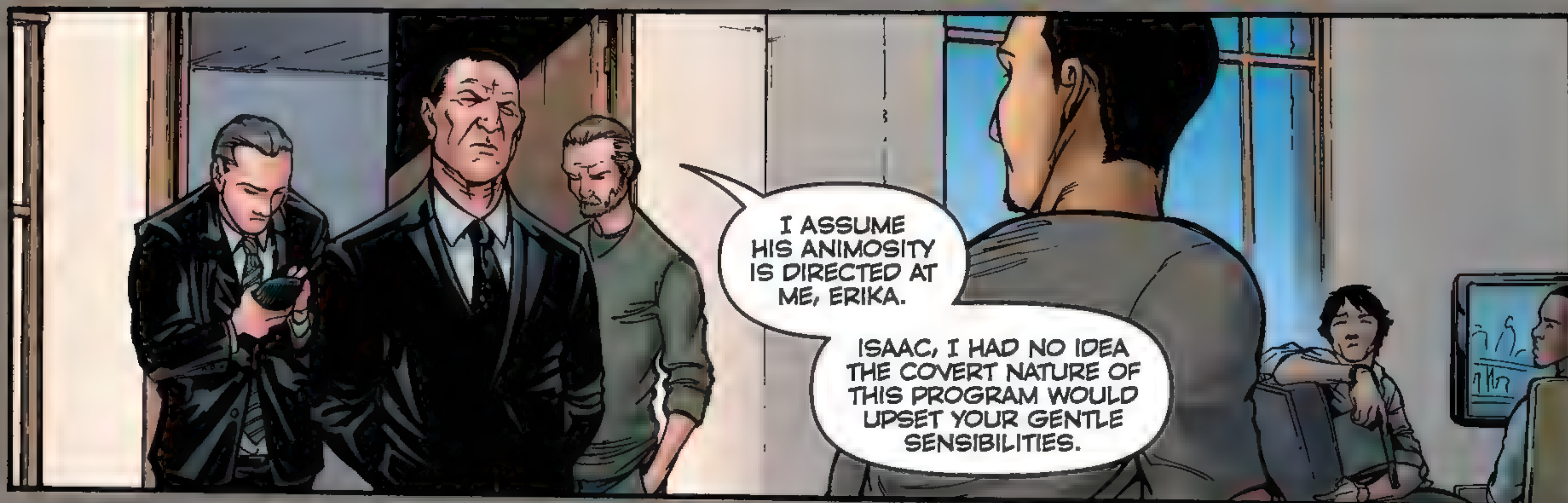
I THOUGHT  
NAVY *SEALS*  
WEREN'T ABOUT  
THE GLORY?



THEN WHO  
*WERE* YOU  
TALKING TO?

STICK WITH YOUR  
*BOOK*, CONNOR. I  
WASN'T TALKING  
TO YOU.



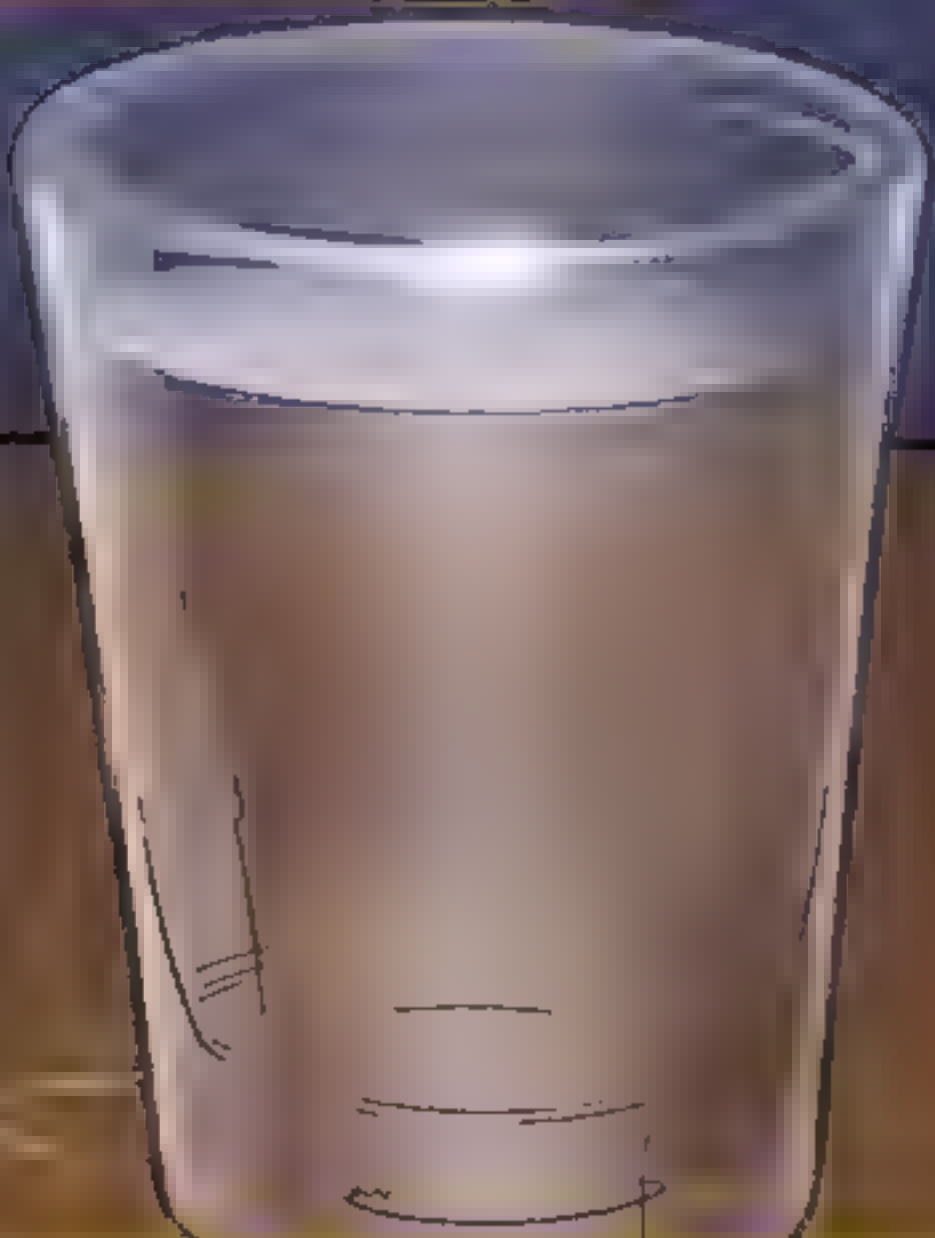




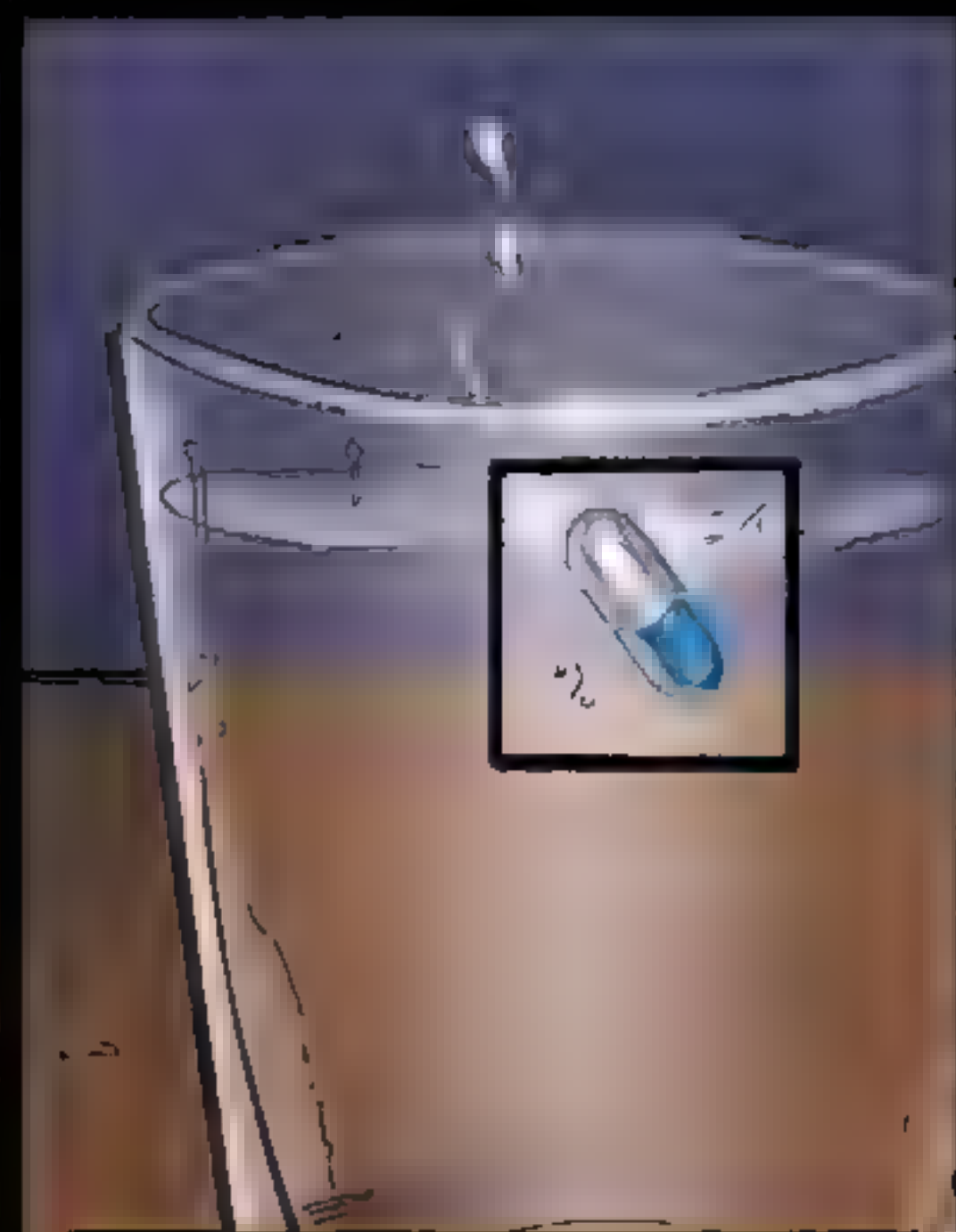




When the witching hour arrives...



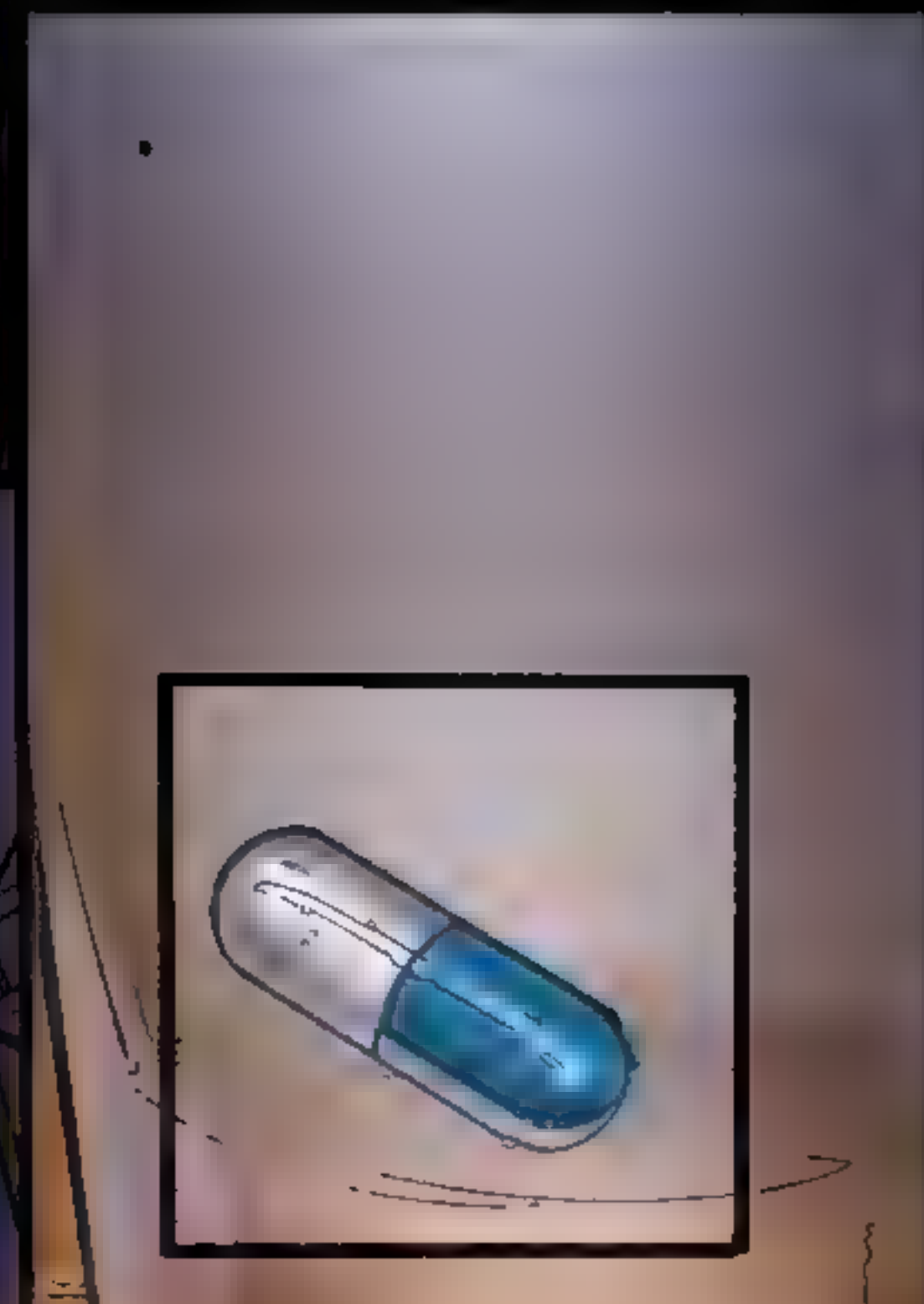
...We must take our medicine or risk falling completely into the abyss.



None of us know exactly what's inside-- something McManus had the lab boys come up with.



What Dylan calls our magic pills-- we just call the Cobalt Blues.



A cerebral concoction of LSD, peyote, and every other hallucinogenic under the sun-- or over the rainbow, I suppose.

The funny thing is I avoided the whole drug scene altogether when I was younger. In college, I was strictly a keg man. I never took an interest in the heavy stuff.



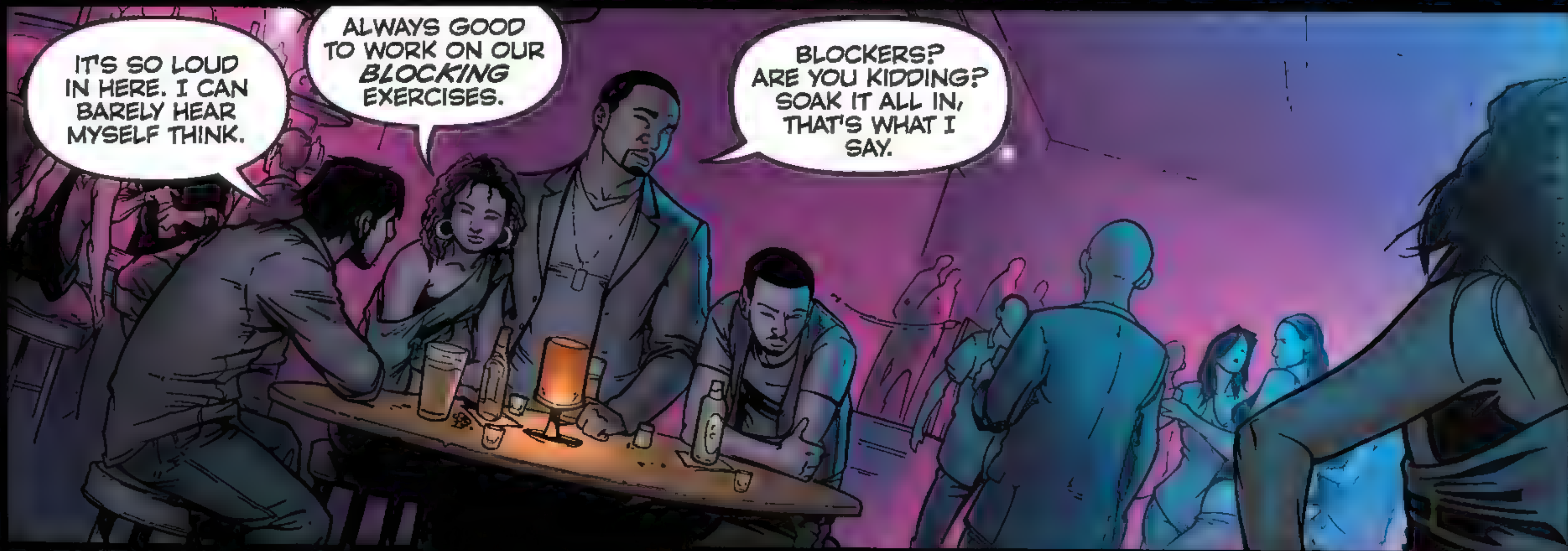
Now look at me. The C.I.A. Changed my life. They made me a user. An addict.

A pill-popping, mind-reading freak.

Wonder if JFK knew that's what the government had in mind when he asked what we could do for our country?







IT'S SO LOUD  
IN HERE. I CAN  
BARELY HEAR  
MYSELF THINK.

ALWAYS GOOD  
TO WORK ON OUR  
*BLOCKING*  
EXERCISES.

BLOCKERS?  
ARE YOU KIDDING?  
SOAK IT ALL IN,  
THAT'S WHAT I  
SAY.



YOU'RE AN  
*IDIOT.*

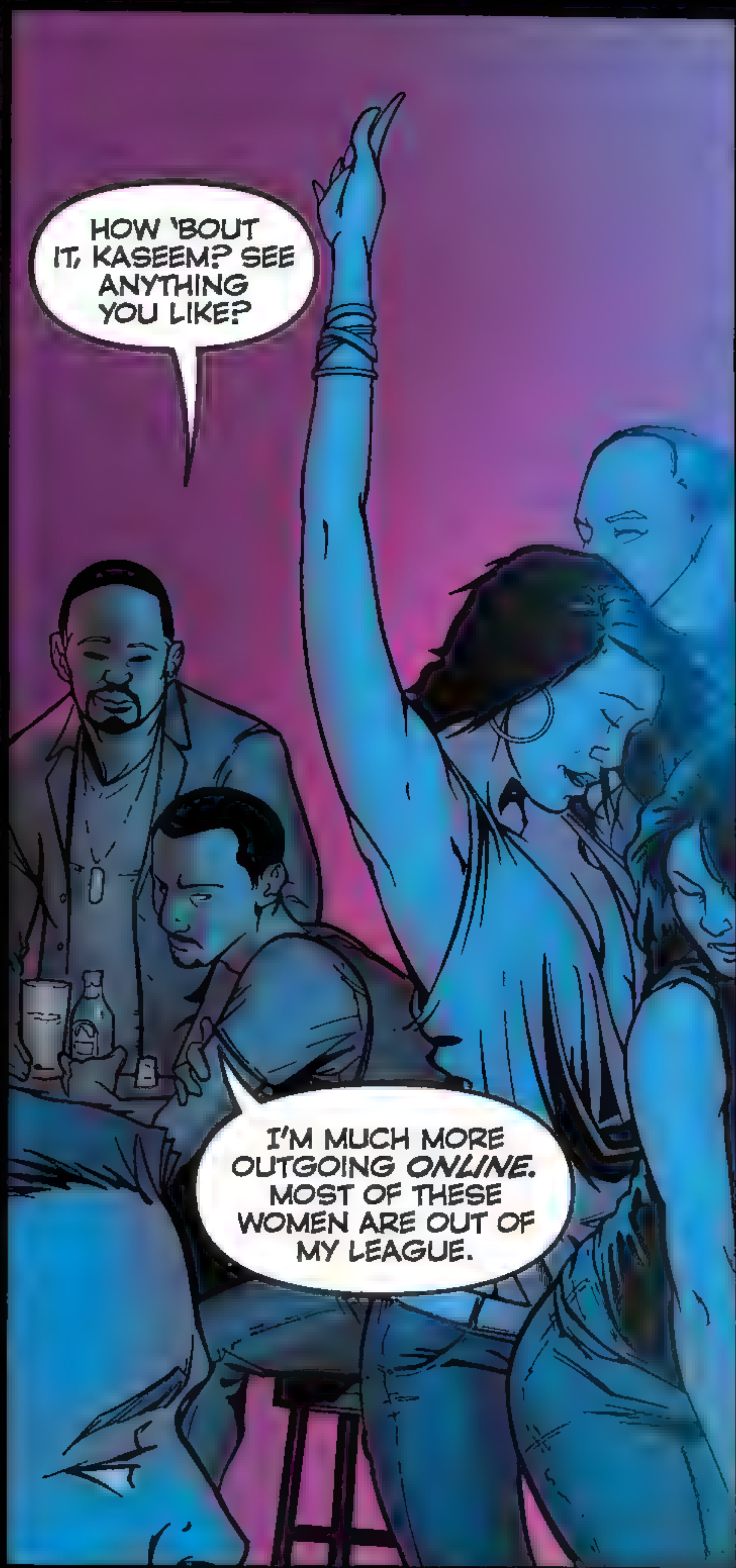
AW, WHY YOU  
ALWAYS GOTTA  
*HATE?*

BECAUSE YOU  
DRAGGED US TO  
THIS OVER-DRESSED,  
OVER-PRICED DIVE  
FULL OF *BOTTOM-  
FEEDERS.*



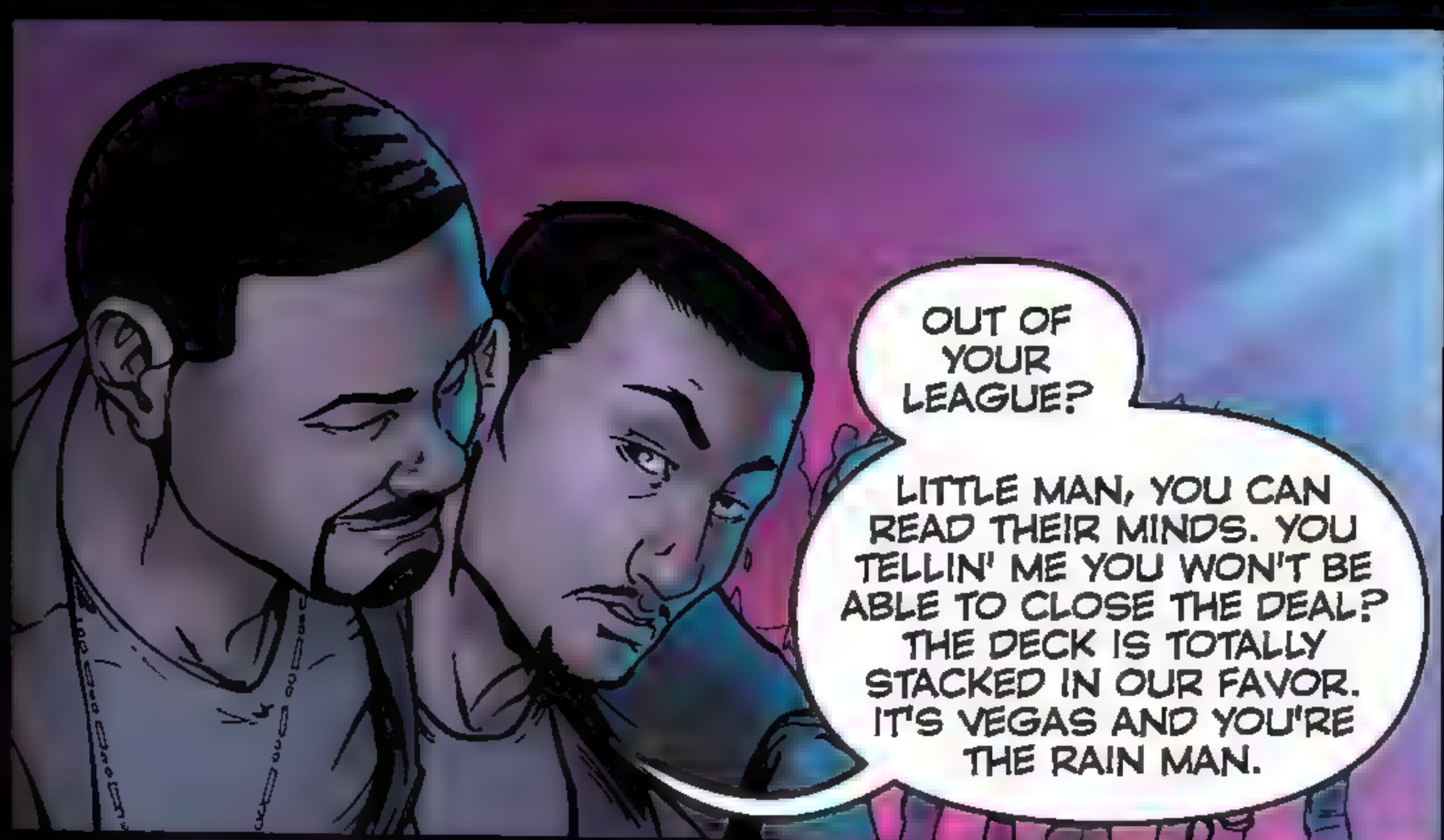
WE'VE BEEN  
BOTTLED UP  
FOR MONTHS  
IN OUR  
PRISON.

WE COULD  
ALL USE SOME...  
*RELEASE.* YOU'LL  
BE THANKING ME  
LATER.



HOW 'BOUT  
IT, KASEEM? SEE  
ANYTHING  
YOU LIKE?

I'M MUCH MORE  
OUTGOING *ONLINE.*  
MOST OF THESE  
WOMEN ARE OUT OF  
MY LEAGUE.



OUT OF  
YOUR  
LEAGUE?

LITTLE MAN, YOU CAN  
READ THEIR MINDS. YOU  
TELLIN' ME YOU WON'T BE  
ABLE TO CLOSE THE DEAL?  
THE DECK IS TOTALLY  
STACKED IN OUR FAVOR.  
IT'S VEGAS AND YOU'RE  
THE RAIN MAN.



THAT GOES  
FOR YOU TOO,  
ERIKA.

I DON'T NEED  
TELEPATHY TO  
KNOW WHAT GOES  
ON IN A *GUY'S*  
MIND.





THIS NIGHT OUT SOUNDED A LOT MORE APPEALING BEFORE I KNEW IT WAS ONLY AN EXCUSE FOR SOME *MITIGATED* TEAM BUILDING. NO OFFENSE.

NONE TAKEN.



TO BE HONEST, I'M NOT EVEN SURE I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO IT IN THE FIRST PLACE.

I DON'T LIKE CROWDS.



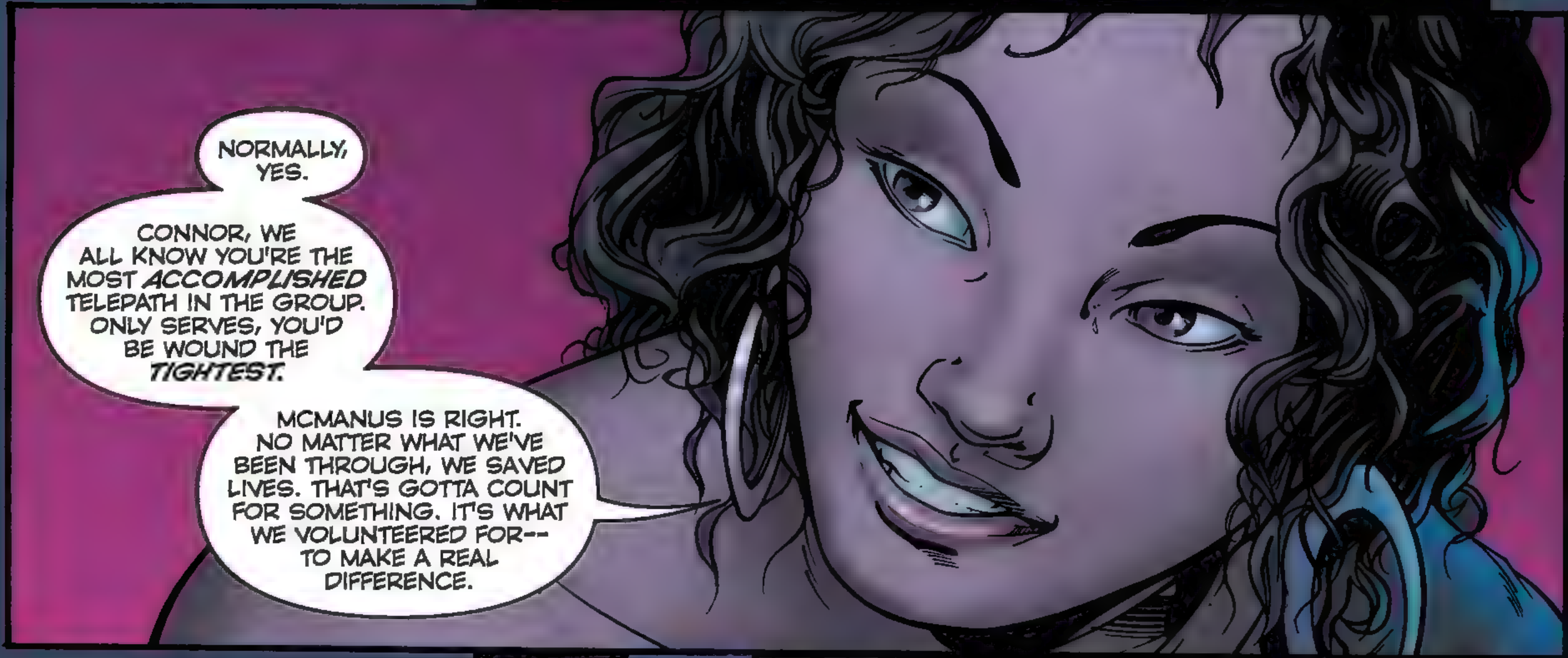
HOW IS IT THAT YOU SEEM TO MANAGE IT SO EASILY?

I DON'T.

YOU SURE MAKE IT LOOK THAT WAY.

YOU'RE JUST MORE *SENSITIVE* THAN THE REST OF US.

WAS THAT A *DIG*?



NORMALLY, YES.

CONNOR, WE ALL KNOW YOU'RE THE MOST *ACCOMPLISHED* TELEPATH IN THE GROUP. ONLY SERVES, YOU'D BE WOUND THE *TIGHTEST*.

MCMANUS IS RIGHT. NO MATTER WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, WE SAVED LIVES. THAT'S GOTTA COUNT FOR SOMETHING. IT'S WHAT WE VOLUNTEERED FOR-- TO MAKE A REAL DIFFERENCE.



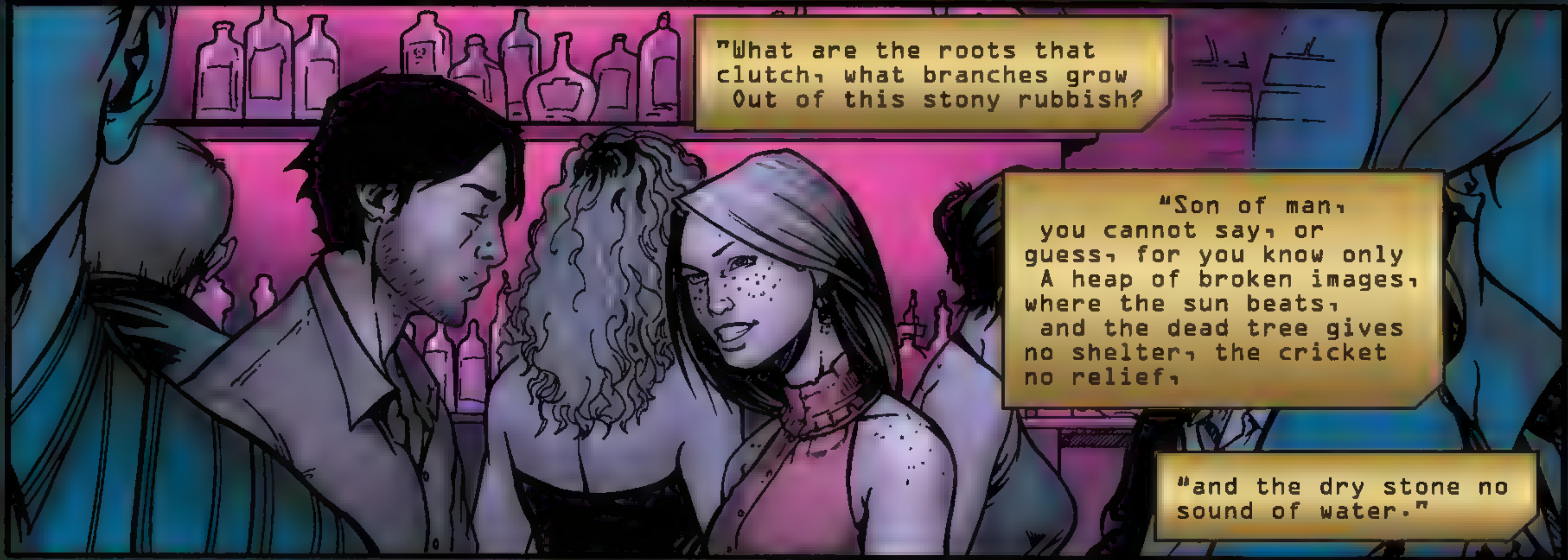
YOU SAYING THAT SOMEDAY WE'LL LOOK BACK ON ALL OF THIS AND KNOW THAT IT WAS WORTH IT?

MAYBE. MAYBE NOT.



BUT WE ALL HAD OUR *REASONS* FOR SIGNING ON FOR THIS PROGRAM. WHATEVER THEY DO TO US, WHATEVER CHANGES-- THAT MOTIVATION WILL ALWAYS BE THERE.





"What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow Out of this stony rubbish?"

"Son of man, you cannot say, or guess, for you know only A heap of broken images, where the sun beats, and the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,

"and the dry stone no sound of water."



It's Eliot's The Wasteland. I don't know what it means, and that's the point. Focusing on memorized passages helps me keep the other minds at bay.

It provides a level of interference. That's my blocker.



But somehow things still worm their way through.







HEY!

I don't like touching people if I can help it. It makes it almost impossible not to see them.

It comes into focus like a photo being developed. Out of the blackness...

...a vision emerges.

Seeing is bad enough, but memories carry more than that. They carry sound as well.

She can't scream, but I still hear her. The faint whimpers of a defeated spirit.





Bastard.



That smug  
tone in his  
voice makes  
me sick.



He got away  
with it  
before.



AND IF I WERE  
YOU, I'D KEEP MY  
MOUTH **SHUT** ABOUT THIS.  
UNLESS YOU WANT THE  
WHOLE CAMPUS TO FIND  
OUT WHAT A **WHORE**  
YOU ARE.

GET... OUT.

AW, I'M SURE  
DEEP DOWN-- YOU  
ENJOYED IT. **VERY**  
DEEP DOWN.





At least, that's what he thought.

CONNOR!



JESUS, WHAT DID YOU DO?









IF YOU ARE LISTENING TO MY **PODCASTS**, THEN YOU HAVE ALREADY DECIDED THAT **SOCIETY'S** FUTURE IS **NOT** FOR YOU. BUT YOU CANNOT SIT ON THE SIDELINES, **WAITING** FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN.



!GAAAK!<

YOU MUST BE **PROACTIVE**, NOT REACTIVE. YOU MUST **ENGAGE** IN THE BATTLE BEFORE IT COMES TO YOU.



OTHERWISE, IT WILL BE TOO **LATE**.



# MINDFIELD

PROJECT COBALT DATA FILES

Project COBALT

SUBJECT: CONNOR  
SCRIPT: J.T. KRUL  
ARTWORK: LORI "CROSS" HANSON  
COLORS: SIYA OUM









HEY, BUTT-HEAD.  
NOT PICKING UP, HUH?  
I'M OFFENDED. YOU'RE  
PROBABLY JUST SLEEPING  
THROUGH ANOTHER  
LECTURE.

WE'RE ON  
OUR WAY.



DAD TOOK ONE  
OF HIS MAGICAL  
SHORTCUTS, SO  
WE'RE GONNA BE  
LIKE AN HOUR  
LATE.

WHT DON'T YOU  
TELL CONNOR  
ABOUT ALL THE  
TRAFFIC ON THE  
INTERSTATE?

I STILL CAN'T  
BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE IN  
**COLLEGE**--- THAT SOMEPLACE  
ACTUALLY ACCEPTED YOU. AND  
HERE I THOUGHT THEY HAD  
STANDARDS. MAKES ME WANT  
TO RETHINK APPLYING THERE  
WHEN I GRADUATE.

WE'RE  
PROUD OF  
YOU, DEAR.



MOMS SAYS  
SHE'S PROUD OF  
YOU. ME, I THINK  
YOU CAN DO  
**BETTER.**

I WONDER HOW LONG  
THIS WILL LET ME RECORD  
ON YOUR VOICEMAIL. MAYBE  
I SHOULD JUST KEEP TALKING  
AND TALKING AND USE UP ALL  
THE SPACE. BUT REALLY, WHAT  
OTHER MESSAGES DO YOU  
NEED BESIDES MINE, RIGHT?  
I AM **THAT AWESOME.**

I MEAN,  
IT ONLY MAKES  
SENSE THAT YOU  
WOULD---

CLKTE



They never  
made it to  
the campus.



Some junk ass pickup  
truck coming the  
other way blew a tire  
and slammed into  
them-- head first.





That was almost  
a year ago.

The university gave me  
a pass for the entire  
semester-- full credit  
for my courses. Not  
that it mattered-- I  
never went back.



I didn't feel  
like studying  
anymore.

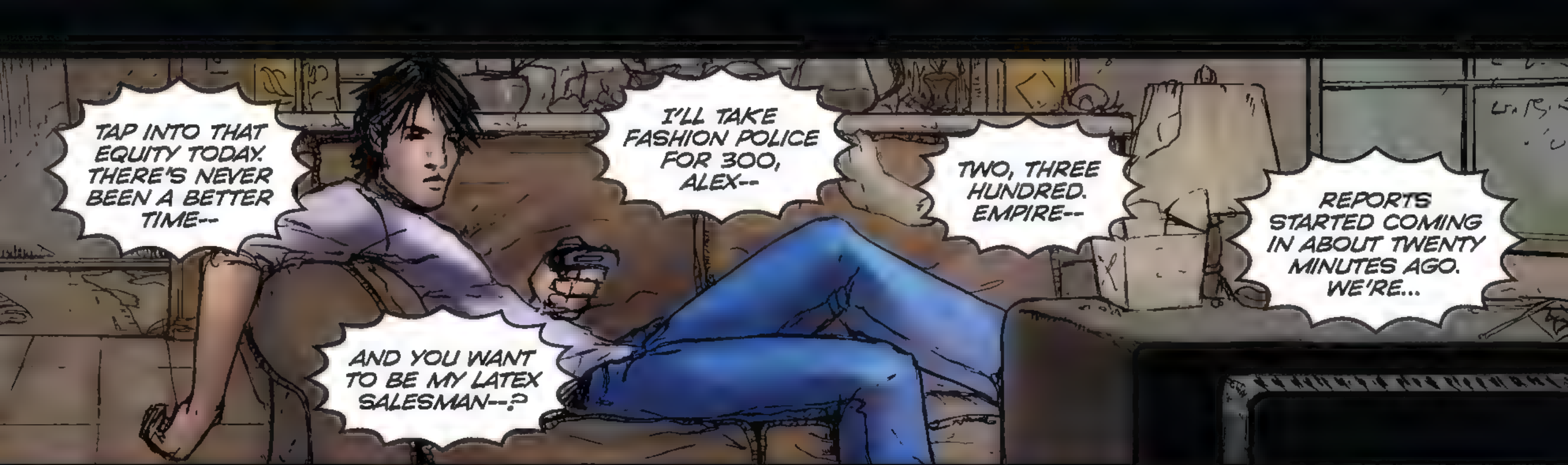


I haven't felt like  
doing anything  
since that day.



Eating and breathing  
is about all I muster  
up the energy to do.  
And sometimes, I  
can't even do that.





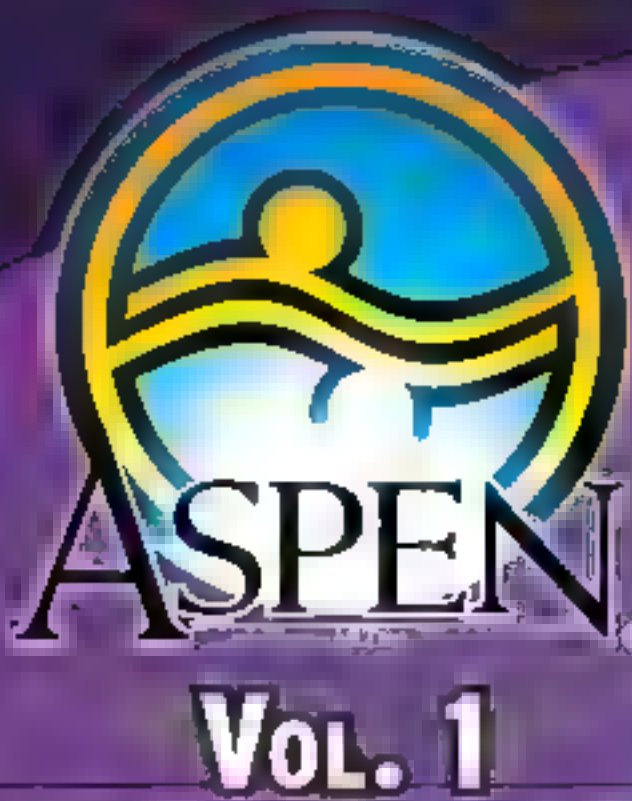


# MINDFIELD



lex  
KONAT





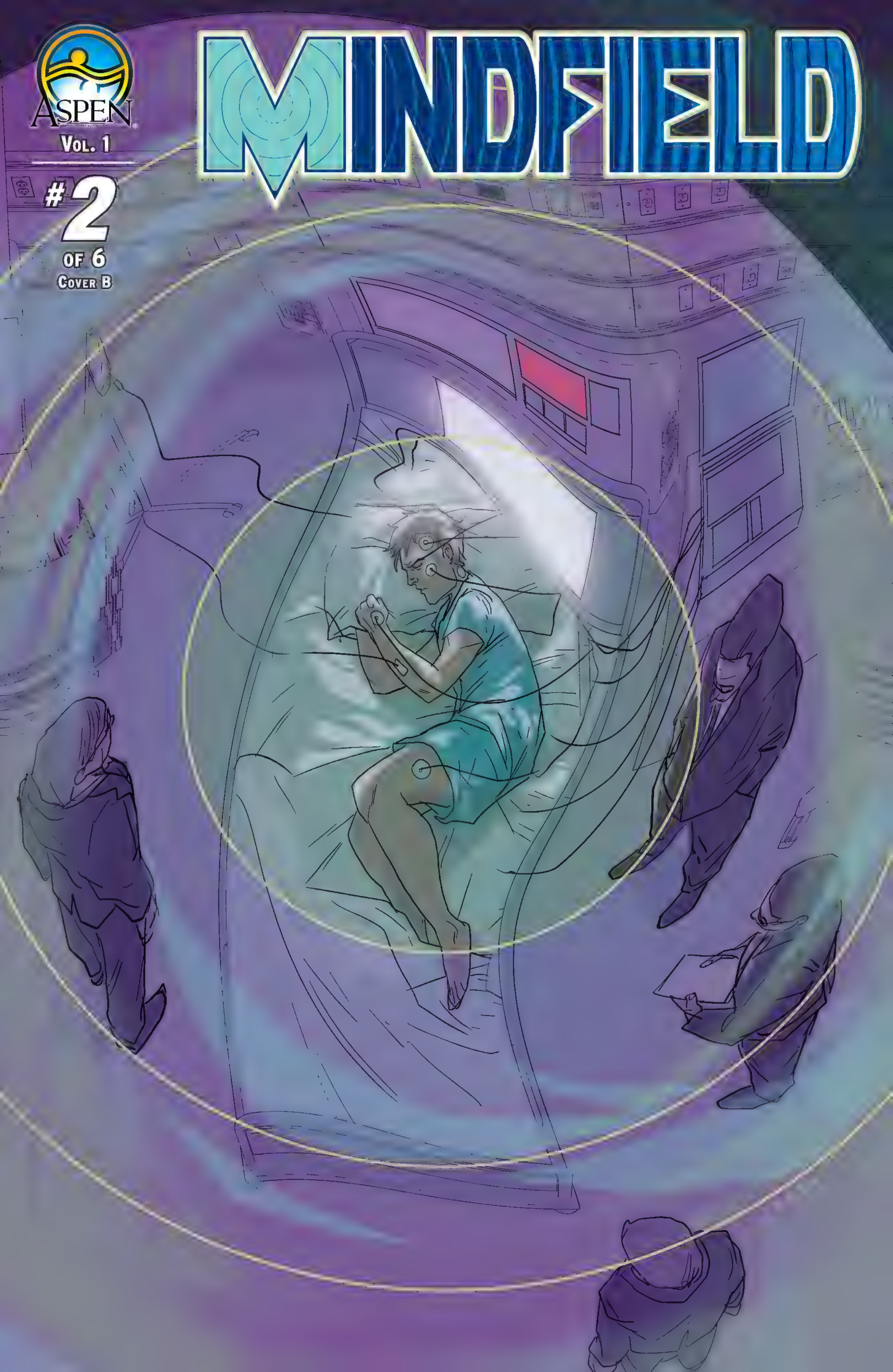
Vol. 1

#2

OF 6

COVER B

# MINDFIELD





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MINDFIELD CREATED BY J.T. KRUL

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<SAN FRANCISCO,  
CALIFORNIA.>>

YOU NEED TO **STOP** FEELING  
**SORRY** FOR THEM. THOSE  
POOR SHAPES THAT **MUTTER**  
AND **WANDER** ACROSS THIS  
MODERN LANDSCAPE.

THEY **AREN'T** PEOPLE.  
THEY ARE **PROPS**. LIKE  
CARDBOARD CUT OUTS  
OF WHAT REAL PEOPLE  
SHOULD LOOK LIKE.

SOME CALL THEM  
**ZOMBIES**-- BUT THAT  
WOULD MEAN THEY  
WERE **LIVING** SPIRITS  
ONCE UPON A TIME.  
BUT THEY WEREN'T.

WE CAN'T  
**HELP** THEM.

WE CAN'T  
**SAVE** THEM.

WE CAN  
ONLY **SAVE**  
OURSELVES.



I KNOW IT MUST BE  
HARD TO *DESCRIBE*  
WHAT YOU *SAW* IN YOUR  
MIND THE OTHER NIGHT,  
BUT FULL DISCLOSURE  
IS ESSENTIAL FOR THE  
*PROGRAM.*







WE NEED TO UNDERSTAND THE CHAIN OF EVENTS THAT LED TO THE ATTACK ON THE MAN IN THE ALLEY.

CONNOR?

Billy Pilgrim... he became slightly unstuck in time...

"The formation flew backwards over a German city that was in flames.\*

"The bombers opened their bomb bay doors, exerted a miraculous magnetism which shrunk the fires...

"...gathered them into cylindrical steel containers, and lifted the containers into the bellies of the planes.

"When the bombers got back to their base, the steel cylinders were taken from the racks and shipped back to the United States of America.

"Where factories were operating night and day, dismantling the cylinders, separating the dangerous contents into minerals.

"Touchingly, it was mainly women who did this work.

"The minerals were then shipped to specialists in remote areas.

"It was their business to put them into the ground, to hide them cleverly, so they would never hurt anybody again."

CONNOR?

\*FROM KURT VONNEGUT'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE.





THIS IS *POINTLESS*. NONE OF US HAS GOT ANY *CLUE* WHAT THESE GUYS ARE REALLY GOING THROUGH.

THE GOOD DOCTOR IS NOTHING BUT A *PUSHER MAN*-- HIS KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT THESE DRUGS ARE DOING IS PURELY *ANALYTICAL*.

IF I MAY-- HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT BRINGING IN SOMEONE WHO *DOES* HAVE EXPERIENCE WITH THIS KIND OF *EXPERIMENTATION*?

*SUPER* IDEA, BRANDON. SHALL WE PLUCK SOME *JUNKIES* OFF THE STREET AND ENLIST THEM TO HELP WITH *NATIONAL SECURITY*?

NO, SIR. BUT THE *C.I.A.* WASN'T THE ONLY ONE EXPERIMENTING WITH *LSD* BACK IN THE DAY.

WE WEREN'T EVEN THE FIRST. THE *CHINESE*, THE *RUSSIANS*... EVERYONE GOT INTO THE GAME.

SUDDENLY, THE *JUNKIES* ARE LOOKING MORE *APPEALING*.

I WAS ACTUALLY THINKING ABOUT THE *PRIVATE SECTOR*.

HIS NAME IS *RANDALL WRIGHT*. SPENT THE BETTER PART OF THE 60'S AND 70'S IN THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA, WHERE HE RAN A COMMUNE OUTSIDE THE CITY.

GETTING *HIGH* WITH ALL THE OTHER *DRAFT DODGERS*.

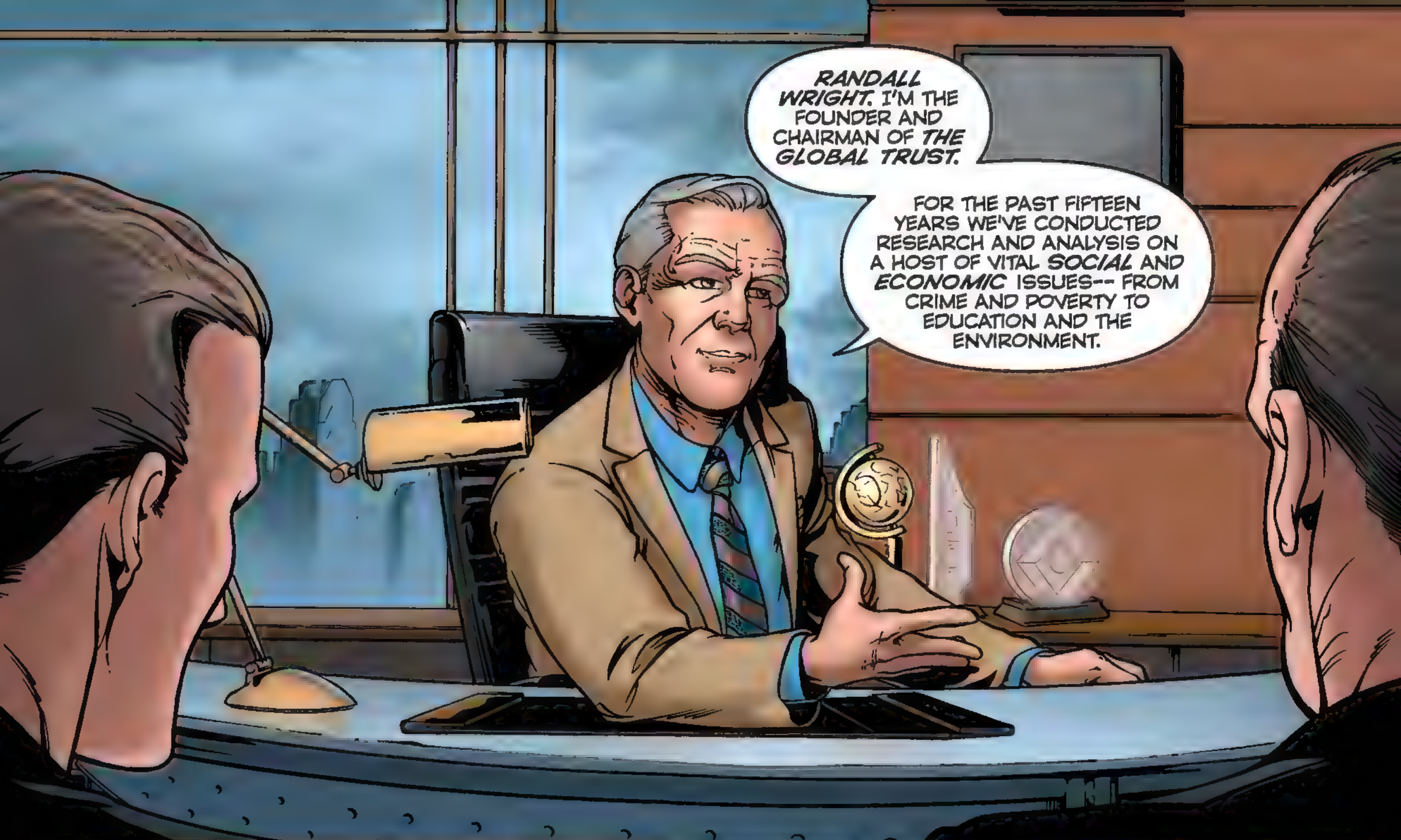
THE *F.B.I.* MONITORED HIM FOR YEARS. HE NEVER ENGAGED IN ANY *REVOLUTIONARY* ACTIVITIES. BUT HE WAS ONE OF THE PREMIER *ADVOCATES* OF USING *LSD* FOR *MIND-EXPANSION*.

I'M NOT GOING TO *EXPOSE* MY TEAM TO SOME *TIMOTHY LEARY* BURNOUT, WHO SPENDS HIS DAYS SMOKING WEED AND CONVERTING *GRATEFUL DEAD* BOOTLEGS TO MP3 FILES.

IT'S NOT LIKE THAT. HE HEADS A MAJOR *THINK TANK* HERE IN TOWN-- CONSULTS FOR POLITICIANS AND POLICY MAKERS. YOU SEE-- WE DON'T NEED TO SEE IF HE'LL PLAY BALL WITH US. HE'S ALREADY IN THE *GAME*.

WHAT'S HIS *NAME* AGAIN?





RANDALL  
WRIGHT. I'M THE  
FOUNDER AND  
CHAIRMAN OF THE  
GLOBAL TRUST.

FOR THE PAST FIFTEEN  
YEARS WE'VE CONDUCTED  
RESEARCH AND ANALYSIS ON  
A HOST OF VITAL *SOCIAL* AND  
*ECONOMIC* ISSUES-- FROM  
CRIME AND POVERTY TO  
EDUCATION AND THE  
ENVIRONMENT.



AND WHILE I HAVEN'T  
HAD THE PLEASURE OF  
WORKING *DIRECTLY* WITH  
THE C.I.A. BEFORE, WE HAVE  
*CONSULTED* WITH THE  
FEDERAL GOVERNMENT ON  
ISSUES OF *NATIONAL*  
*SECURITY*.

THANKS FOR THE  
VERBAL *BROCHURE*,  
RANDALL, BUT WE'RE *NOT*  
HERE TO DISCUSS YOUR  
ROLE HERE AT THE  
GLOBAL TRUST.



WE'RE MORE  
INTERESTED IN  
YOUR *FORMATIVE*  
YEARS.



AS YOU CAN SEE, THE  
*AGE OF AQUARIUS* WAS A  
BUSY TIME FOR EVERYONE. WE  
KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR  
PSYCHIC EXPERIMENTATION.

A REAL  
*JOHNNY*  
*APPLESEED*  
YOU WERE.

THAT...  
THAT WAS A  
*LIFETIME*  
AGO.



WELL--  
FUNNY THING  
ABOUT THE  
*PAST*. IT'S  
*ALWAYS*  
THERE.

I'M CONFUSED.  
ARE YOU HERE TO  
*ARREST* ME?

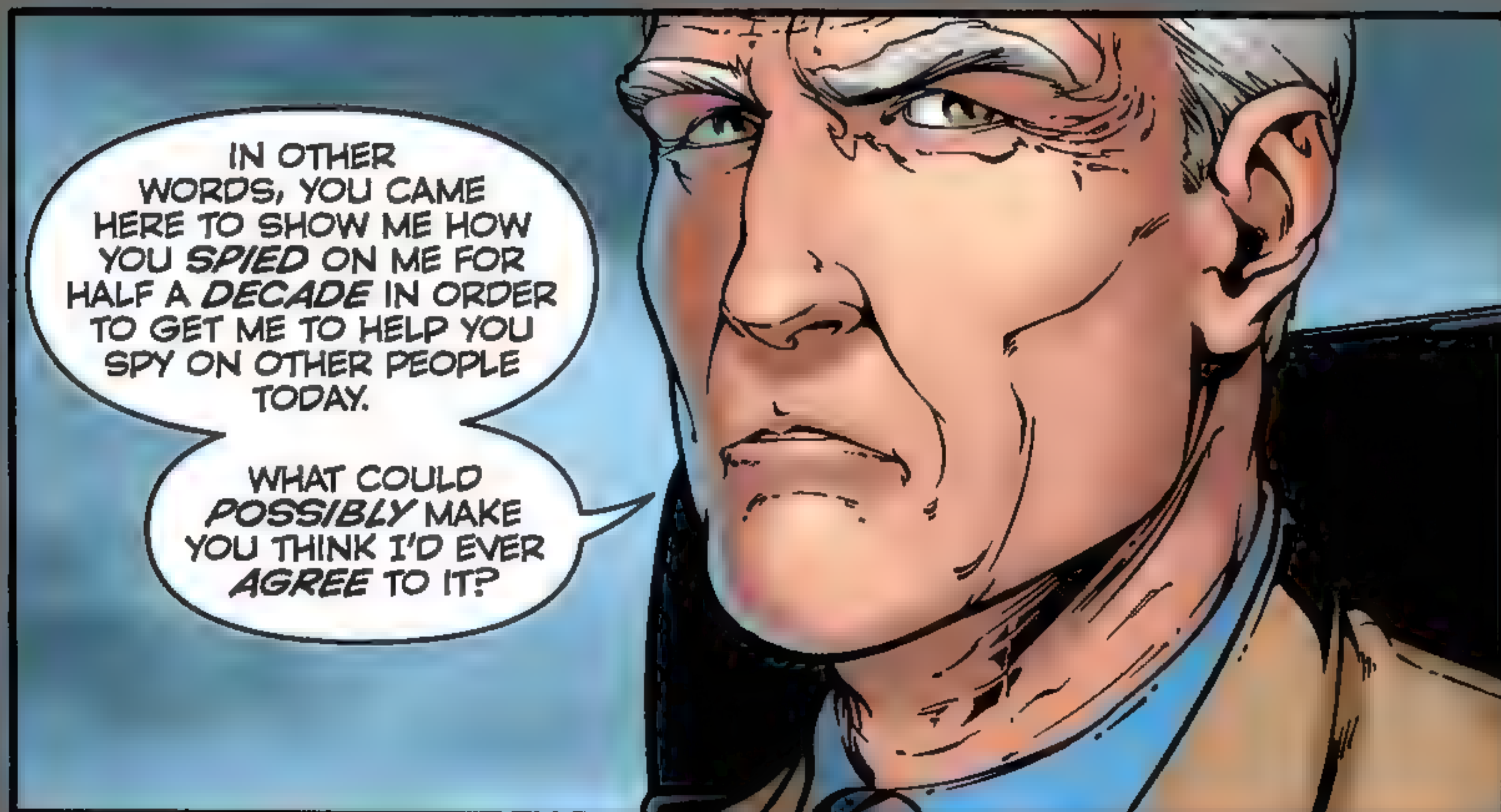
ON THE  
CONTRARY. WE  
*NEED* YOU.





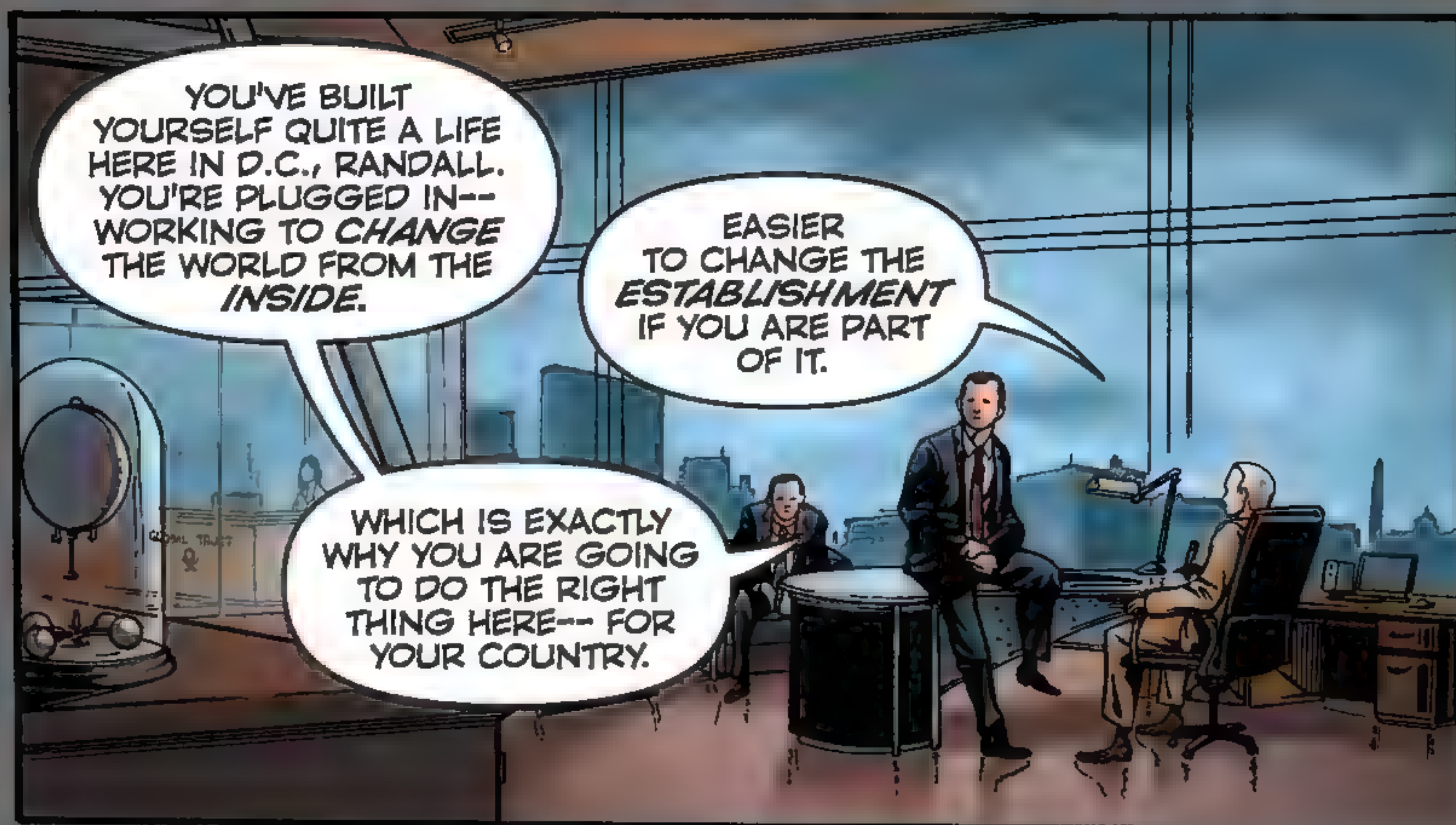
I KNOW YOU'VE HEARD OF THE **MK-ULTRA** PROGRAM. DRUG EXPERIMENTATION TO ASSIST WITH COVERT OPERATIONS AND **ESPIONAGE**. GOD BLESS THE FREEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT. LET'S JUST SAY WE'RE DIPPING INTO THAT POOL AGAIN, AND WE NEED SOMEONE WHO HAS **EXPERIENCE** WITH THE SUBSTANCES TO GUIDE OUR AGENTS THROUGH THEIR **JOURNEY**.

YOU CAN THINK OF YOURSELF AS A **PSYCHIC SHAMAN**--WORKING FOR THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.



IN OTHER WORDS, YOU CAME HERE TO SHOW ME HOW YOU **SPIED** ON ME FOR HALF A **DECADE** IN ORDER TO GET ME TO HELP YOU **SPY** ON OTHER PEOPLE TODAY.

WHAT COULD **POSSIBLY** MAKE YOU THINK I'D EVER **AGREE** TO IT?



YOU'VE BUILT YOURSELF QUITE A LIFE HERE IN D.C., RANDALL. YOU'RE PLUGGED IN--WORKING TO **CHANGE** THE WORLD FROM THE **INSIDE**.

EASIER TO CHANGE THE **ESTABLISHMENT** IF YOU ARE PART OF IT.

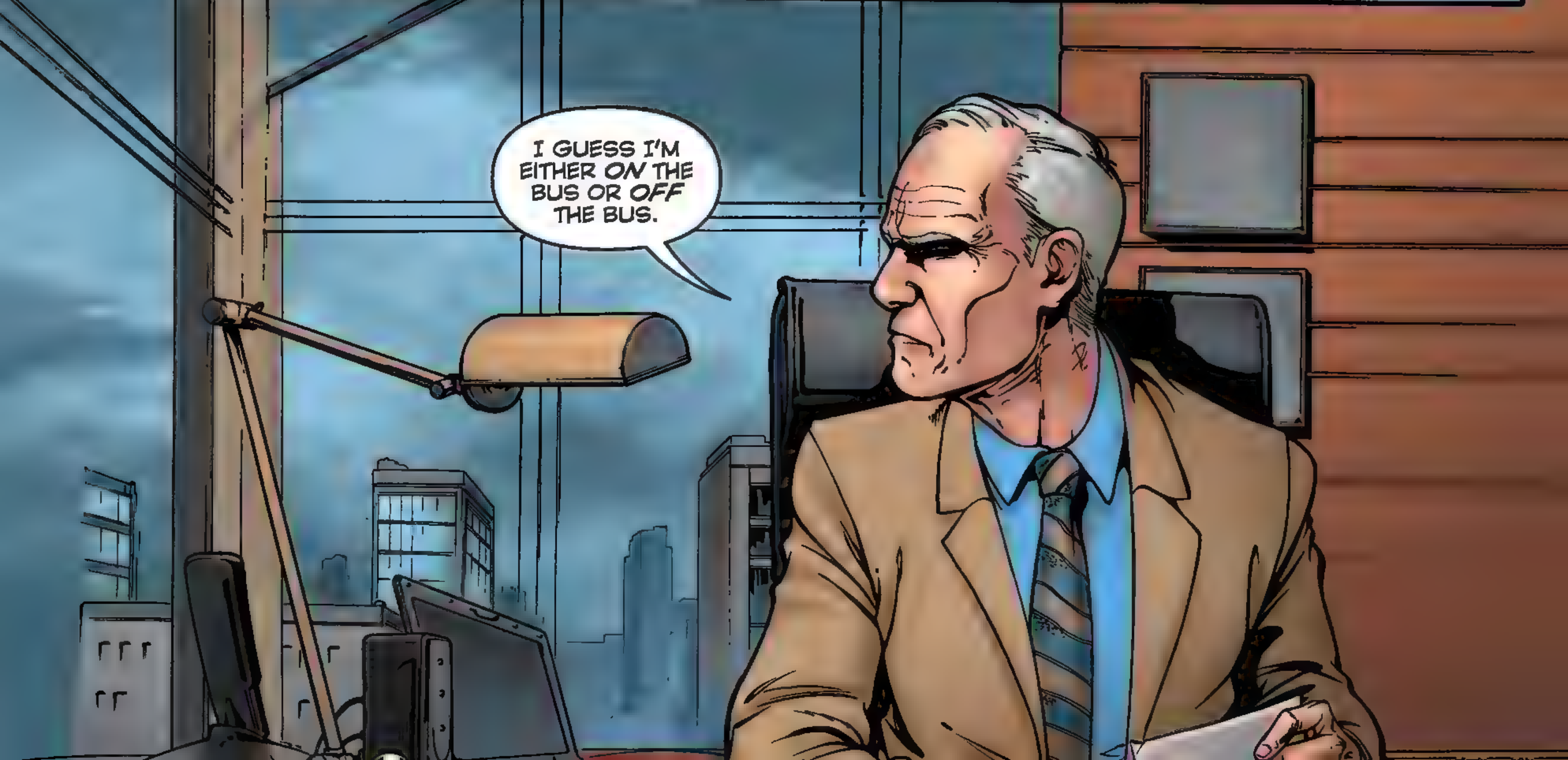
WHICH IS EXACTLY WHY YOU ARE GOING TO DO THE RIGHT THING HERE-- FOR YOUR COUNTRY.



OTHERWISE, I'LL HAVE YOU **OSTRACIZED** FROM THE POLITICAL BELTWAY. **BANISH** YOU TO THE **BLOGOSPHERE**.

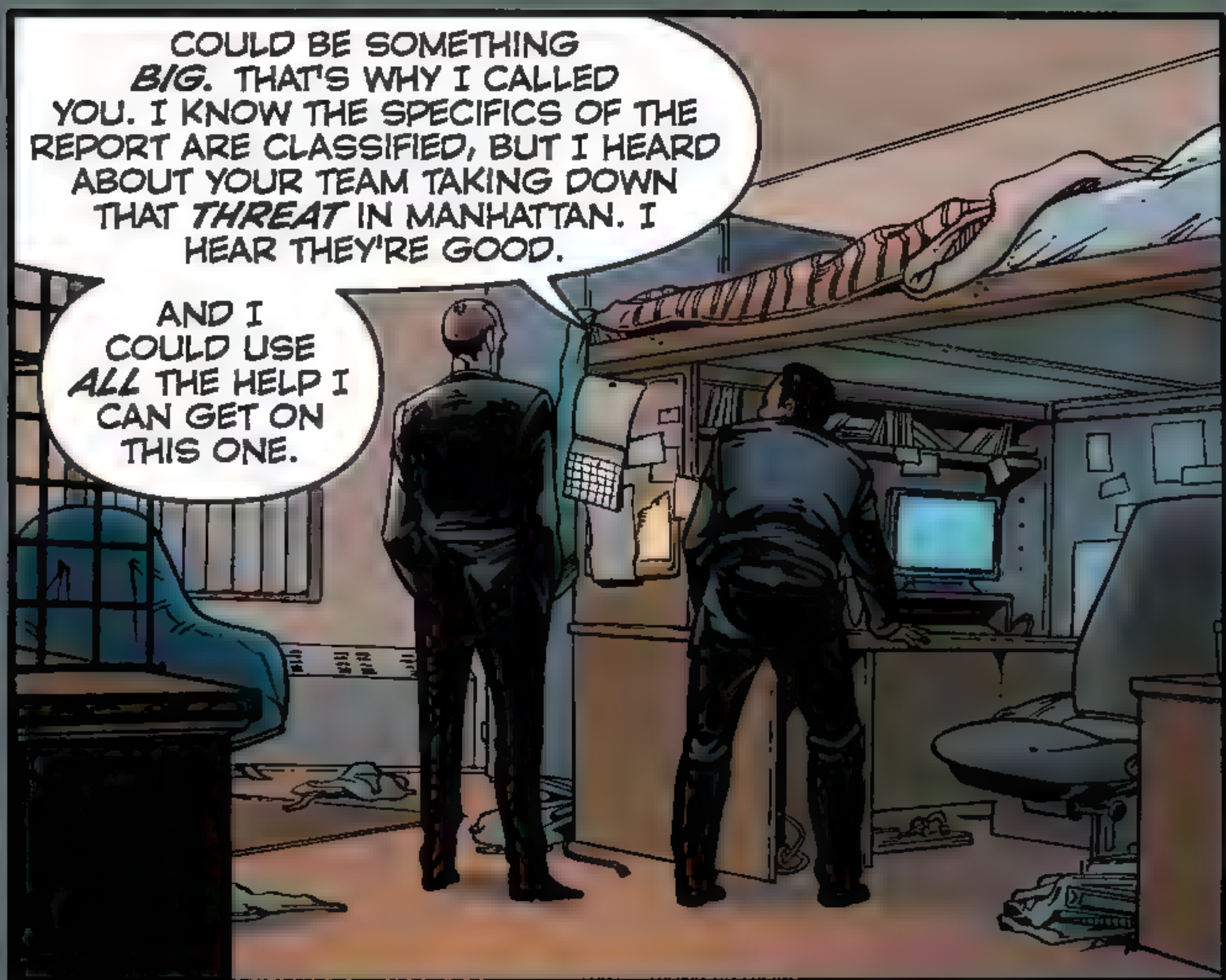
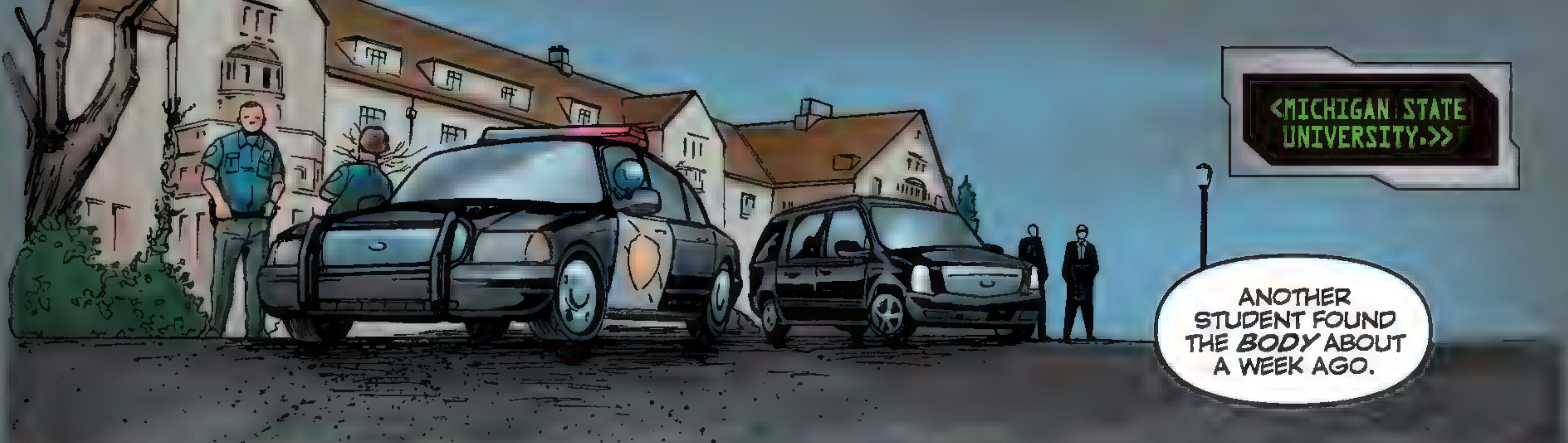
SO, LET ME ASK YOU ONE MORE TIME...

...WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE?



I GUESS I'M EITHER **ON THE BUS** OR **OFF THE BUS**.









ALL I'M GETTING IS  
SEX FANTASIES AND  
FLASHES OF BINGE  
DRINKING.

IT'S BECAUSE  
THEY LIVE IN THIS  
FANTASYLAND,  
CLUELESS ABOUT THE  
DANGERS OF THE REAL  
WORLD. WHAT DID YOU  
EXPECT?

CONNOR SHOULD  
HAVE TO BE HERE,  
SLOGGING THROUGH  
WITH THE REST OF US.  
I DON'T GET IT. HE  
SCREWS UP AND GETS  
THE DAY OFF?



SCREW UP? HE  
KILLED A GUY.  
AND I HAD TO  
DISPOSE OF  
THE BODY.

BIG DEAL.  
I DISPOSED  
OF DOZENS OF  
BODIES BACK IN  
THE DAY.



HIS LITTLE  
STUNT COST US  
ANY CHANCE AT  
ANOTHER NIGHT  
OUT. HE'S LUCKY I  
DON'T CRACK  
HIS SKULL.

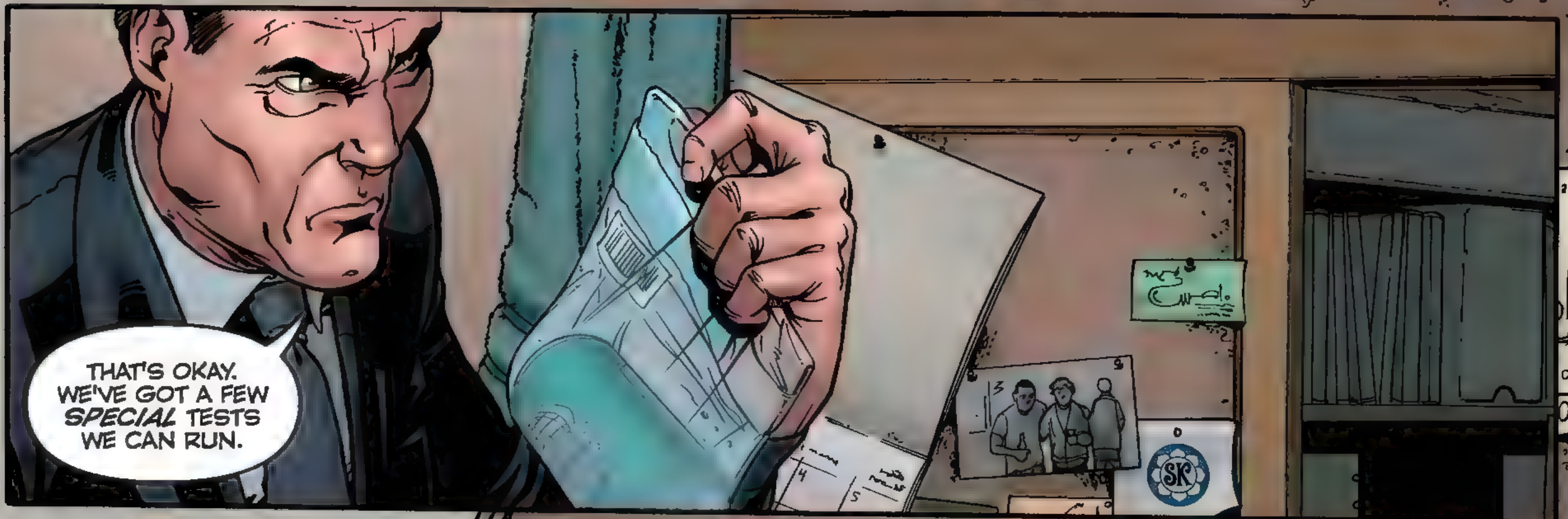
KASEEM,  
YOU'RE BEING  
AWFULLY  
QUIET.



LOOK  
AT THESE  
GIRLS.

I REALLY  
SHOULD HAVE  
STUCK AROUND  
FOR GRAD  
SCHOOL.





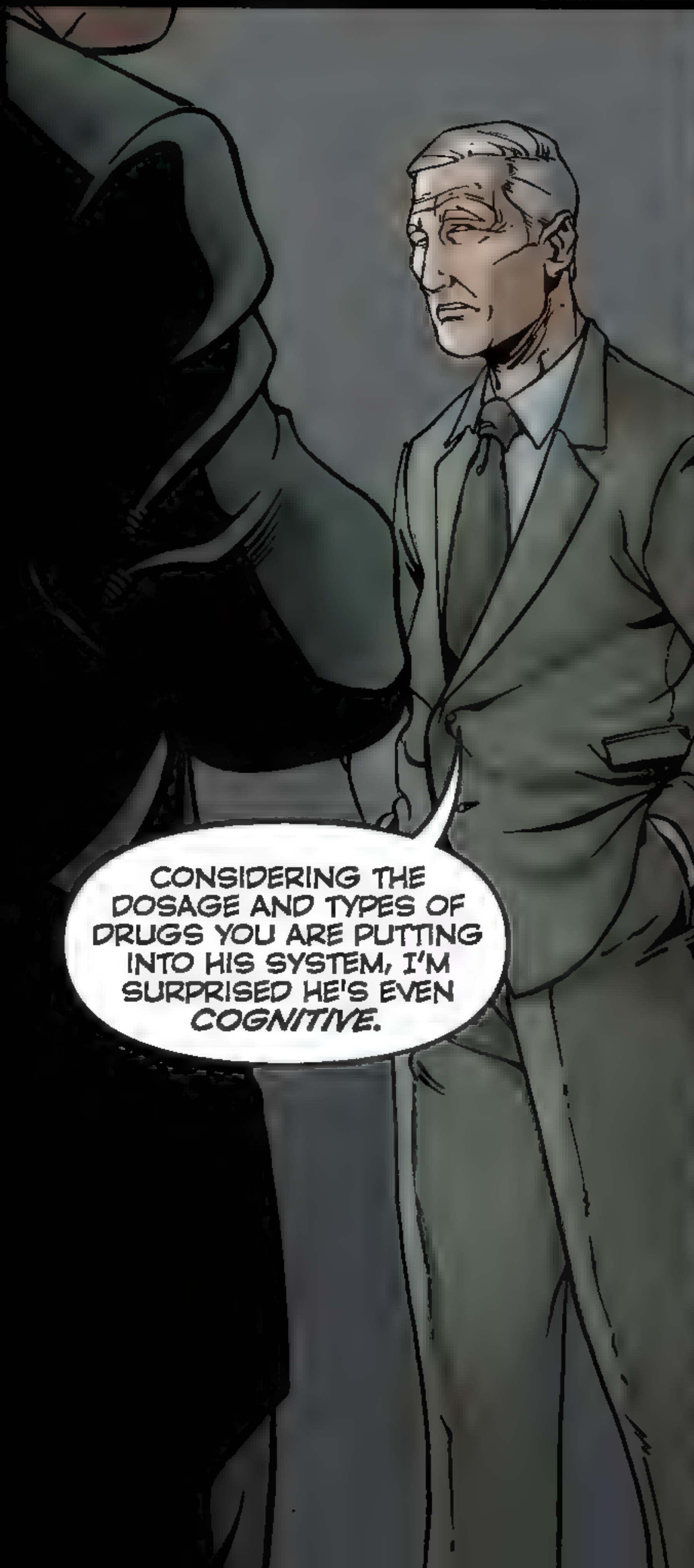




YEP. NAME'S  
**CONNOR.**



HE'S SHOWN  
**REMARKABLE**  
RESPONSE, BUT HE'S  
HAVING TROUBLE  
COPING WITH THE  
**PSYCHOTROPIC**  
COMPONENT.



CONSIDERING THE  
DOSAGE AND TYPES OF  
DRUGS YOU ARE PUTTING  
INTO HIS SYSTEM, I'M  
SURPRISED HE'S EVEN  
**COGNITIVE.**



LET'S BE **CLEAR.**  
ALL YOU NEED TO DO  
IS HELP HIM QUELL THE  
**DEMONS** AND GET HIS  
HEAD BACK ON  
STRAIGHT SO HE CAN  
FUNCTION.

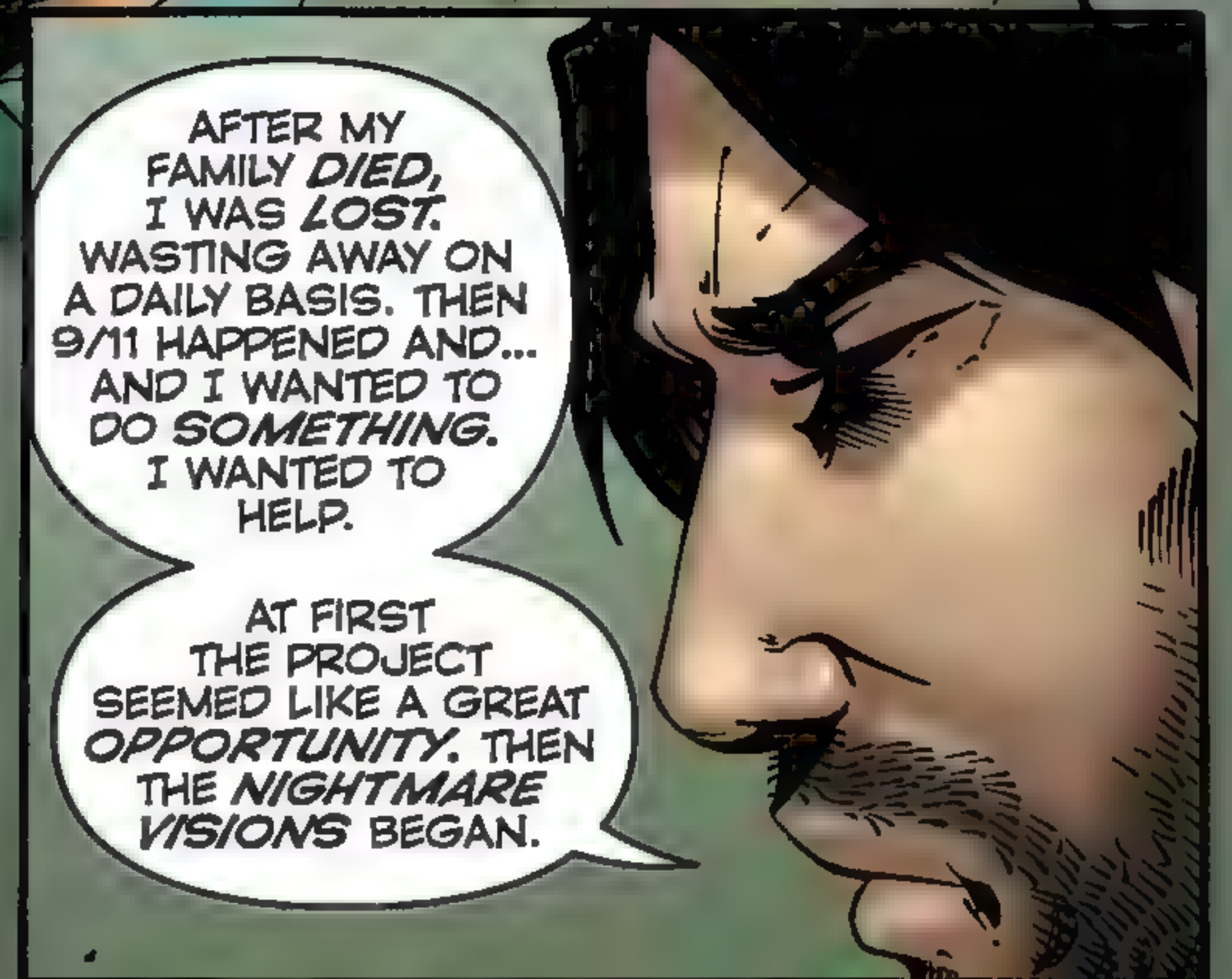
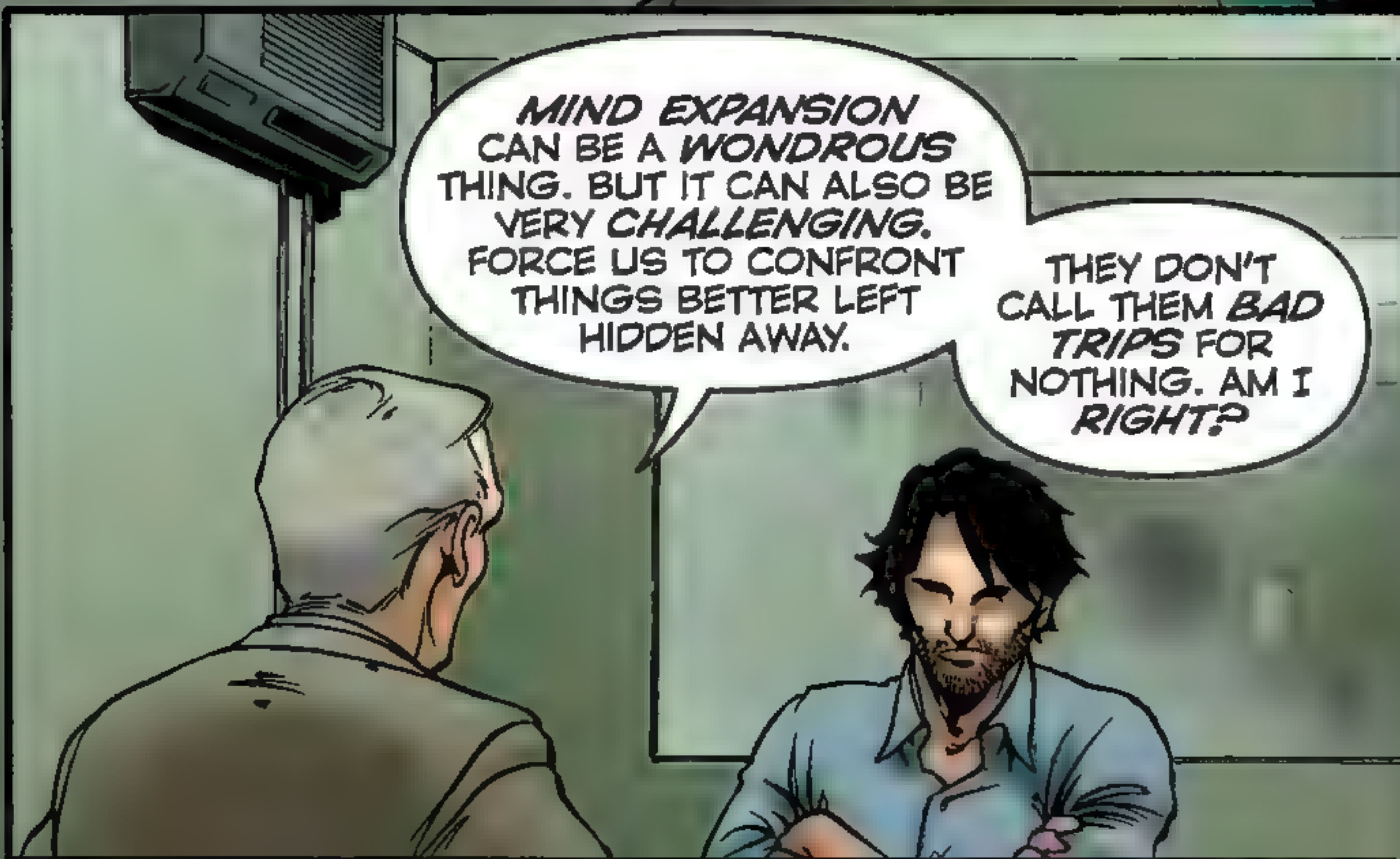
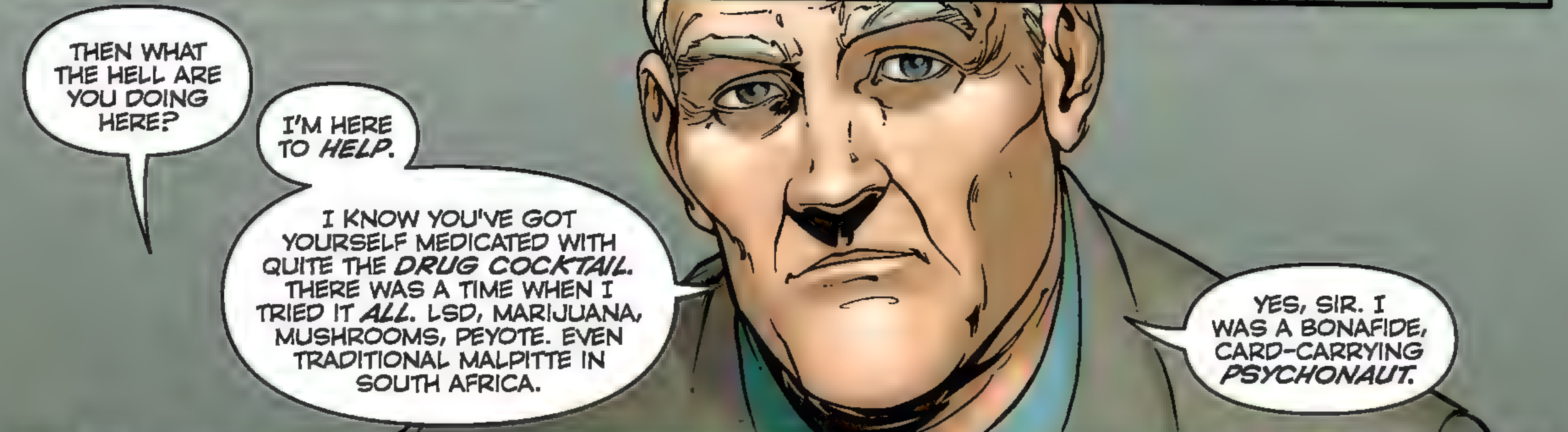
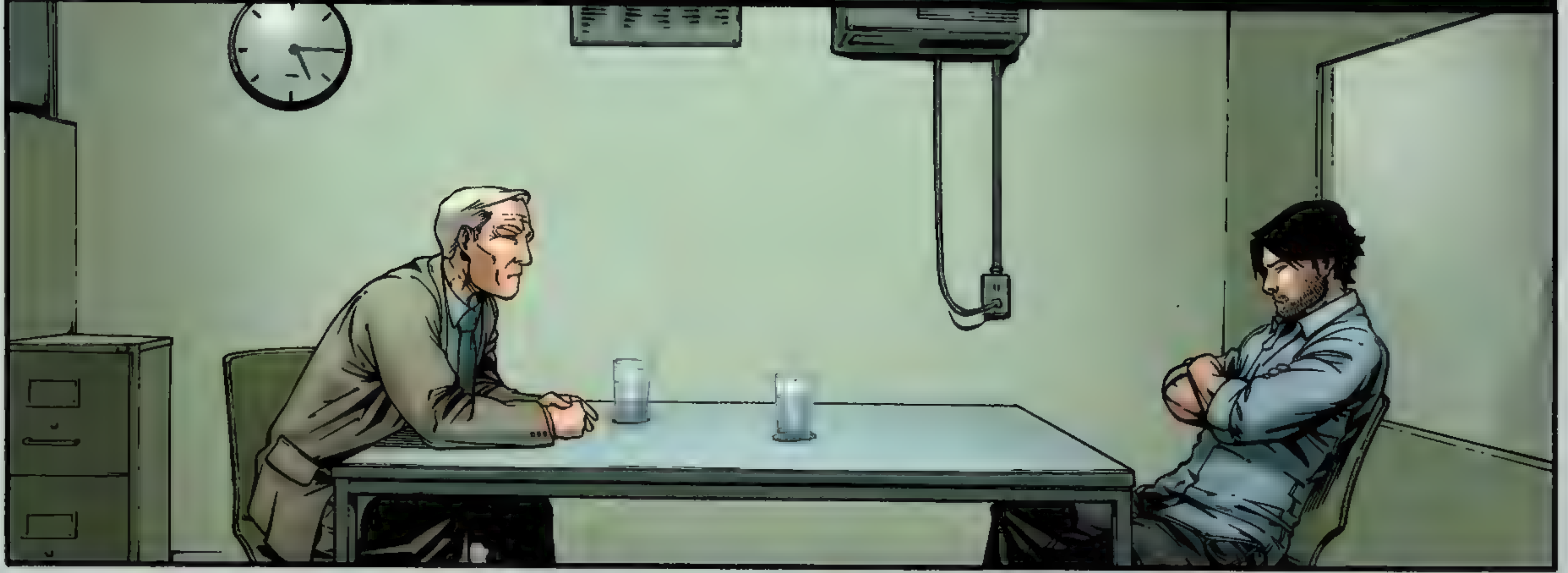
YOU'RE **NOT**  
HIS THERAPIST.  
YOU GOT ME?



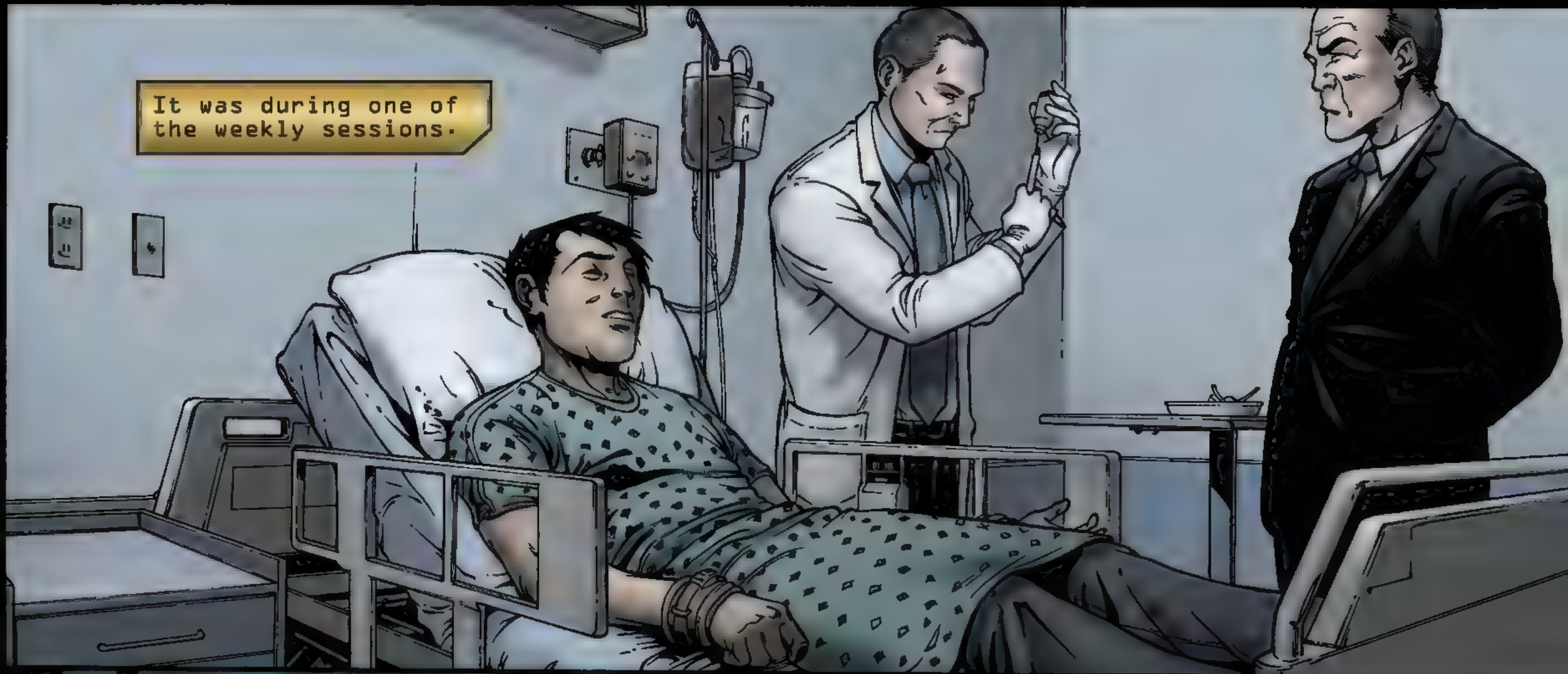
SURE. YOU  
DON'T WANT TO **FIX**  
HIS NOGGIN. JUST  
KEEP IT FROM  
**CRACKING.**

WELL--  
CRACKING ANY  
**FURTHER.**









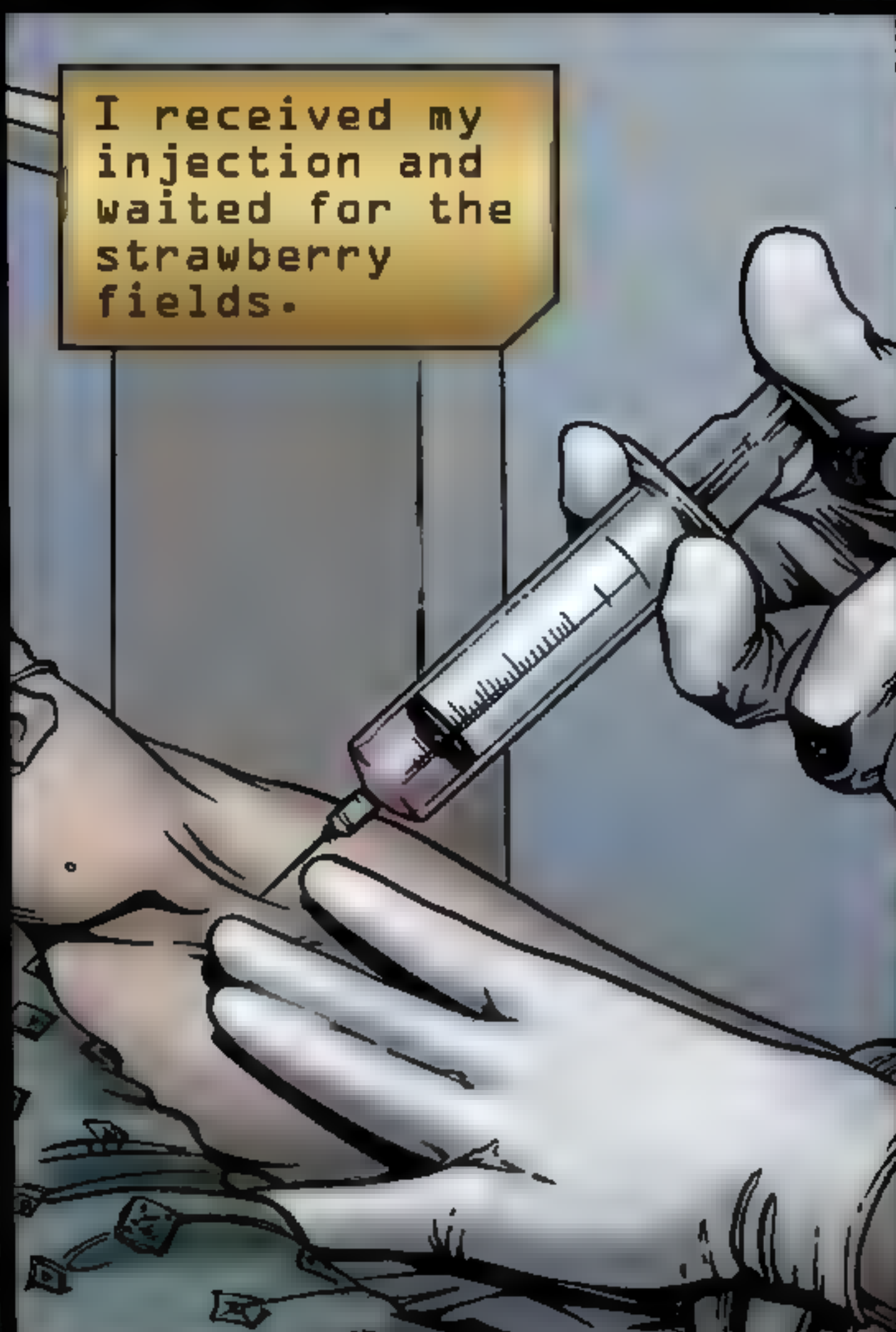
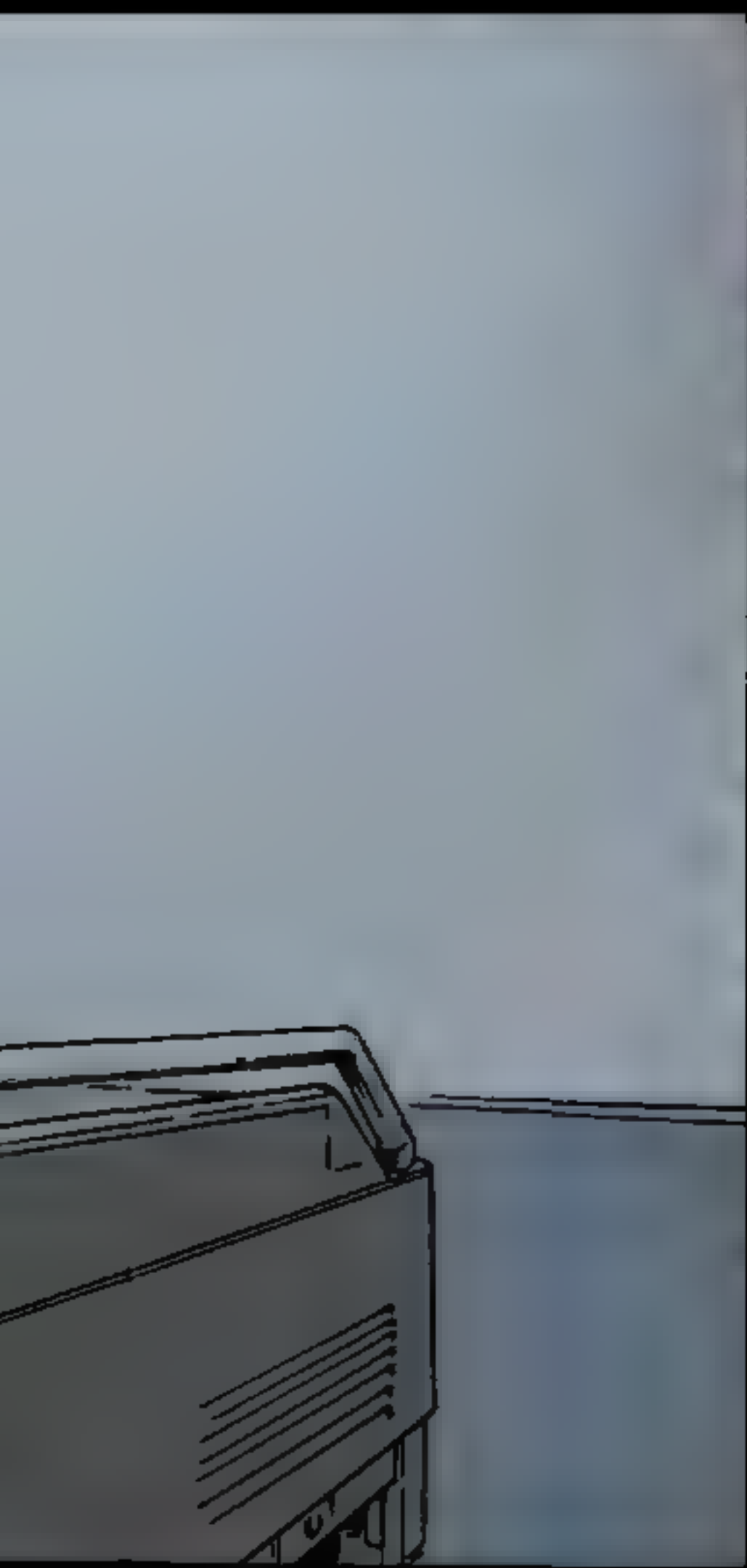
It was during one of the weekly sessions.

Instead, I watched as reality imploded on itself.

Tearing away.

Exposing the deep, dark secret.





I received my  
injection and  
waited for the  
strawberry  
fields.



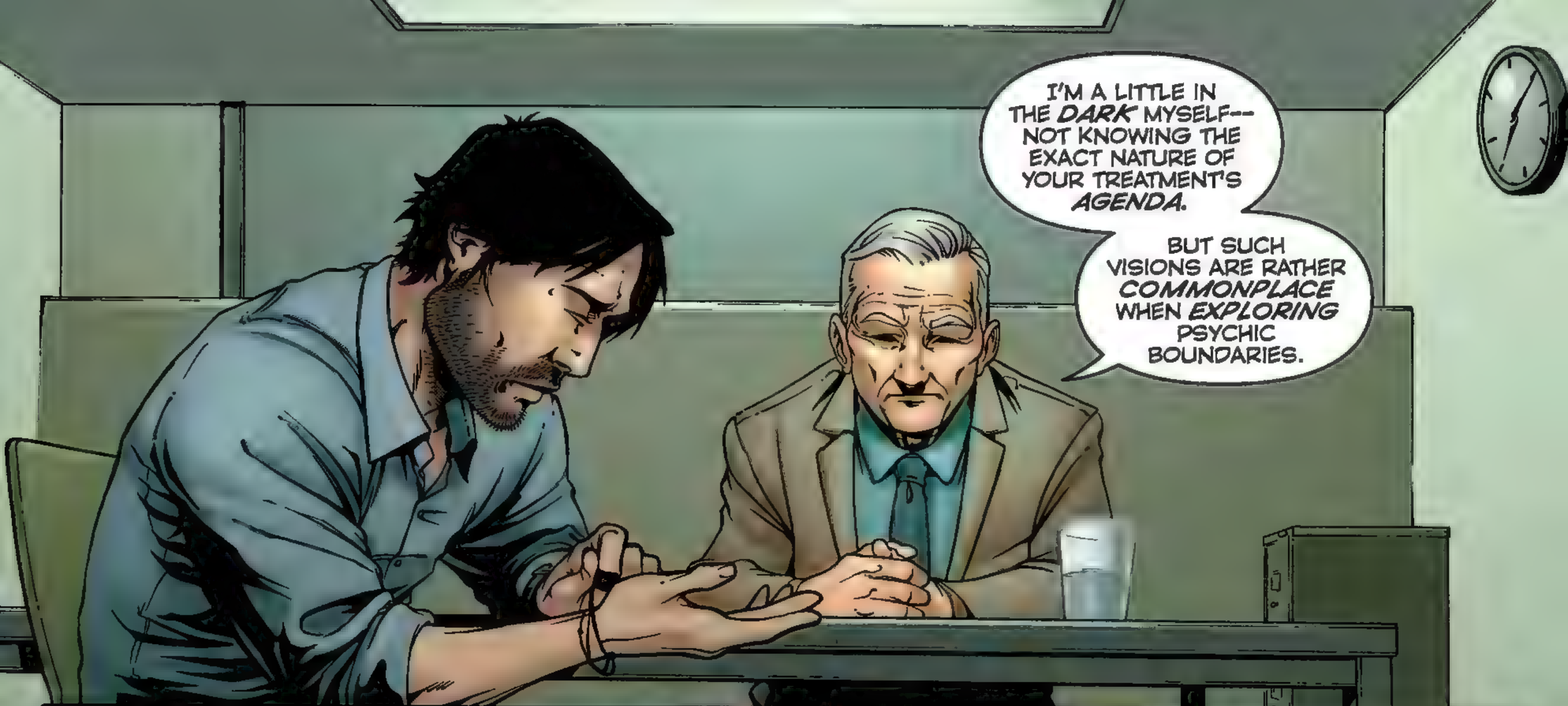
But they  
never  
came.



Everything...

...is nothing.



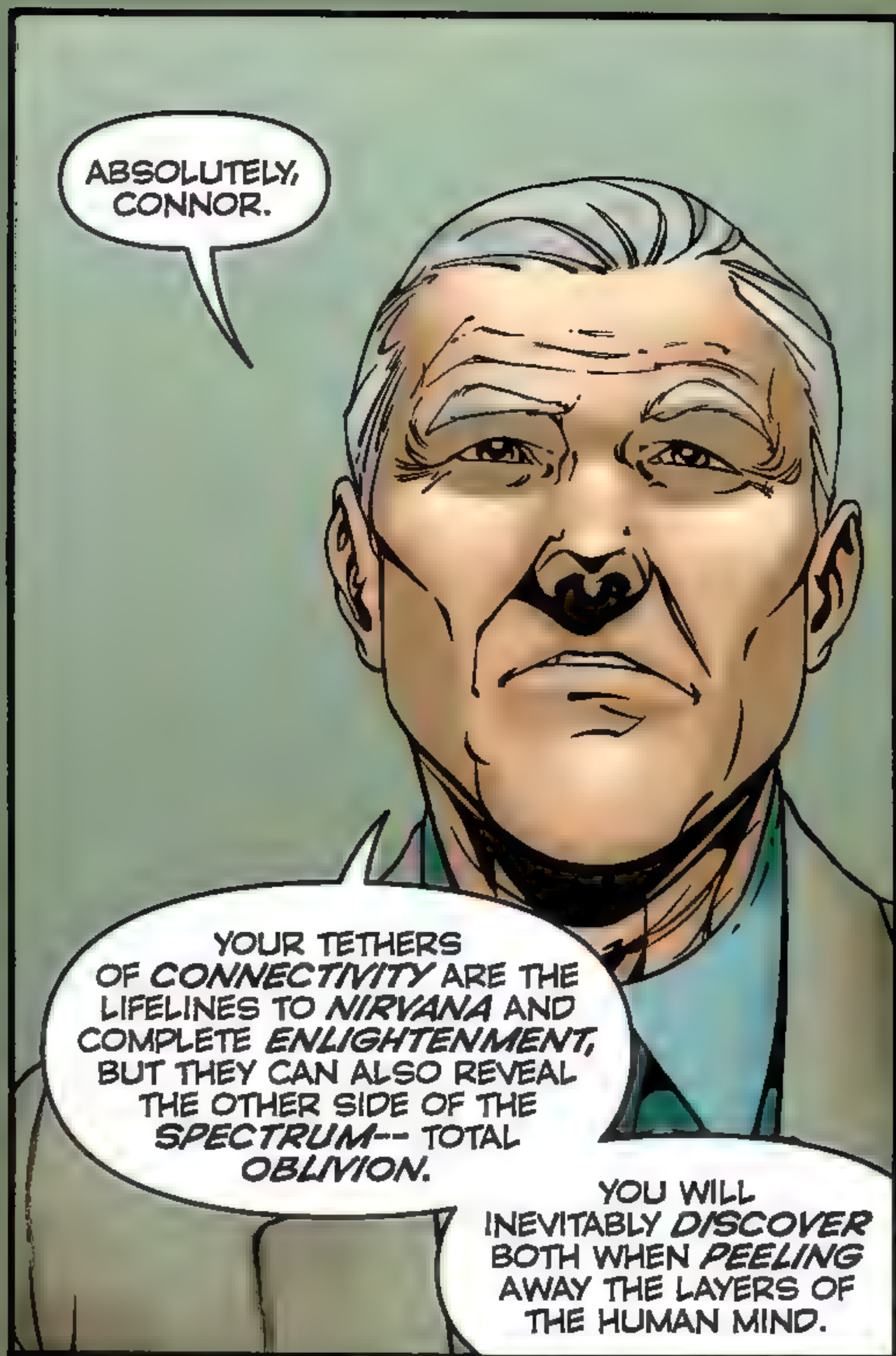


I'M A LITTLE IN THE *DARK* MYSELF--- NOT KNOWING THE EXACT NATURE OF YOUR TREATMENT'S *AGENDA*.

BUT SUCH VISIONS ARE RATHER *COMMONPLACE* WHEN *EXPLORING* PSYCHIC BOUNDARIES.



THEY ARE?



ABSOLUTELY, CONNOR.

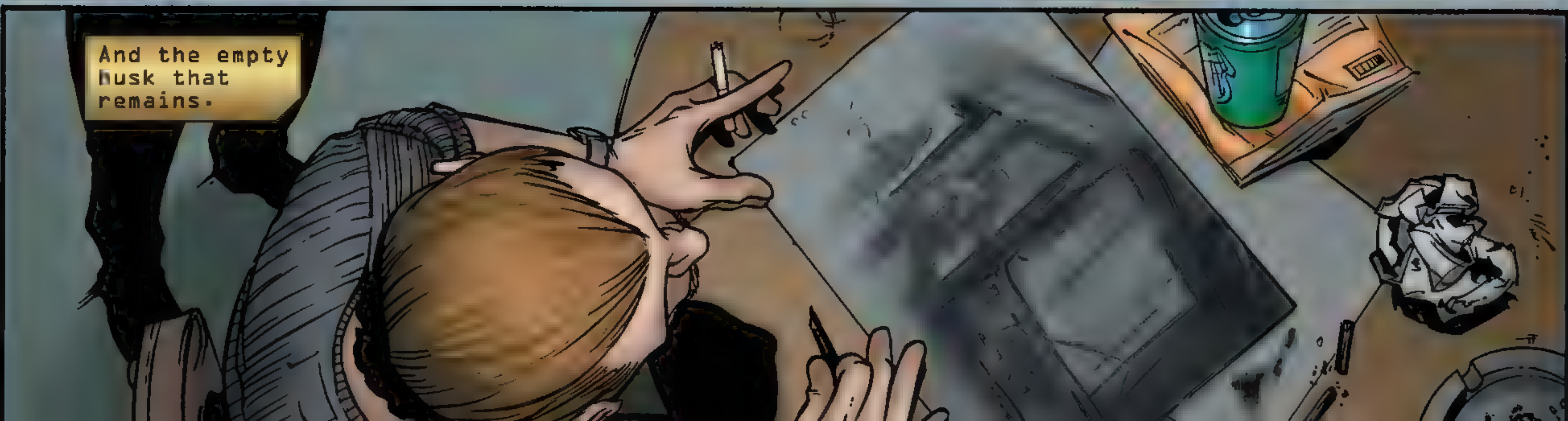
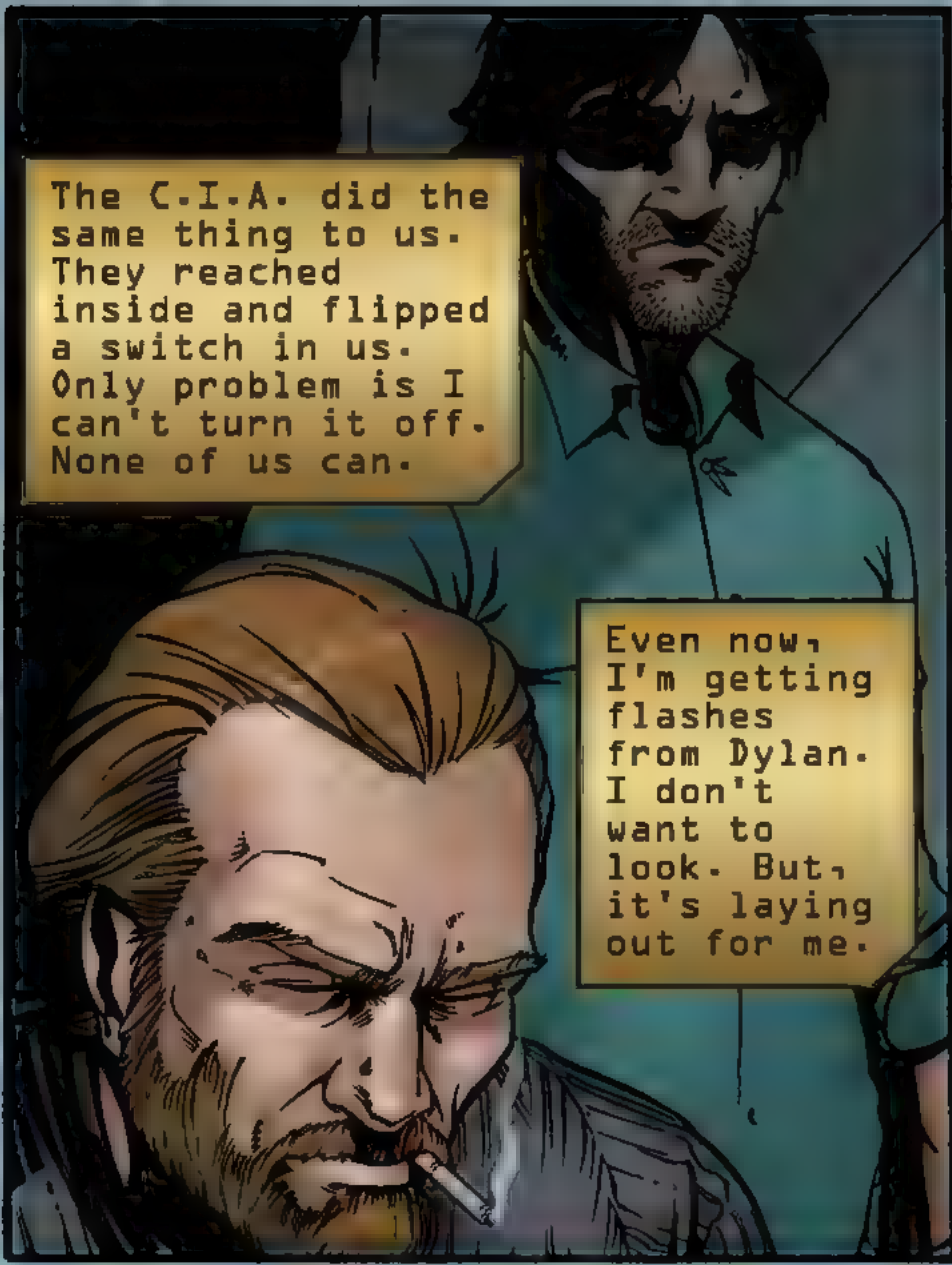
YOUR TETHERS OF *CONNECTIVITY* ARE THE LIFELINES TO *NIRVANA* AND COMPLETE *ENLIGHTENMENT*, BUT THEY CAN ALSO REVEAL THE OTHER SIDE OF THE *SPECTRUM*-- TOTAL *OBLIVION*.

YOU WILL INEVITABLY *DISCOVER* BOTH WHEN *PEELING* AWAY THE LAYERS OF THE HUMAN MIND.



YEAH. WELL, THERE WAS DEFINITELY *PEELING*.







<CHICAGO, IL.>



SO, HOW WE  
LOOKING?

WORKING  
ON IT.



YOU GOT ON  
FIVE STOPS AGO.  
YOU CAN'T READ  
HIM YET?



SHOULD HAVE  
STAYED ON THE  
SIDELINES.

STOP  
BUGGING  
ME.



OKAY, LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN-- TIME  
TO SHOW ME WHAT  
YOU GOT.







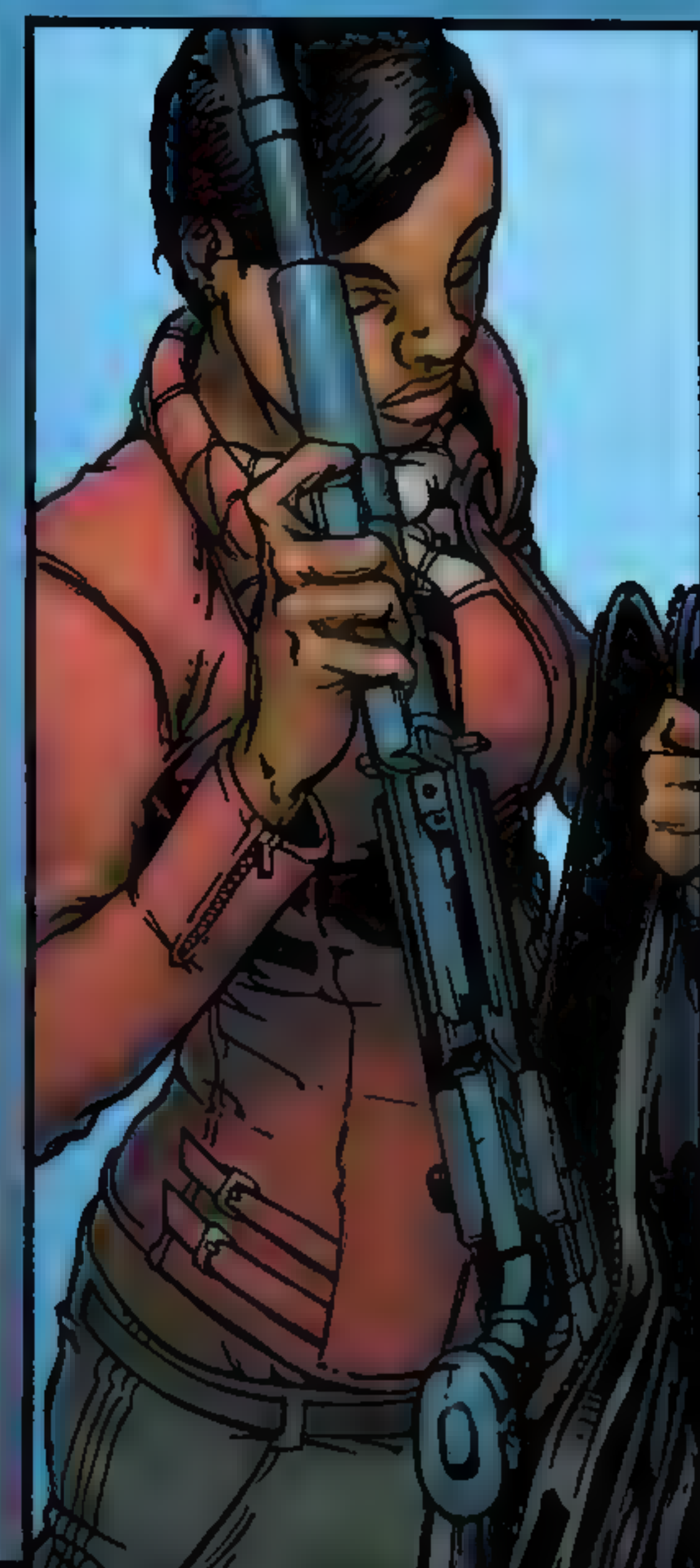
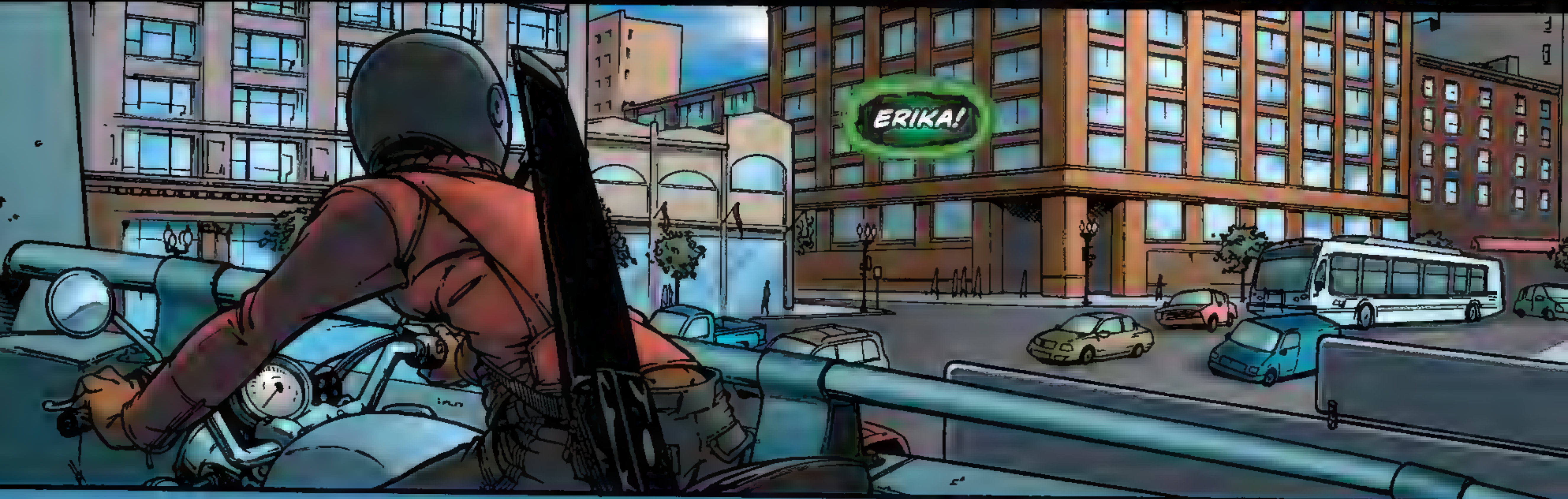
I GOT HIM.  
ONE ROW BACK,  
AGAINST THE  
WINDOW ON THE  
FAR SIDE.

I KNOW,  
BUT--

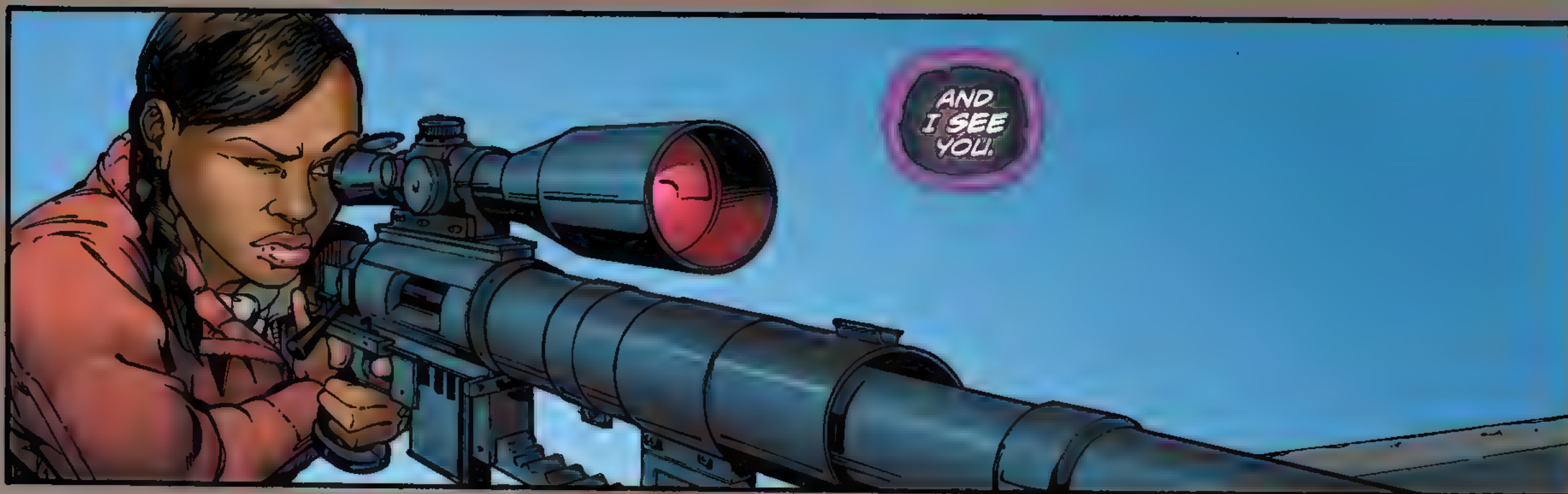
--TOO MANY  
PEOPLE ON THIS  
BUS. WHAT IF HE'S  
GOT MORE  
POISON GAS?

HE'S NOT  
THE MARTYR  
TYPE.









AND  
I SEE  
YOU.



AAIIIEEEE!



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER, SON?  
WEREN'T YOU BOYS  
READY TO *DIE* FOR  
YOUR CAUSE?

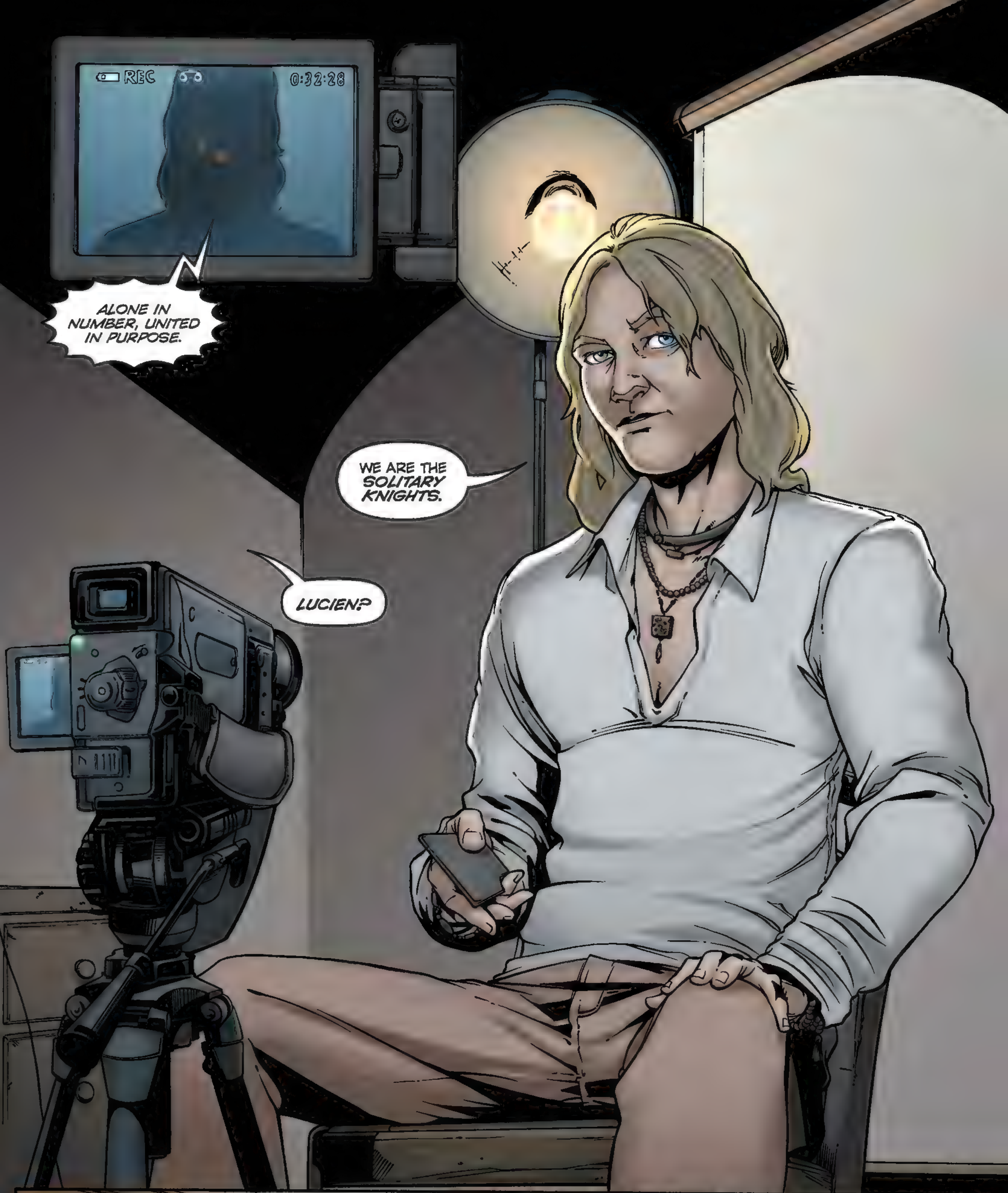


"DO NOT  
IGNORE THAT  
RINGING IN  
YOUR EAR--  
HEAR US.

"DO NOT FIGHT  
THAT GNAWING  
SENSATION IN  
YOUR  
STOMACH--  
FEEL US.

"DO NOT SHUT  
YOUR MIND OFF  
FROM THE  
POSSIBILITIES--  
KNOW US."





ALONE IN  
NUMBER, UNITED  
IN PURPOSE.

WE ARE THE  
SOLITARY  
KNIGHTS.

LUCIEN?

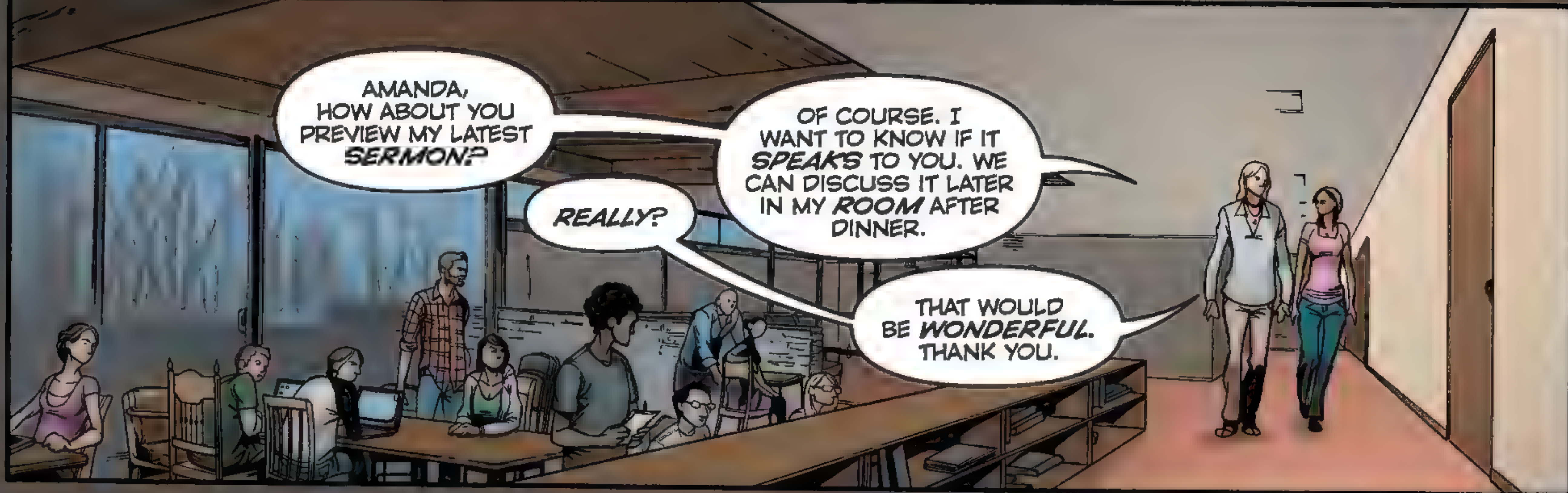


YES, MY  
DEAR?

I'M SORRY TO  
*DISTURB* YOU,  
BUT STAN IS BACK,  
AND HE BROUGHT  
A GUEST.

EXCELLENT.





AMANDA,  
HOW ABOUT YOU  
PREVIEW MY LATEST  
**SERMON?**

REALLY?

OF COURSE. I  
WANT TO KNOW IF IT  
**SPEAKS** TO YOU. WE  
CAN DISCUSS IT LATER  
IN MY **ROOM** AFTER  
DINNER.

THAT WOULD  
BE **WONDERFUL**.  
THANK YOU.



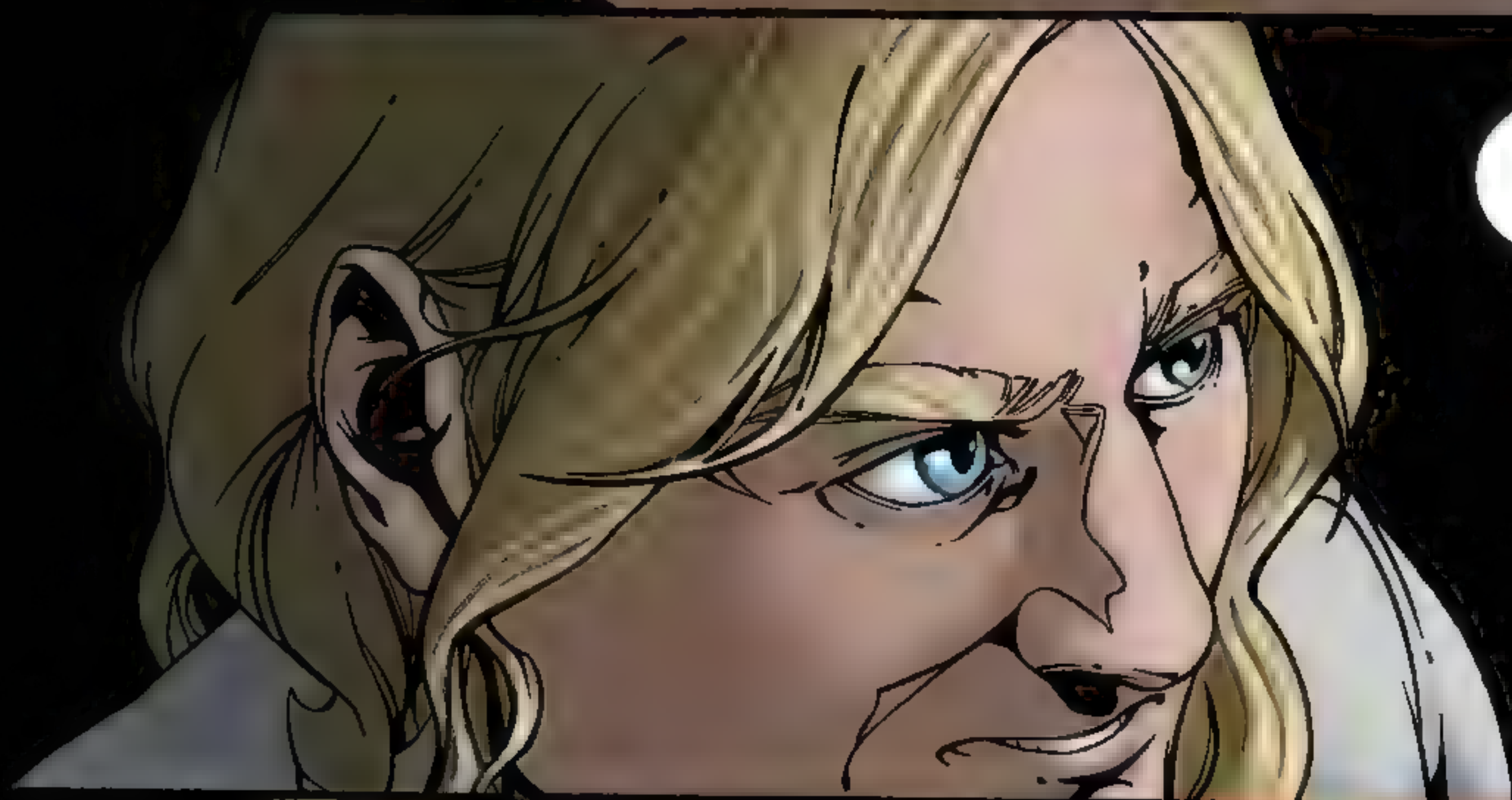
NO, **KITTEN**.  
THANK YOU.



HELLO, **STANLEY**.  
YOU **NEVER**  
DISAPPOINT.

SINCE YOU'LL  
BE ANSWERING  
**QUESTIONS** SOON  
ENOUGH, I SUPPOSE  
I CAN GO FIRST.

WHAT THE  
**HELL** IS GOING  
ON?!? WHAT DO  
YOU **WANT**?  
WHO ARE  
YOU?!?



MY NAME IS  
**LUCIEN. LUCIEN**  
**SMYTHE.**

AS FOR WHAT  
I WANT-- WELL,  
THAT'S A BIT MORE  
**COMPLICATED.**

MY SOURCES TELL  
ME YOU DID COMPUTER  
PROGRAMMING FOR THE  
**DEPARTMENT OF**  
**DEFENSE** A FEW  
YEARS AGO.



NO.

**WEBSTER**,  
PLEASE. **LYING**  
IS NOT ONE OF  
YOUR SKILLS.

MAYBE I DID SOME  
**FREELANCE** STUFF FOR  
THEM, BUT IT WAS ONLY  
BILLING PROGRAMMING.  
**ADMINISTRATIVE.**

NO, ACTUALLY, YOU DID  
SOMETHING FAR MORE VITAL FOR  
NATIONAL SECURITY. BUT THEN, I  
DON'T EXPECT YOU TO REMEMBER.  
THEY WIPED YOUR MIND WITH  
**HYPNOSIS** AFTER THE FACT.

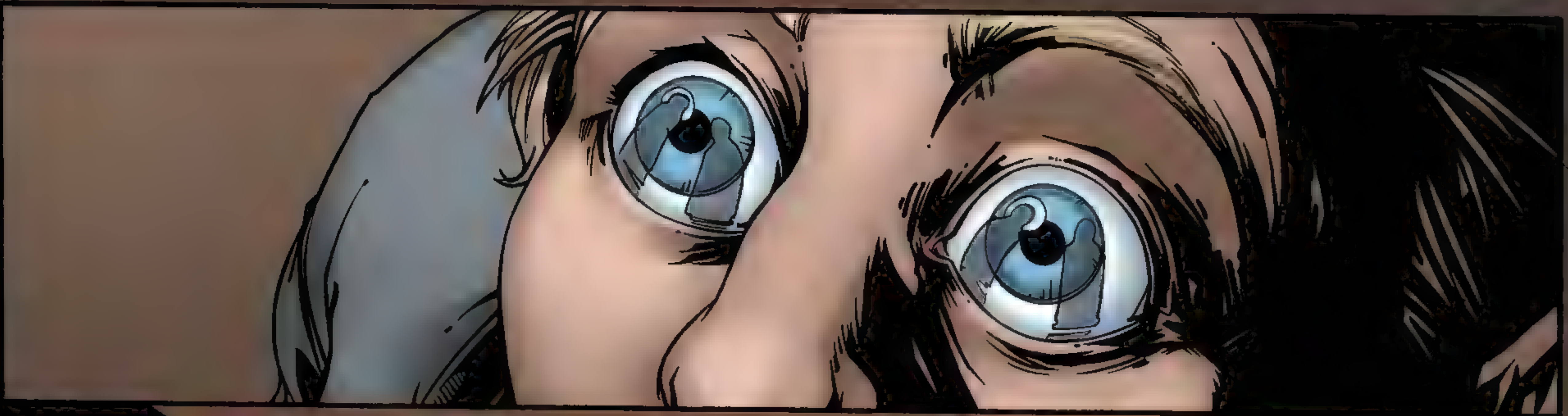


HYPNOSIS?!?  
THAT'S **CRAZY!**

I TOLD YOU IT WAS  
**ADMINISTRATIVE**. I  
DON'T **KNOW** WHAT  
YOU ARE TALKING  
ABOUT.

I KNOW YOU  
**DON'T.**







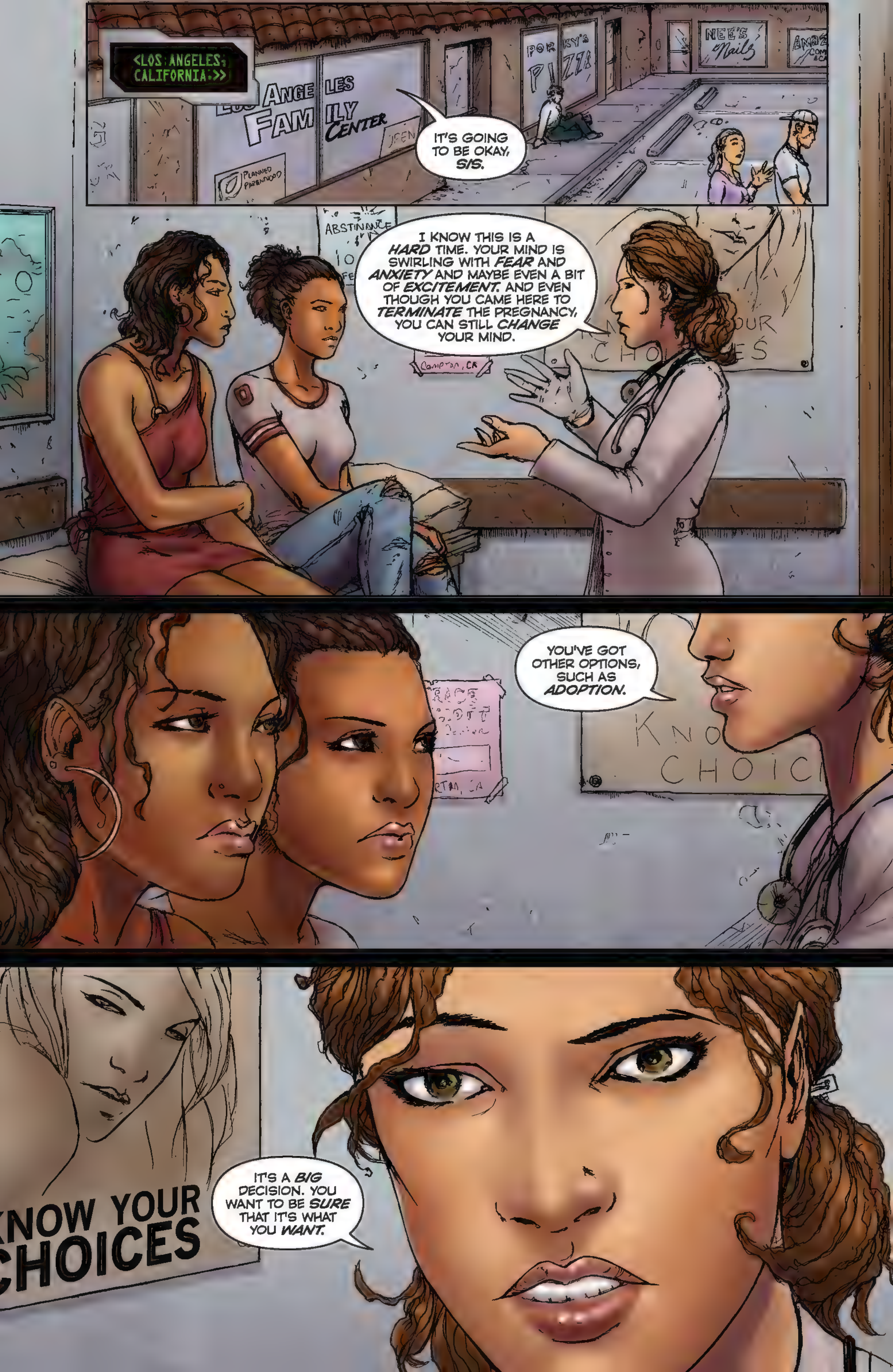
# MINDFIELD

PROJECT COBALT DATA FILES

Project COBALT

SUBJECT: ERIKA  
SCRIPT: J.T. KRUL  
ARTWORK: LORI "CROSS" HANSON  
COLORS: SIYA OUM





<LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA:>>

LOS ANGELES  
FAMILY CENTER

PLANNED PARENTHOOD

IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY, S/S.

FOR KY'S PIZZA

NEE'S Nails

AMAZ COM & CO

ABSTINANCE

I KNOW THIS IS A HARD TIME. YOUR MIND IS SWIRLING WITH *FEAR* AND *ANXIETY* AND MAYBE EVEN A BIT OF *EXCITEMENT*. AND EVEN THOUGH YOU CAME HERE TO *TERMINATE* THE PREGNANCY, YOU CAN STILL *CHANGE* YOUR MIND.

Campton, CA

KNOW YOUR CHOICES

YOU'VE GOT OTHER OPTIONS, SUCH AS *ADOPTION*.

RACE SOUT  
RTAN, CA

KNOW YOUR CHOICES

KNOW YOUR CHOICES

IT'S A *BIG* DECISION. YOU WANT TO BE *SURE* THAT IT'S WHAT YOU *WANT*.





TASHA!

ANTHONY!  
WHAT THE HELL  
ARE YOU DOING  
HERE?



ME?!? WHAT  
ABOUT *YOU*?!  
IT'S PARKER'S, ISN'T  
IT? I'LL BUST  
HIS ASS!

NO, YOU WON'T.  
THIS AIN'T GOT  
NOTHING TO DO  
WITH YOU.

I'M YOUR *BROTHER*.  
'COURSE IT HAS TO DO WITH  
ME. AND LET ME TELL YOU--  
THIS *AIN'T* HAPPENING.



GET OUTTA  
HERE, ANTHONY!

CHRIST. AND  
YOU HAD TO BRING  
ERIKAP LIKE SHE  
NEEDS TO SEE  
THIS.

OWWWW!

WE'RE  
LEAVING.  
NOW.

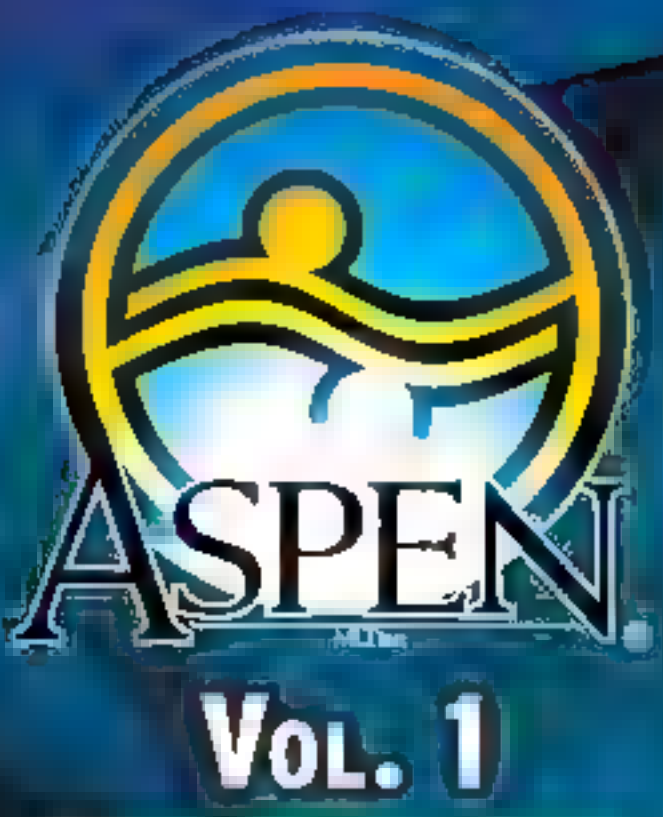










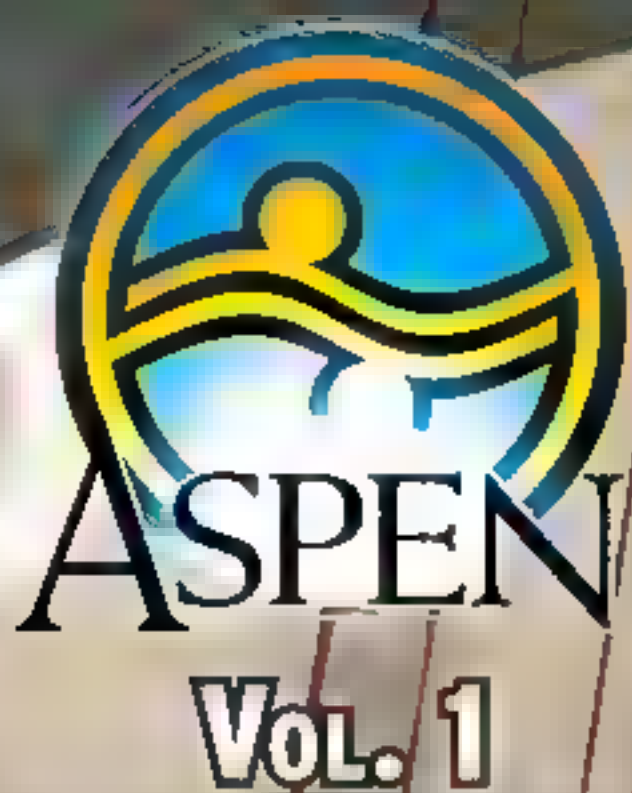


# MINDFIELD

#3  
OF 6  
COVER A







#3  
OF 6  
COVER B

# MINDFIELD





story & creator\_

J.T. KRUL

illustrations\_

ALEX KONAT

inks\_

JON BOLERJACK

colors\_

JOHN STARR

letters\_

JOSH REED

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MINDFIELD CREATED BY J.T. KRUL

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IT'S OVER  
HERE.

THIS WAY.

SEE. TOLD  
YOU.

YOU KEEP  
*BROWSING* LIKE YOU'RE  
AT A BOOKSTORE AND ONE  
OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL  
NEVER FIND YOUR WAY  
OUT.

ME-- I STAY  
*FOCUSED* ON  
GETTING WHAT WE  
CAME FOR.

OKAY, LET'S  
MAKE THIS  
QUICK.

AARRGG\*

THUNK

OPEN  
SESAME.

THUNK









SO... WHAT'S  
THE GOOD WORD,  
MALCOLM?



YOU KNOW  
THE SAYING,  
LUCIEN. A *MIND*  
IS A TERRIBLE  
THING TO  
*WASTE*.

PRESENT COMPANY  
*EXCLUDED*.



BUT HE  
DID OFFER US  
ONE USEFUL  
*NUGGET*.



AH, *EXCELLENT*.  
YOU NEVER  
DISAPPOINT.



I THINK WE  
ARE *DONE* WITH  
HIM, *STAN*.

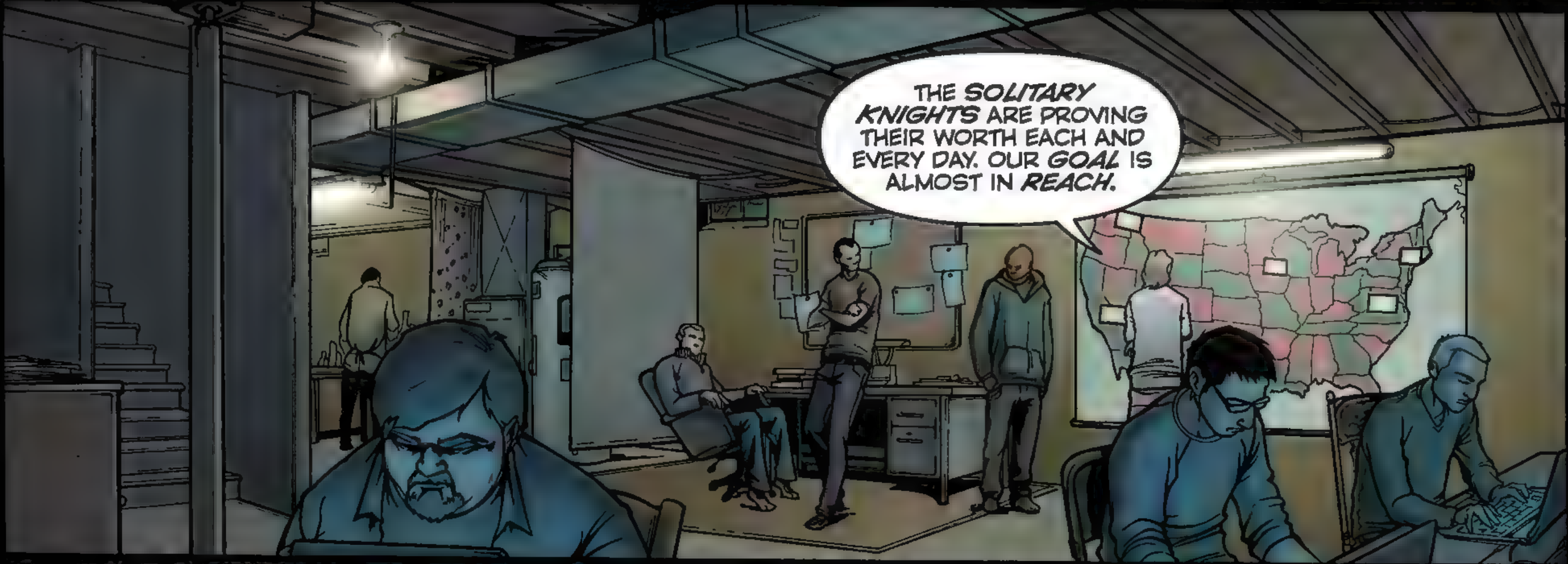
PUT HIM WITH  
THE OTHERS  
OUT BACK.

YOU GOT  
IT.



AND SOON-- I  
DON'T WANT HIM  
*SOILING* HIMSELF  
IN MY *HOUSE*.







<40 YEARS AGO...>

"THE BIGGEST MISNOMER IS THAT THE JOURNEY IS ABOUT FOCUS-- ABOUT FINDING ONE'S SELF."

"WHEN THE EXACT OPPOSITE IS TRUE. OUR SENSE OF SELF, OUR IDENTITY-- IT'S THE DISTRACTION."

"WE CRIPPLE OUR MINDS WITH THE MEMORIES OF PAST SINS, THE GLOW OF IMAGINED PLEASURE, AND THE NAGGING ITCH OF PREVIOUS HUMILIATIONS."

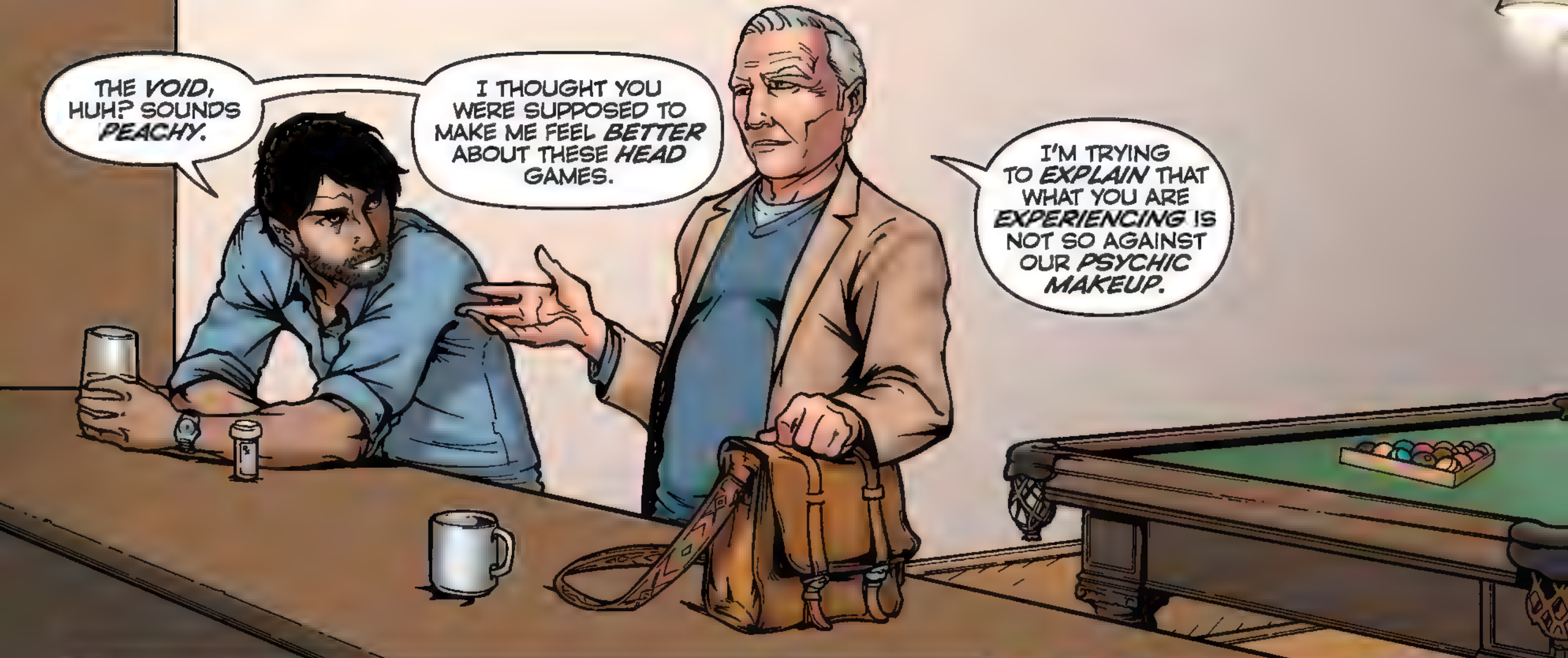
"THESE ARE THE EMOTIONS-- FEAR, HATRED, LUST-- THAT ECLIPSE THE VIEW OF THE LIGHT."

"THE DEPARTED SOUL IS DESCRIBED AS SHRINKING IN AGONY FROM THE PURE LIGHT OF THE VOID, AND EVEN FROM THE LESSER, TEMPERED LIGHTS, IN ORDER TO RUSH HEADLONG INTO THE COMFORTING DARKNESS OF SELFHOOD AS A REBORN HUMAN BEING, OR EVEN A BEAST, AN UNHAPPY GHOST, A DENIZEN OF HELL.\*"

"ANYTHING RATHER THAN THE BURNING BRIGHTNESS OF UNMITIGATED REALITY-- ANYTHING!!!"

\*FROM THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION, ALDOUS HUXLEY

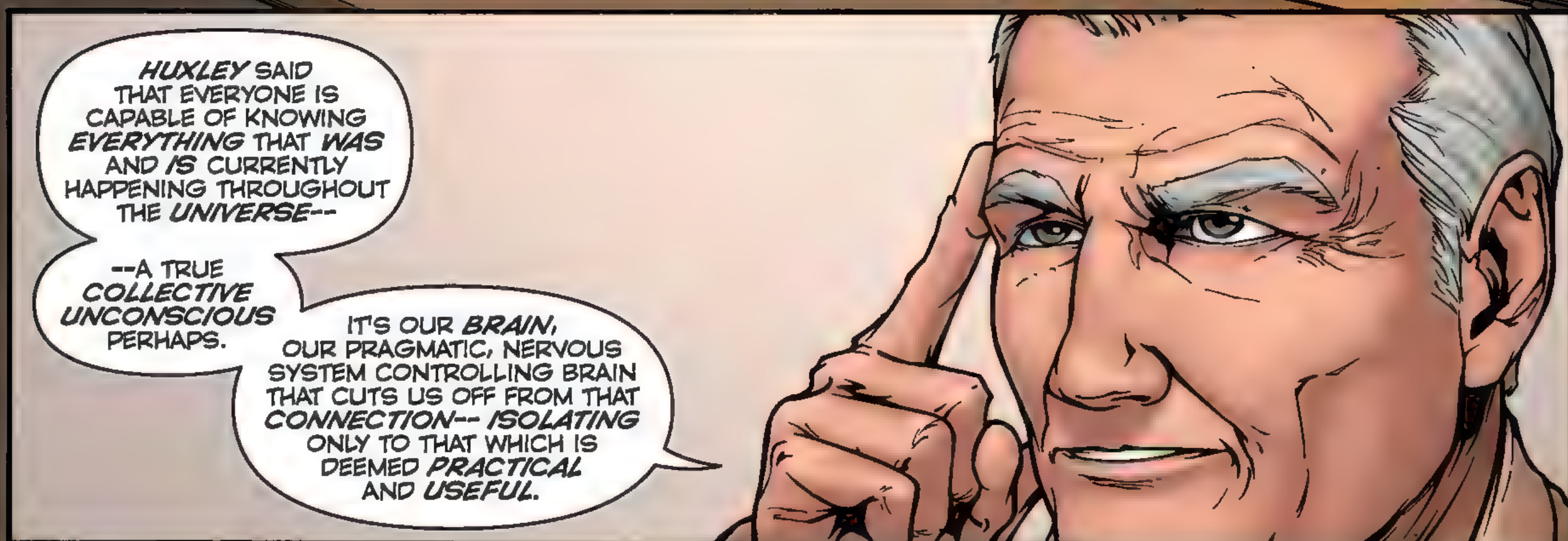




THE VOID,  
HUH? SOUNDS  
*PEACHY*.

I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE SUPPOSED TO  
MAKE ME FEEL *BETTER*  
ABOUT THESE *HEAD*  
GAMES.

I'M TRYING  
TO *EXPLAIN* THAT  
WHAT YOU ARE  
*EXPERIENCING* IS  
NOT SO AGAINST  
OUR *PSYCHIC*  
*MAKEUP*.



*HUXLEY* SAID  
THAT EVERYONE IS  
CAPABLE OF KNOWING  
*EVERYTHING* THAT *WAS*  
AND *IS* CURRENTLY  
HAPPENING THROUGHOUT  
THE *UNIVERSE*--

--A TRUE  
*COLLECTIVE*  
*UNCONSCIOUS*  
PERHAPS.

IT'S OUR *BRAIN*,  
OUR PRAGMATIC, NERVOUS  
SYSTEM CONTROLLING *BRAIN*  
THAT CUTS US OFF FROM THAT  
*CONNECTION*-- *ISOLATING*  
ONLY TO THAT WHICH IS  
DEEMED *PRACTICAL*  
AND *USEFUL*.



DON'T START  
REFERRING TO  
MY *CONDITION*  
AS A *GIFT*.

I WON'T. BUT THE  
ABILITY YOU POSSESS,  
THE *CONNECTIONS* YOU  
CAN MAKE-- ONE COULD  
ARGUE THAT THEY MAKE  
YOU *MORE HUMAN*  
THAN *HUMAN*.

THEN BEING  
HUMAN IS ALL ABOUT  
*DEPRESSION, ANXIETY,*  
*FEAR, AND RAGE*--  
BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT  
THESE *CONNECTIONS*  
ARE ALL ABOUT.

*EXCEPT FOR*  
THOSE WHO KNOW  
HOW TO *CLOSE* THEIR  
*MINDS* OFF-- LIKE  
*ERIKA* AND *ISAAC* AND  
*MCMANUS*...



...AND YOU.



WITH THE  
*PHARMAECOPIA*  
I'VE INGESTED OVER THE  
YEARS, I'M SURPRISED  
YOU DON'T MERELY SEE A  
*DAY-GLO* CLOUD OF  
*SMOKE* WHERE MY  
BRAIN SHOULD BE.





HE'S NOT PULLING HIS *WEIGHT*. WE GET OUT IN THE *FIELD*, AND HE GOES *WEAK* IN THE *GUT*. PROBABLY CRYING INTO A PILLOW WITH THAT SHRINK OF HIS RIGHT NOW INSTEAD OF TRAINING.

SHUT UP, *ISAAC*.

WHY YOU ALWAYS *STICKING* UP FOR HIM?

BECAUSE IT'S *HARDER* FOR HIM. CONNOR'S NOT *BUILT* LIKE US.



YOU GOT THAT *RIGHT*.

WAIT UNTIL SOMEONE PUTS A *BULLET* IN YOUR HEAD BECAUSE HE'S TOO *SCARED* TO ACT. THEN WE'LL SEE HOW *UNDERSTANDING* YOU ARE.



HEY, CONNOR. WHAT'S UP?

THEY BROUGHT THE KID INTO THE HOLDING *CELL*. *MC MANUS* WANTS US ALL IN ON THE *PROBE*.

WE GOT TWENTY MINUTES.



OH, AND *ISAAC*...?



EVEN IF I DID *CRY* INTO MY *PILLOW*, THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT I DO INTO *YOUR* PILLOW.





YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR **SOMETHING-- SEARCHING** FOR A PURPOSE OR A HIGHER CALLING. WE OFFER NONE OF THOSE THINGS. WE OFFER SIMPLY THE **TRUTH.**

THE **SOLITARY KNIGHTS** SEEK TO EXPOSE CIVILIZATION FOR WHAT IT IS-- AN OPPRESSIVE LIE.

TEAR YOURSELF FREE FROM THE TRAPPINGS AROUND YOU-- THE **STRUCTURES, THE SYSTEMS, THE SCHOOLS, THE SOCIETIES, THE LABELS, THE IDENTITIES.**

CAST AWAY FROM IT ALL-- AND HELP US **SHATTER** THE WORLD OF **DECEIT** THAT SURROUNDS US ALL. STOP BEING A **PRISONER.**







NAME'S  
WEBSTER  
BLAKE.

A MID-LEVEL  
PROGRAMMER  
WHO DID CONTRACT  
WORK FOR THE  
D.O.D.\*

HIS WAS ONE OF THE  
NAMES LIFTED FROM THE  
HACKER JOB. AND NOW,  
HE'S GONE *MISSING*.



WHAT *KIND*  
OF *WORK* DID  
HE DO FOR THE  
DEPARTMENT?

\*DEPARTMENT  
OF DEFENSE.



ON PAPER,  
IT WAS PURELY  
ADMINISTRATIVE.

TOOK SOME  
*CLEARANCE*, BUT I  
FOUND OUT HE WAS ONE OF  
THE PROGRAMMERS TASKED  
WITH REDESIGNING THE *PASS*  
*CODE* *PROTOCOL* FOR THE  
LATEST U.S. *NUCLEAR*  
*WARHEAD* STOCKPILE.



*GREAT.*

YOU'RE SAYING  
THIS GUY--- THE  
ONE KIDNAPPED---HE  
KNOWS THE CODES  
TO *DETONATE* A  
*WARHEAD*?



NOT  
EXACTLY.



"HE WAS HIRED TO COMPLETE CERTAIN PORTIONS OF THE OVERALL PROGRAM--

"--AS WELL AS CERTAIN PORTIONS OF THE PASS CODE PROTOCOL ITSELF.

"HE WAS ONE OF SEVERAL PROGRAMMERS BROUGHT INTO THE DOD TO HANDLE THIS SPECIFIC TASK. NONE OF THEM KNEW THE NATURE OF THE PROGRAMMING THEY CONDUCTED, AND THE WORK WAS ISOLATED TO SPECIFIC SECTIONS.

"IT GUARANTEED THAT NO ONE PROGRAMMER WOULD HAVE KNOWLEDGE OF ANY ONE ENTIRE CODE.

"APPARENTLY, THE D.O.D. EVEN WENT AS FAR AS TO HYPNOTIZE THE PROGRAMMERS. WIPE THEIR MINDS ABOUT THE ENTIRE TASK THEY PERFORMED.

"A LITTLE EXTRA INSURANCE POLICY."

HYPNOSIS?

AND HERE YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE THE ONLY HEADS WE WERE MESSING WITH.

IF THEY'VE BEEN MIND-WIPED, HOW COULD ANYONE ACCESS THE INFORMATION?

DON'T KNOW, AND DON'T WANT TO FIND OUT THE HARD WAY.

THERE WERE TWELVE PROGRAMMERS INVOLVED IN THE OPERATION, ELEVEN ARE MISSING.

WHERE'S THE LAST ONE?





IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT, WHAT CAN'T POSSIBLY WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW?

MY *INBOX* HAS HIT *CRITICAL MASS*, JESS. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GO OFF THE GRID *TREKKING* THROUGH EUROPE. LIFE *PILES UP* ON YOU.

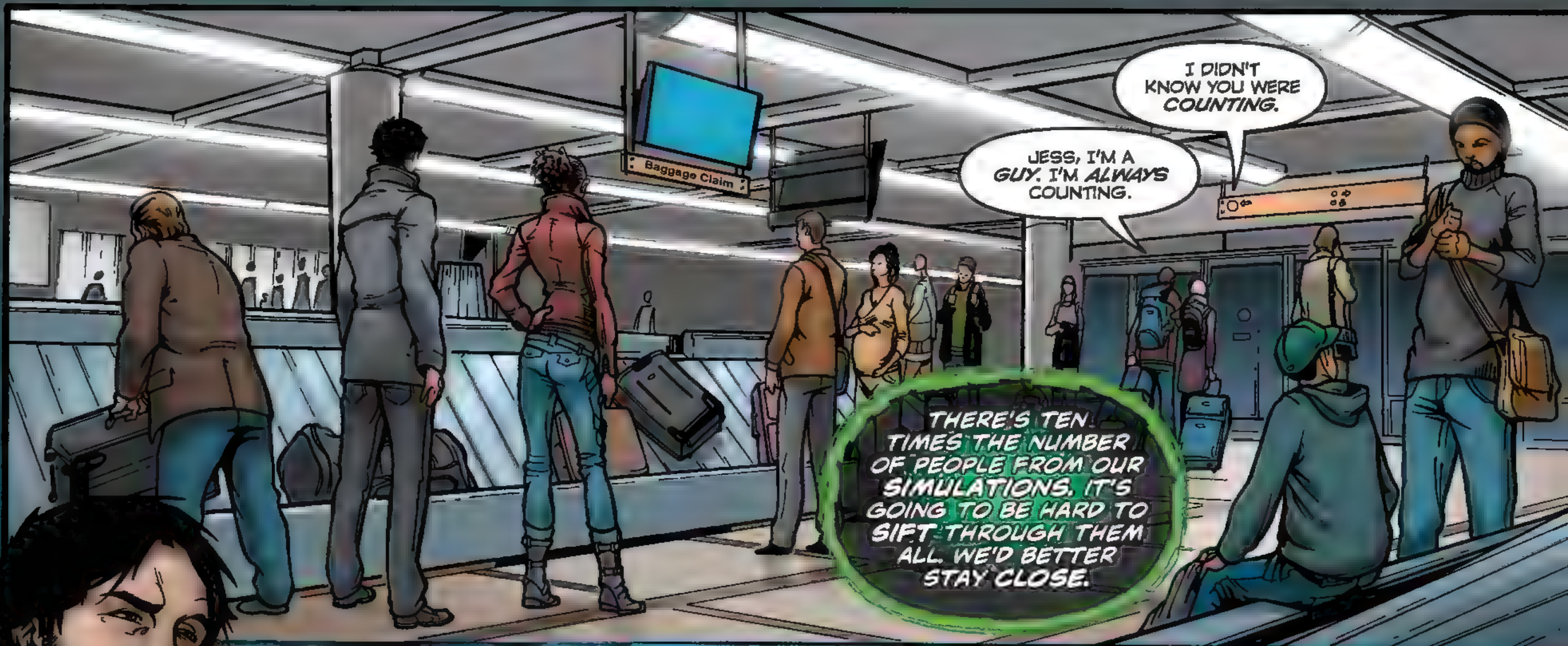


MARK, THE *GRIND* IS NOT LIFE. LIFE IS WHAT WE *WERE* DOING THE PAST TWO WEEKS.

YOU KNOW, YOU'RE *CUTE* WHEN YOU TRY TO BE PROFOUND.

AND YOU GET *COCKY* AFTER TWO WEEKS OF SOLID SEX.

MORE LIKE *NINE DAYS*.



I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE *COUNTING*.

JESS, I'M A GUY. I'M ALWAYS COUNTING.

THERE'S TEN TIMES THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE FROM OUR *SIMULATIONS*. IT'S GOING TO BE HARD TO SIFT THROUGH THEM ALL. WE'D BETTER STAY CLOSE.

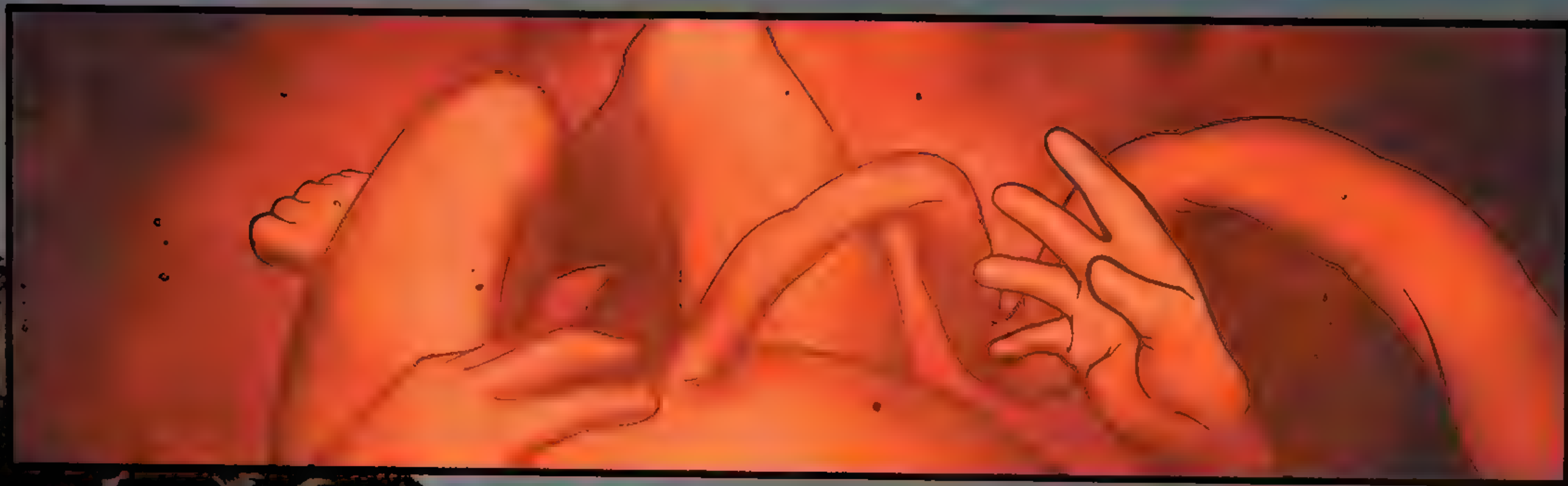
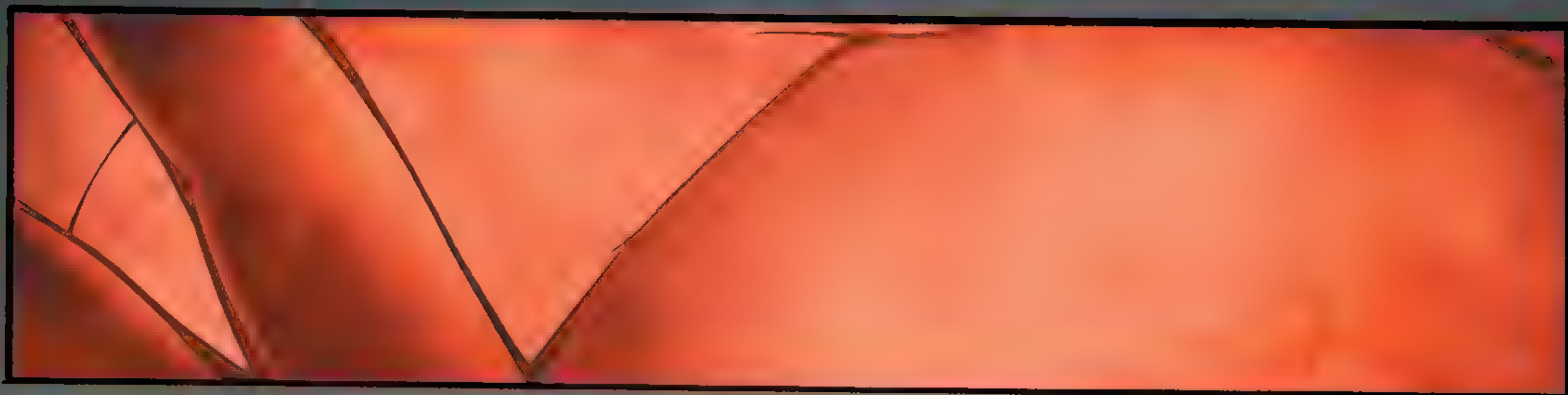


NOT GETTING ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY. EWW... GROSS.

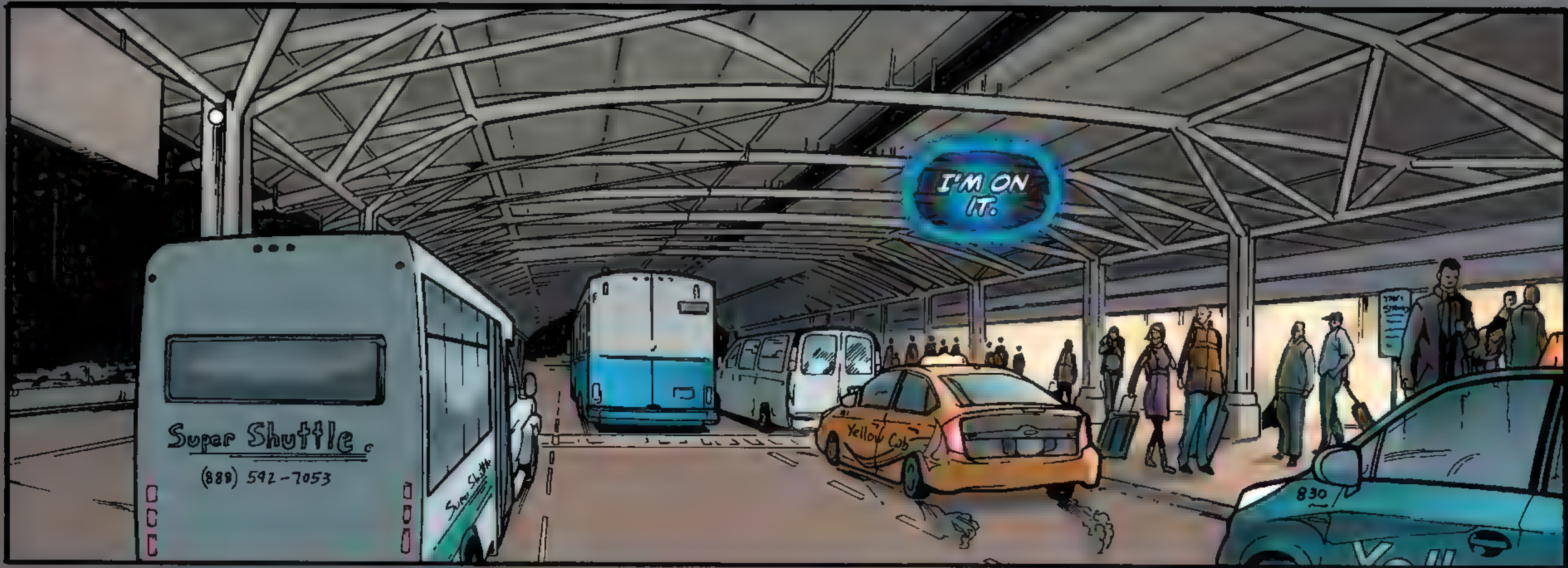
REMIND ME NOT TO USE A COMPLIMENTARY BLANKET THE NEXT TIME I FLY.













KASEEM!  
LOOK OUT!

BRAT  
TAT  
TAT  
TAT

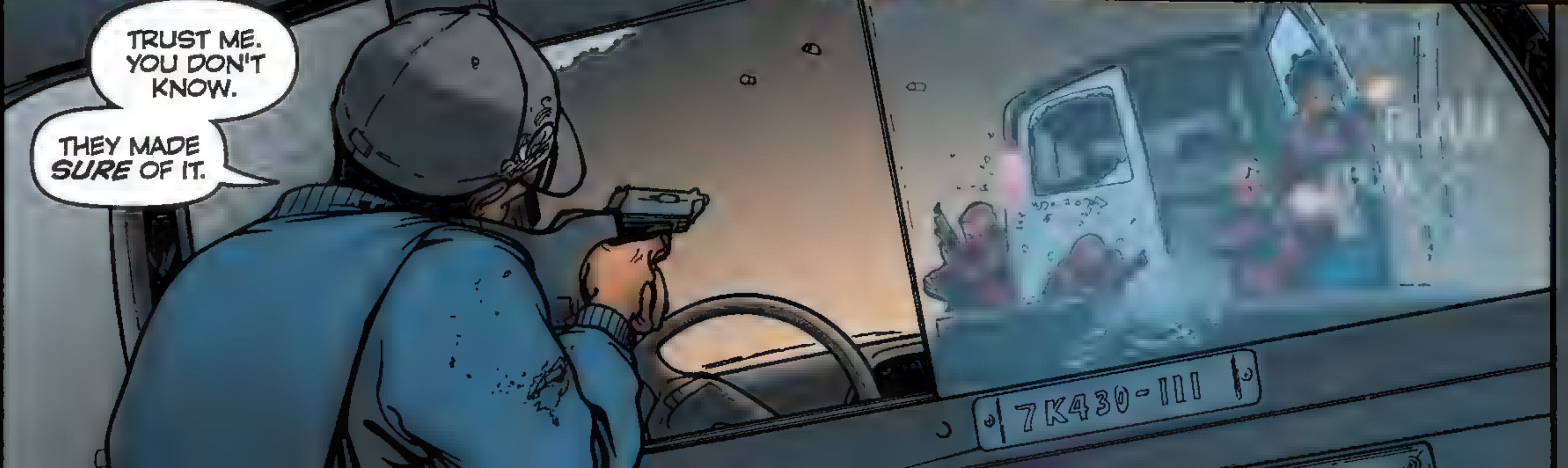
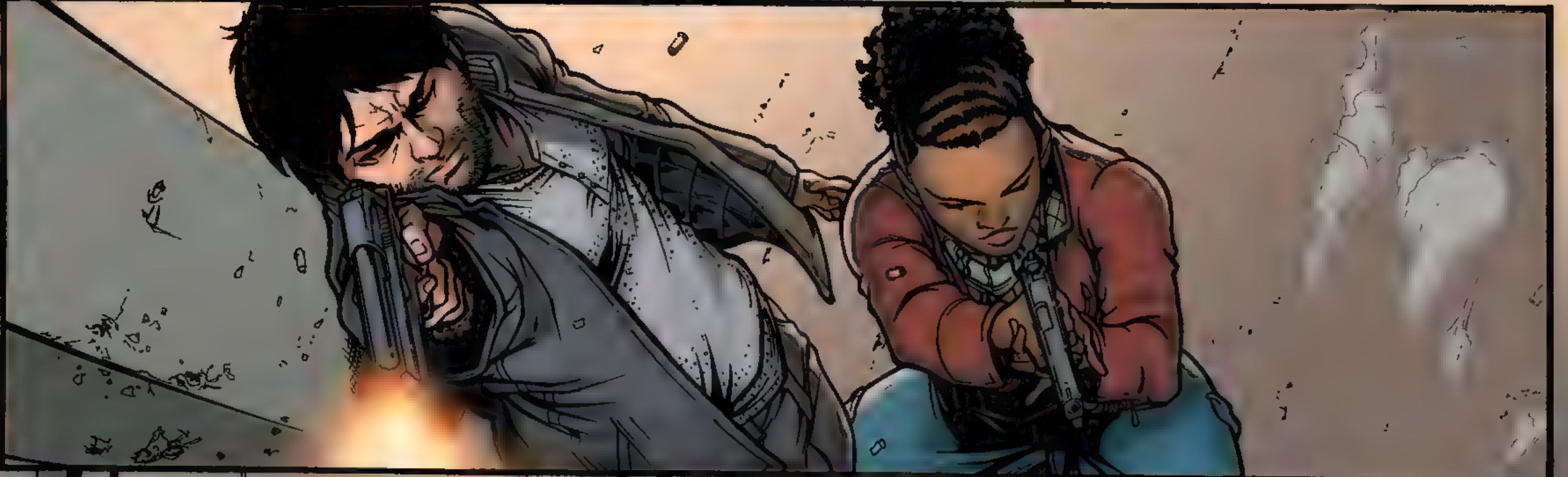
BAM  
BAM

AIIEEEE!

DOWN!



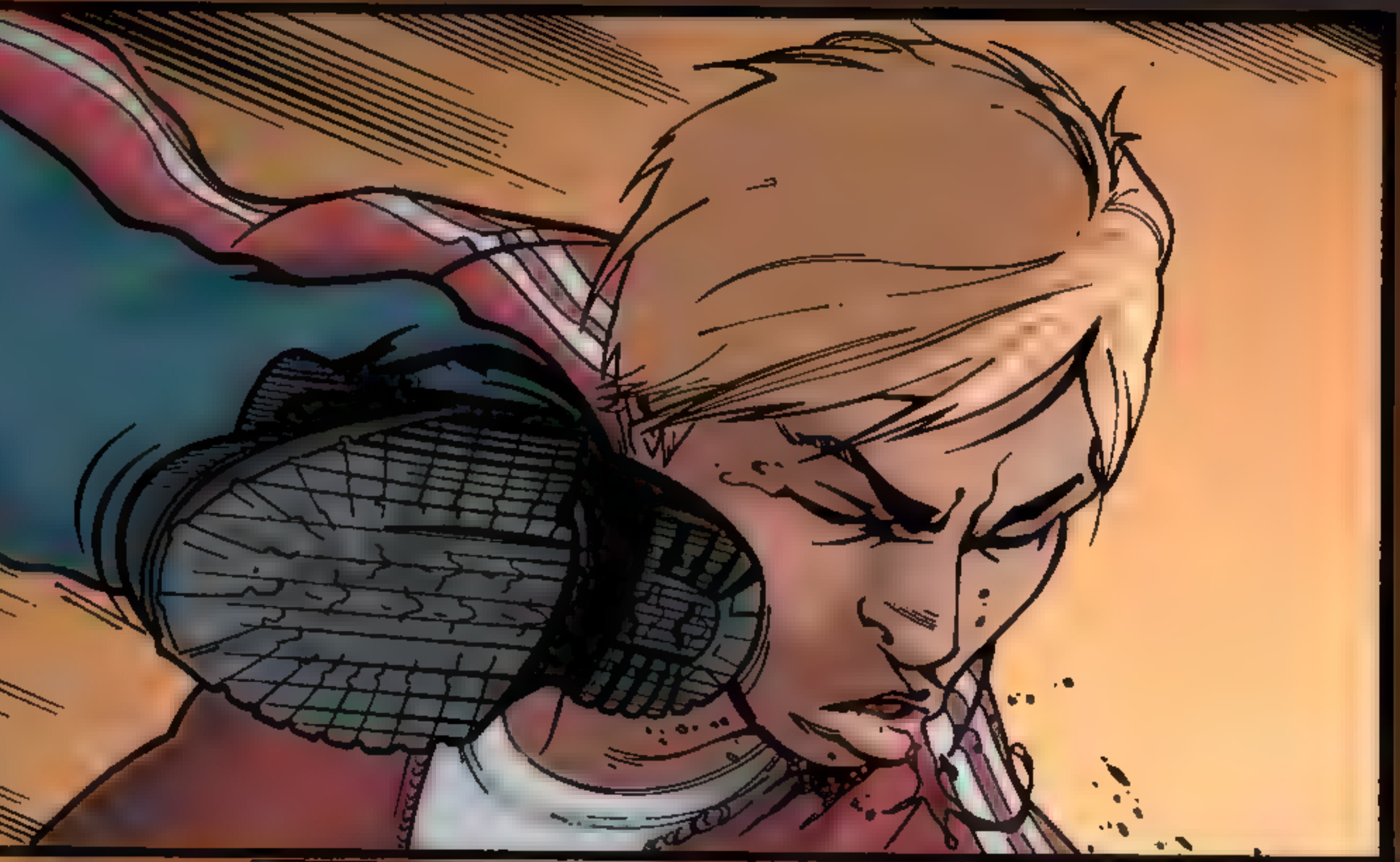








YOU'RE THE  
ONE WHO WANTED  
THEM ALIVE.



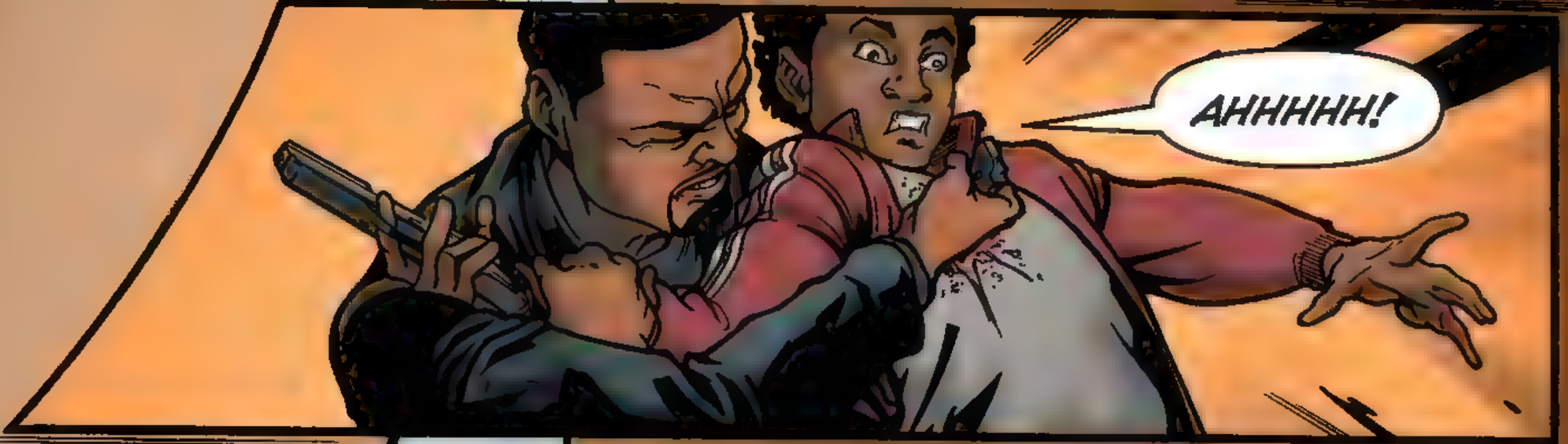
NOT AS EASY WHEN  
IT'S UP CLOSE AND  
PERSONAL, HUH?



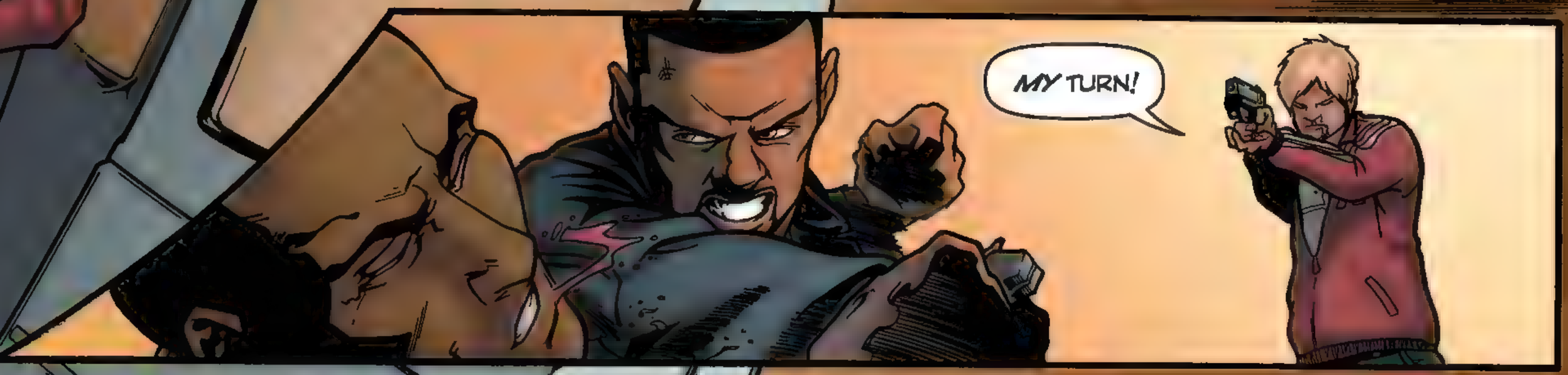
WHAT THE  
HELL ARE YOU  
DOING?



AHHHHH!



MY TURN!







BLAM  
BLAM





FREUD SAID  
IT BEST.

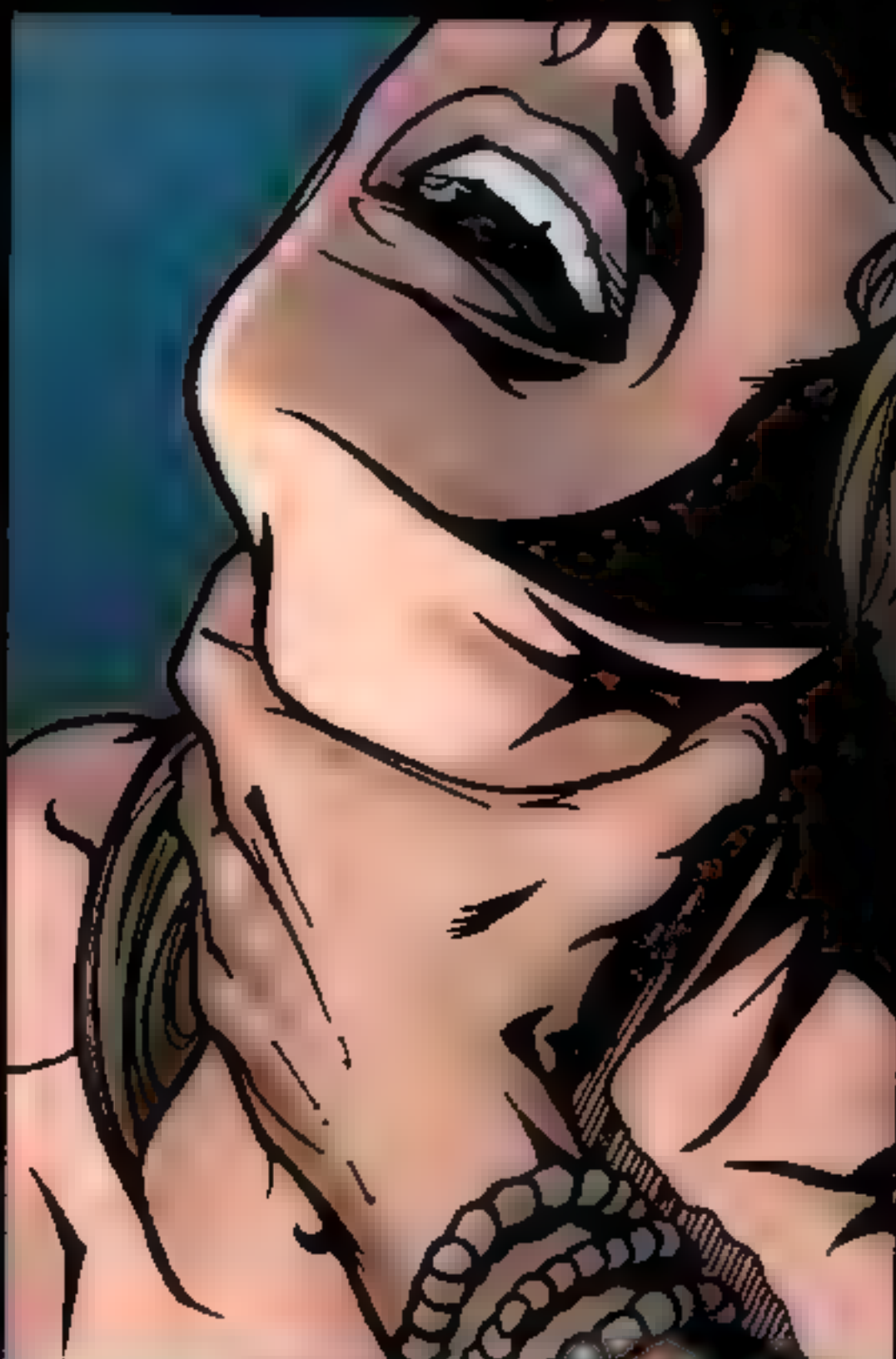
"HOMO HOMINI  
LUPUS.

"MEN ARE NOT GENTLE  
CREATURES WHO WANT  
TO BE LOVED, AND  
WHO AT THE MOST CAN  
DEFEND THEMSELVES  
IF THEY ARE ATTACKED.

"THEY ARE, ON  
THE CONTRARY,  
CREATURES AMONG  
WHOSE INSTINCTUAL  
ENDOWMENTS IS TO  
BE RECKONED A  
POWERFUL SHARE OF  
AGGRESSIVENESS.



"AS A RESULT, THEIR  
NEIGHBOUR IS FOR THEM  
NOT ONLY A POTENTIAL  
HELPER OR SEXUAL  
OBJECT, BUT ALSO  
SOMEONE WHO TEMPTS  
THEM TO SATISFY THEIR  
AGGRESSIVENESS ON HIM.



"TO EXPLOIT  
HIS CAPACITY FOR  
WORK WITHOUT  
COMPENSATION,  
TO USE HIM SEXUALLY  
WITHOUT HIS CONSENT,  
TO SEIZE HIS  
POSSESSIONS...

"...TO HUMILIATE  
HIM, TO CAUSE  
HIM PAIN, TO  
TORTURE AND  
KILL HIM.

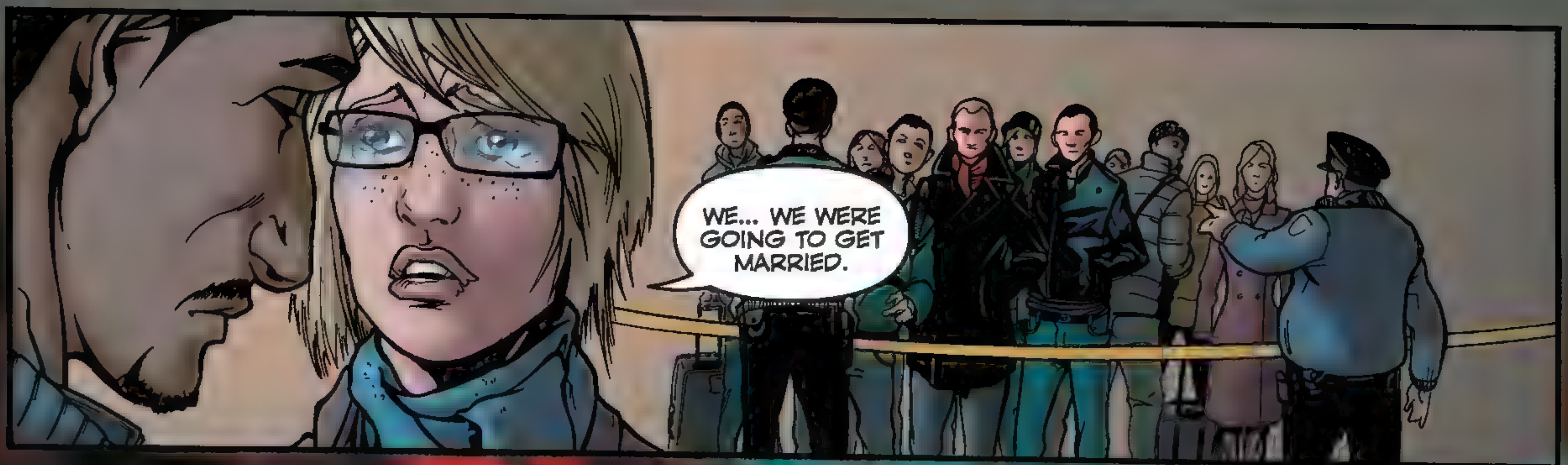


"HOMO HOMINI  
LUPUS.

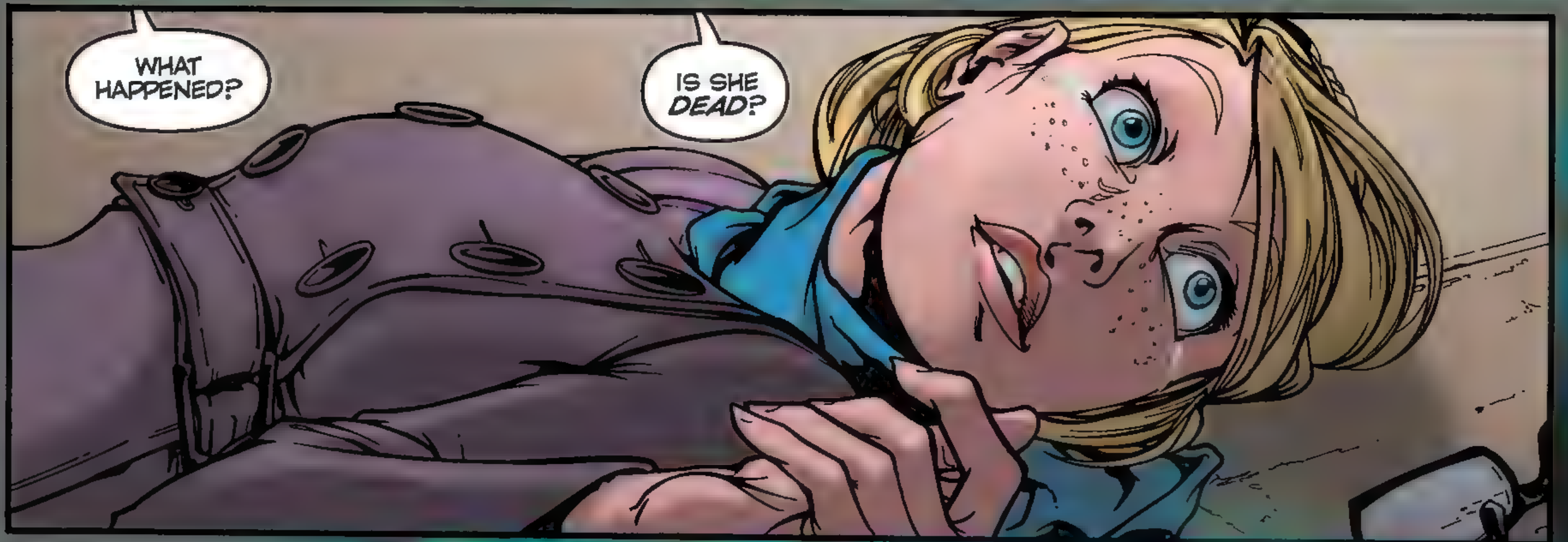


"MAN IS WOLF  
TO MAN."













COME ON,  
GIRL, GIVE  
IT UP!

HEY! LEAVE  
HER ALONE!

RELAX,  
CARNAC. SHE'LL  
ALWAYS HAVE  
PARIS.

TO BE CONTINUED:  
MINDFIELD #4



# MINDFIELD

PROJECT COBALT DATA FILES

Project COBALT

SUBJECT: ISAAC  
SCRIPT: J.T. KRUL  
ARTWORK: LORI "CROSS" HANSON  
COLORS: SIYA OUM



IN S.E.A.L. TRAINING, THEY TEACH US TO SHUT OUT EVERYTHING. THE PAIN, THE MISERY...

<AFGHANISTAN.>

...EVEN THE SOUNDS OF OUR FRIENDS DYING.

IN S.E.A.L. TRAINING, THEY TEACH US TO SHUT OUT EVERYTHING. THE PAIN, THE MISERY...

<AFGHANISTAN.>

...EVEN THE SOUNDS OF OUR FRIENDS DYING.

IN S.E.A.L. TRAINING, THEY TEACH US TO SHUT OUT EVERYTHING. THE PAIN, THE MISERY...

<AFGHANISTAN.>

...EVEN THE SOUNDS OF OUR FRIENDS DYING.

AFTER AWHILE, A HEAD  
SIMPLY CRACKS  
FROM THE BEATINGS.

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE  
SLAMMING A HAMMER  
INTO A PUMPKIN.

IT'S HOLLOW--  
EMPTY.

AFTER AWHILE, A HEAD  
SIMPLY CRACKS  
FROM THE BEATINGS.

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE  
SLAMMING A HAMMER  
INTO A PUMPKIN.

IT'S HOLLOW--  
EMPTY.

AFTER AWHILE, A HEAD  
SIMPLY CRACKS  
FROM THE BEATINGS.

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE  
SLAMMING A HAMMER  
INTO A PUMPKIN.

IT'S HOLLOW--  
EMPTY.

A comic book panel featuring a close-up of a hand holding a gun, with a speech bubble stating: "CLARK IS ALREADY DEAD BY THE TIME THEY SHOOT HIM. BUT THEY DON'T DO IT FOR HIM." Below this, a close-up of a face with a speech bubble: "THEY DO IT FOR ME."

A comic book panel featuring a close-up of a hand holding a gun, with a speech bubble stating: "CLARK IS ALREADY DEAD BY THE TIME THEY SHOOT HIM. BUT THEY DON'T DO IT FOR HIM." Below this, a close-up of a face with a speech bubble: "THEY DO IT FOR ME."





THE TALIBAN THINK  
WE'RE *WEAK*-- THAT WE  
AREN'T *MOTIVATED* IN  
THIS FIGHT-- THAT WE  
LACK *COMMITMENT*.

THEY THINK WE'RE  
LIKE THE *RUSSIANS*.  
THEY'RE *WRONG*.

AND IT'S NOT THE  
ONLY *MISTAKE*  
THEY MAKE.

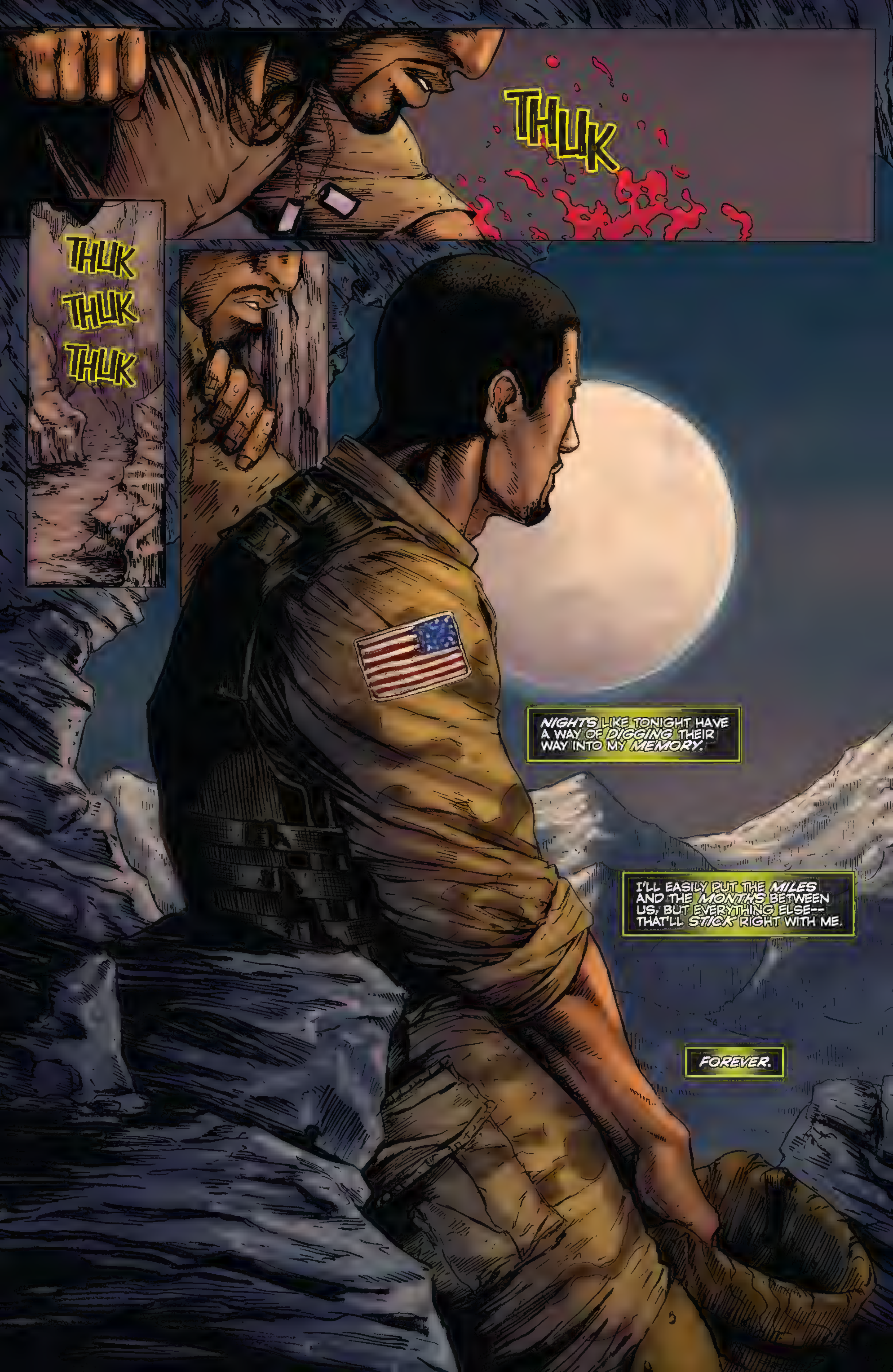




LEAST I COULD  
DO IS RETURN  
THE FAVOR.

THEY TOOK THEIR TIME  
WITH MY GUYS. MADE  
THEM PAY SLOWLY.





THUK

THUK  
THUK  
THUK

NIGHTS LIKE TONIGHT HAVE  
A WAY OF DIGGING THEIR  
WAY INTO MY MEMORY.

I'LL EASILY PUT THE MILES  
AND THE MONTHS BETWEEN  
US, BUT EVERYTHING ELSE--  
THAT'LL STICK RIGHT WITH ME.

FOREVER.



# MINDFIELD™



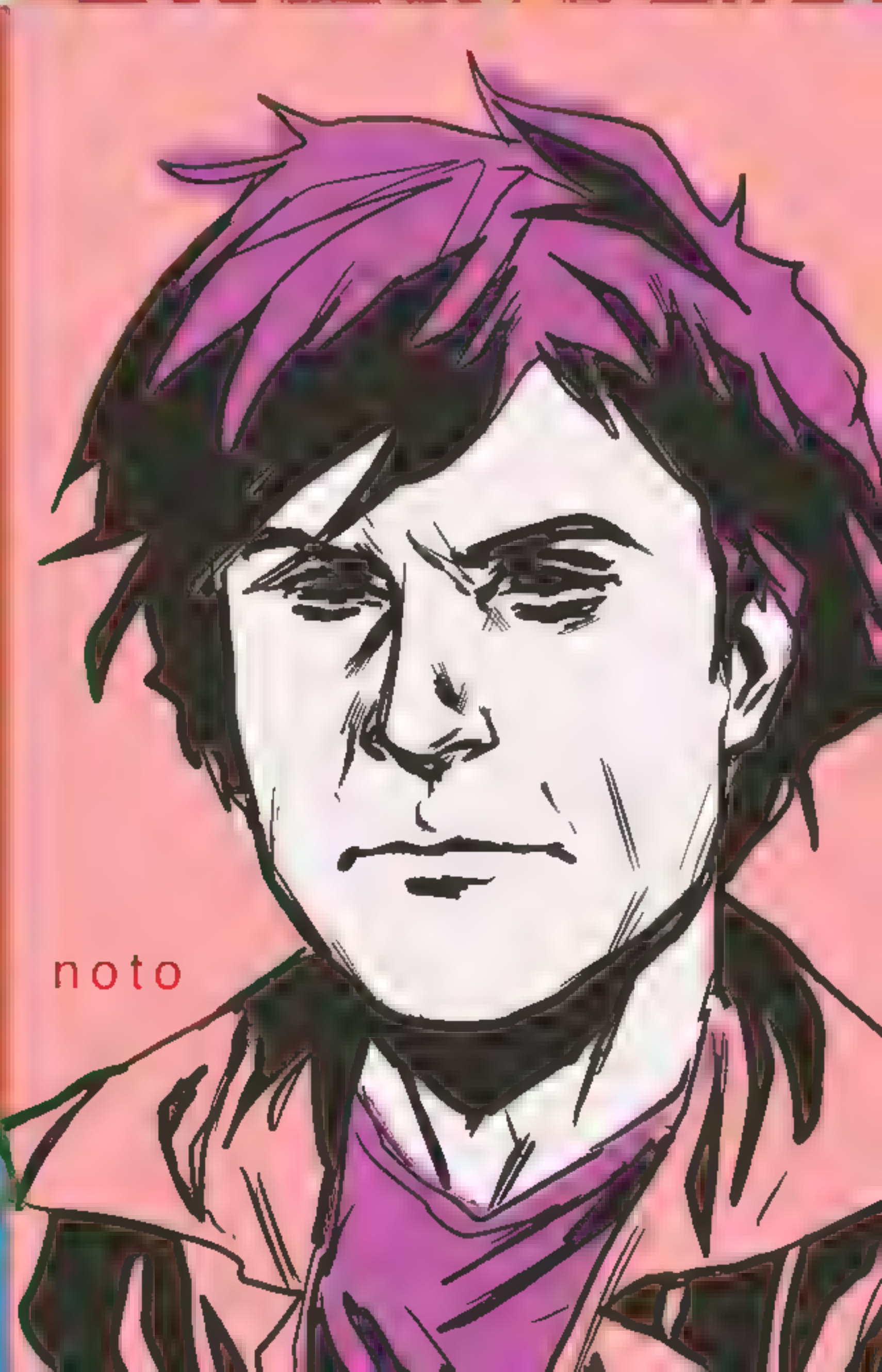
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# MINDFIELD™

#4  
OF 6  
COVER B



noto



# MINDFIELD™





# MINDFIELD™





story & creator\_

J.T. KRUL

illustrations\_

ALEX KONAT

inks\_

JON BOLERJACK

colors\_

JOHN STARR

letters\_

JOSH REED

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MINDFIELD CREATED BY J.T. KRUL

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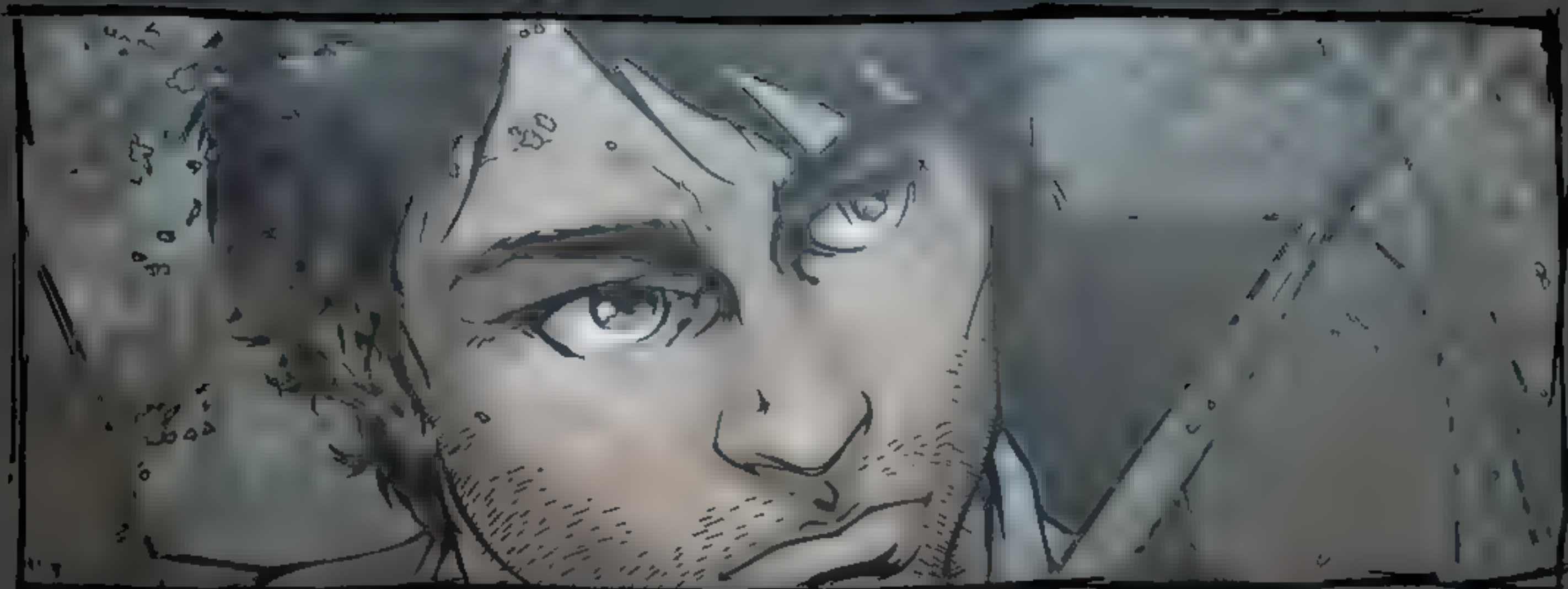
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MOM SAYS  
SHE'S PROUD  
OF YOU.

ME, I THINK  
YOU CAN DO  
BETTER.

SARAH?

I WONDER  
HOW LONG THIS WILL  
LET ME RECORD ON YOUR  
VOICEMAIL. MAYBE I SHOULD  
JUST KEEP TALKING AND  
TALKING AND USE UP  
ALL THE SPACE.

WAIT...



DAD, STOP  
THE CAR. CAN YOU  
HEAR ME?!? GET  
OFF THE ROAD!

BUT REALLY, WHAT  
OTHER MESSAGES  
DO YOU NEED BESIDES  
MINE, RIGHT? I AM  
THAT AWESOME.

I MEAN, IT ONLY  
MAKES SENSE THAT  
YOU WOULD--

LOOKOUT!









Because running through other people's memories is a lot like being inside their nightmares.

You're scared. You don't know why, but you're scared anyway.

GETTING PRETTY CROWDED IN HERE.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? THOUGHT YOU WERE THE ONLY MEMBERS IN THE CLUB?

JUST A MATTER OF SCRAMBLING THE EGGS.

YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT I BET-- FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

THAT'S IT THEN.

THAT'S HOW YOU'RE ABLE TO GET AT THE CODES BURIED IN THESE PROGRAMMERS' HEADS.

UHNNGH!

LET HER GO!

GUESS YOU'RE NOT USED TO PHYSICAL CONFRONTATION IN HERE.

YOU GOT ME THERE.

BUT NOTHING ABOUT THIS REALM IS PHYSICAL. RIGHT, IAN?

WHAT... IS... HE... DOING?





WH-WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?!

COME ON,  
JESSICA. TRUST  
ME-- WE WANT TO  
GET AS FAR AWAY  
FROM THEM AS  
POSSIBLE.

HOW?

WE JUMP.

JUMP INTO  
THE RIVER?!  
THAT'S YOUR  
PLAN?!?





WE DON'T A  
HAVE A *CHOICE*.  
IT'S EITHER *JUMP*  
OR *FALL*.

THIS IS  
*INSANE!*

TELL ME  
ABOUT IT!

A  
Z  
E  
E!

YOU CAN  
RUN...



...BUT YOU  
CAN'T HIDE.

My mind is nauseous.  
Like I'm riding a  
roller coaster blind  
and keep getting  
jerked around.

I normally try  
to ground myself  
to one location.

But with those two  
psychopaths after  
Jessica's mind...

...The only  
option is--





--Hopscotch.

!GASP!

!GASP!

!KOFF!  
NEVER... !KOFF!  
BETTER.

YOU OKAY?

HAD TO  
GET US OUT  
OF THERE FAST.  
WHERE ARE  
WE?

LOOKS LIKE...  
SWITZERLAND.

MARK?

THAT'S ME!  
THAT'S US!

WE SPENT A  
WEEK HERE, BEFORE  
RETURNING  
TO... TO...

...THEY SHOT HIM.  
MARK'S DEAD.

WHAT THE HELL IS  
GOING ON?

I'LL EXPLAIN  
EVERYTHING,  
BUT WE GOTTA  
MOVE.

WHAT ABOUT  
MARK?

IT'S JUST A  
MEMORY.

JUST A  
MEMORY? THAT'S  
ALL I HAVE LEFT  
OF HIM NOW.





WAIT...  
STOP!

CAN'T. WE  
NEED TO KEEP  
MOVING.

WHO THE HELL ARE  
YOU? AND WHO ARE  
THOSE TWO CREEPS?  
WHAT'S GOING ON? AM  
I DREAMING? AM I  
DEAD?

THAT DEPENDS.  
WHAT'S YOUR OPINION  
ON LOBOTOMIES?

IF THIS IS ALL  
HAPPENING IN MY  
MIND, THEN HOW  
DANGEROUS CAN  
IT REALLY BE?

I LIKE MY  
BRAIN THE WAY IT  
IS. SO-- WHAT  
DO WE DO?

FIND A GOOD  
PLACE TO HIDE  
AND WAIT FOR  
THE CAVALRY.

A VERY *REAL*  
NIGHTMARE.

TELEPATHY. HIDDEN  
SECRETS. SOUNDS LIKE  
A TOTAL NIGHTMARE.

YOU'RE NOT  
DREAMING. AND YOU'RE  
NOT DEAD. WE'RE IN YOUR  
MIND. ALL OF US.  
TOGETHER.

HOW IS  
THAT EVEN  
POSSIBLE?

TELEPATHY. THOSE  
TWO CREEPS HAVE  
BEEN TRACKING DOWN  
PROGRAMMERS LIKE YOU,  
LOOKING FOR HIDDEN  
INFORMATION. STUFF  
YOU DON'T EVEN  
KNOW YOU KNOW.





YOU RECOGNIZE  
THIS PLACE?

I'M  
HOME.

IT'S THE  
BASEMENT IN THE  
HOUSE I GREW  
UP IN.

CAVALRY, HUH?  
DOES THAT MEAN  
YOU'RE ONE OF THE  
GOOD GUYS?

I TRY.





THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

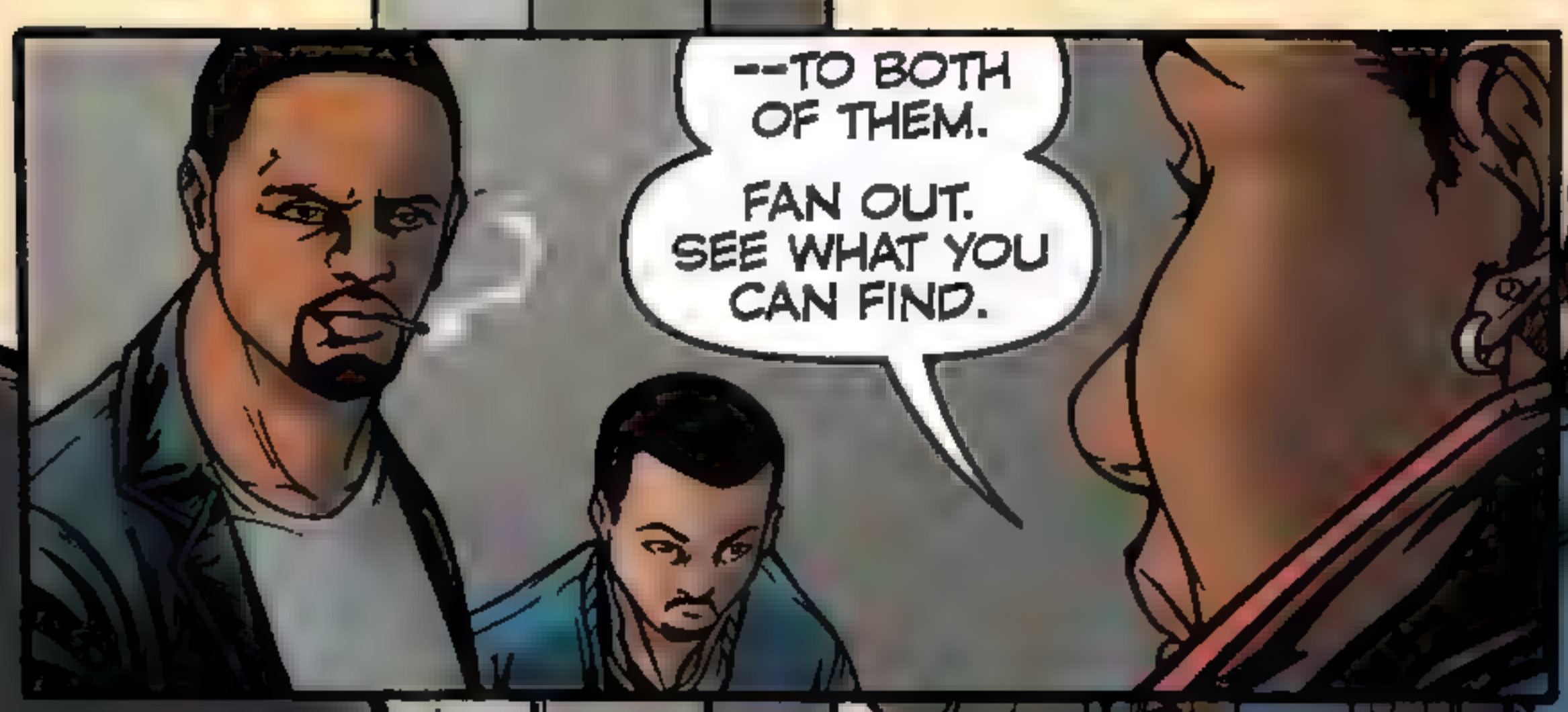
ONE MINUTE SHE'S FINE, AND THE NEXT SHE'S HAVING SOME KIND OF SEIZURE.

HER D.O.D. FILE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT ANY SUCH CONDITION.

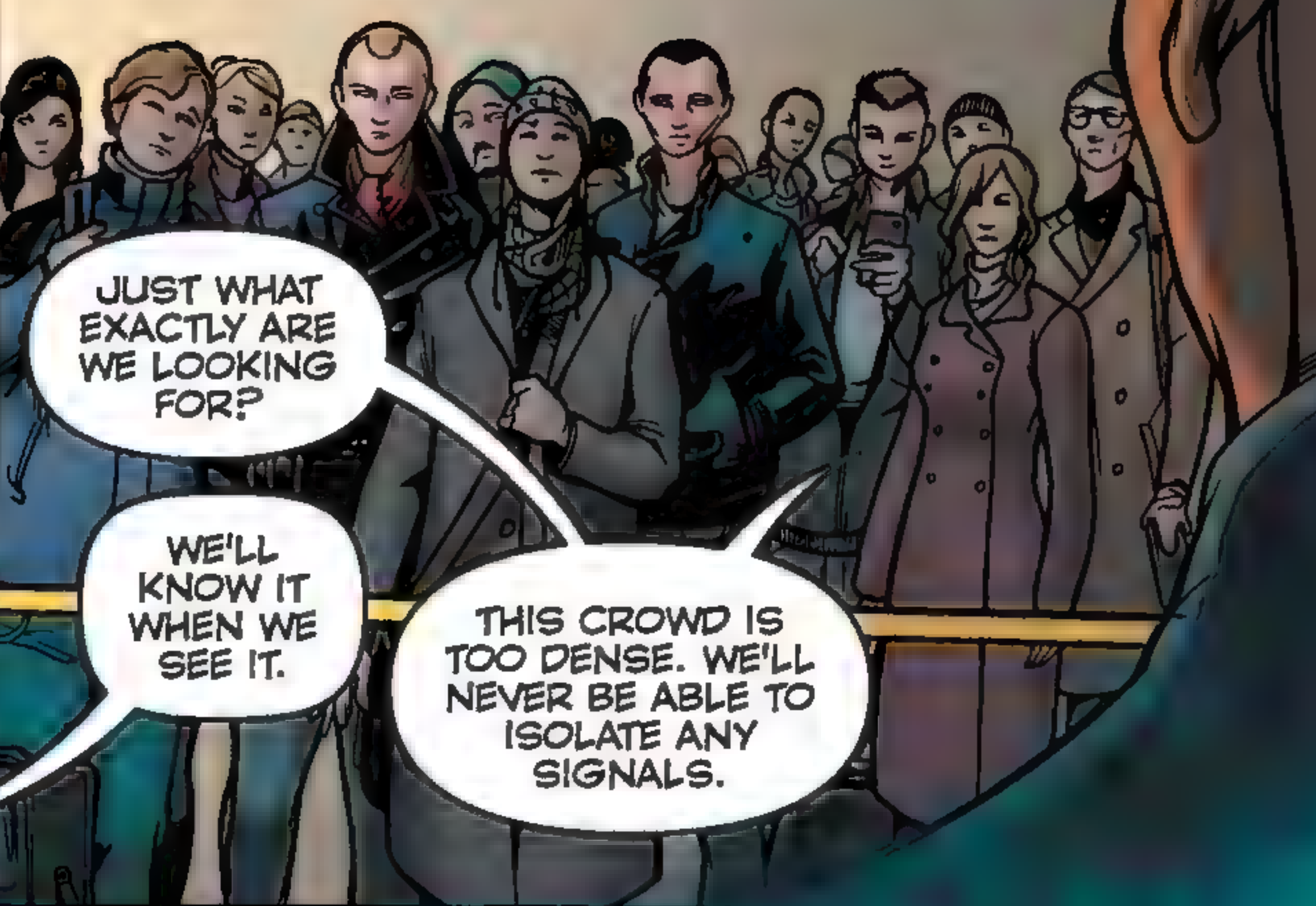
WHAT'S CONNOR'S DEAL?

HE'S STILL BREATHING, BUT HIS HEART RATE IS SKY-HIGH.

THIS *CAN'T* BE A COINCIDENCE. SOMEONE'S DOING THIS--



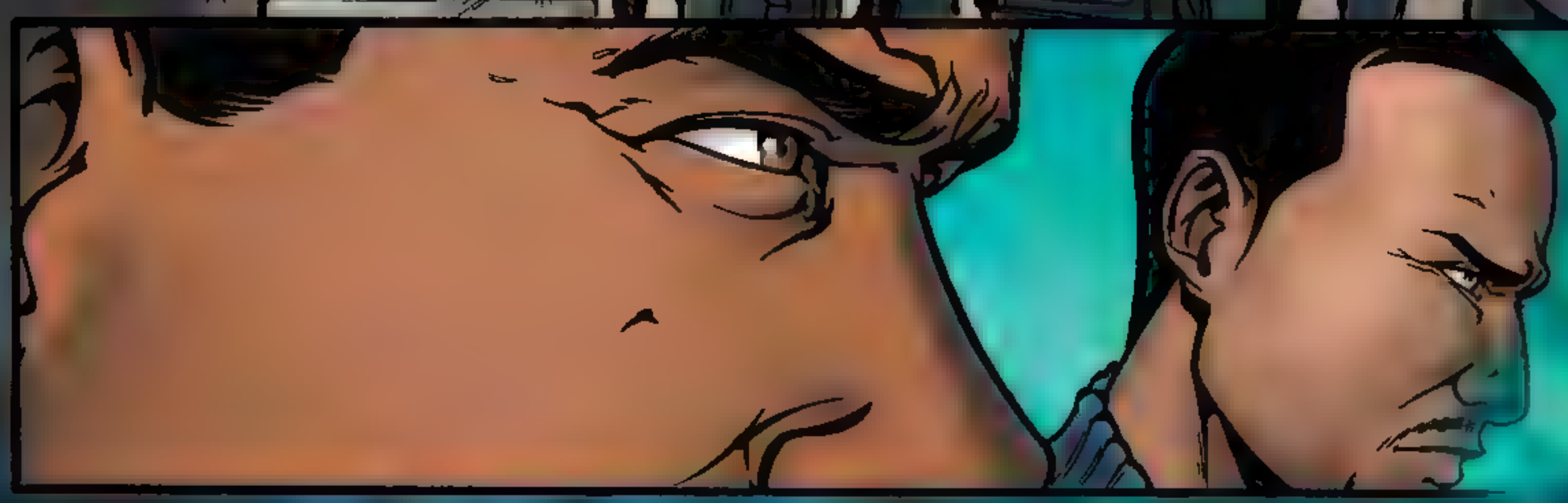
--TO BOTH OF THEM.  
FAN OUT. SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND.



JUST WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE LOOKING FOR?

WE'LL KNOW IT WHEN WE SEE IT.

THIS CROWD IS TOO DENSE. WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO ISOLATE ANY SIGNALS.



NOT IF WE DON'T TRY.



SEE, WHAT'D I TELL YA? NOTHING BUT A JUMBLED MESS OF GAWKERS JONESING FOR A GLIMPSE OF SOME REAL TRAGEDY.

WAIT A SECOND. WHAT'S THAT?



ISAAC, CHECK OUT THE GUY IN THE HAT STANDING ALONE.

THAT'S JUST IT.

WHAT ABOUT HIM?

HE'S NOT ALONE.



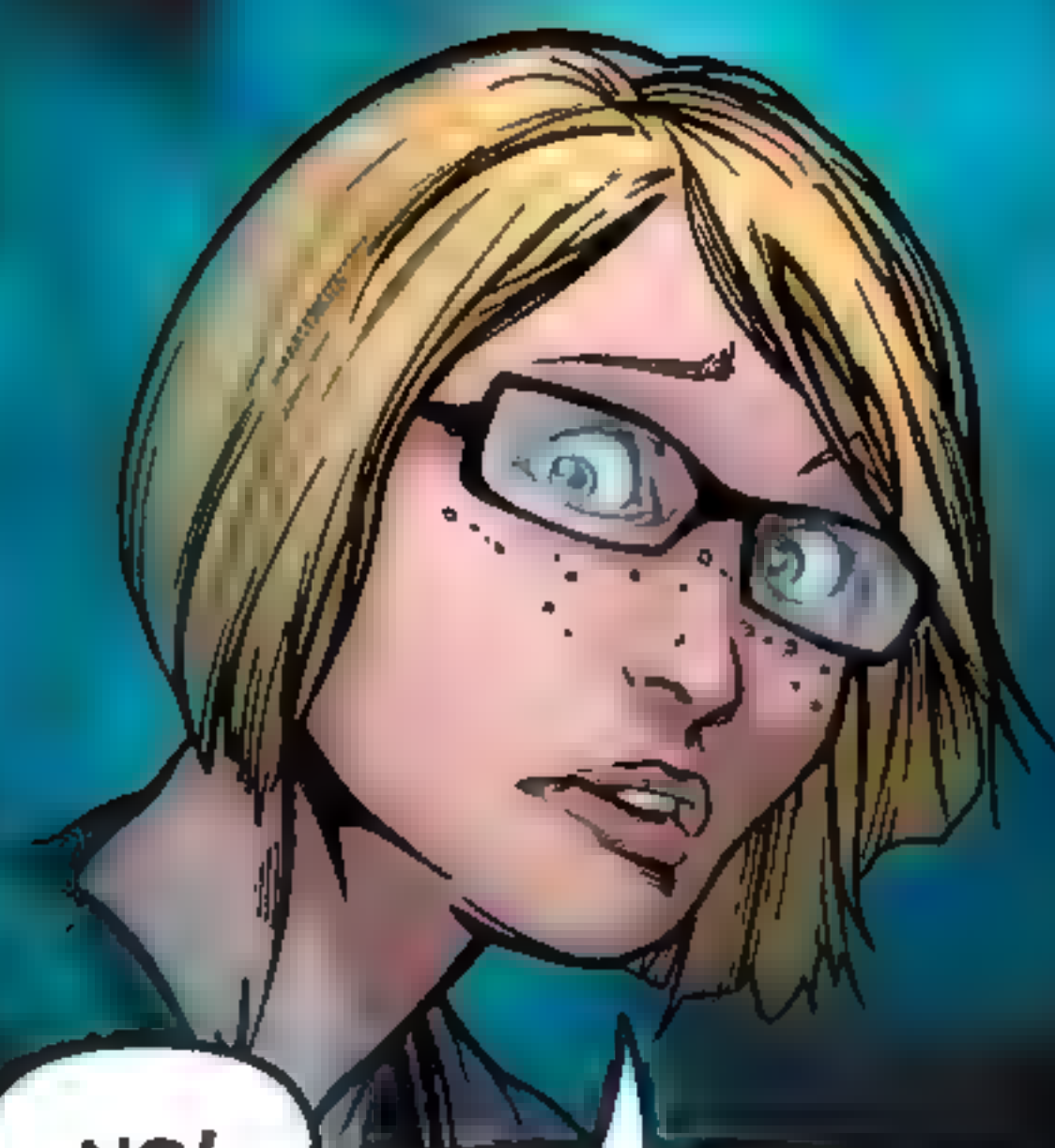


SO.

SO.

YOU DO  
THIS KIND OF  
THING OFTEN?  
INVADE PEOPLE'S  
MINDS?

I CAN  
GO IF YOU  
WANT.



NO!

I DIDN'T MEAN IT  
LIKE THAT. I WAS JUST...  
I DON'T KNOW.  
NEVERMIND.



NO. I DON'T  
DO IT OFTEN. AT  
LEAST, I TRY  
NOT TO.



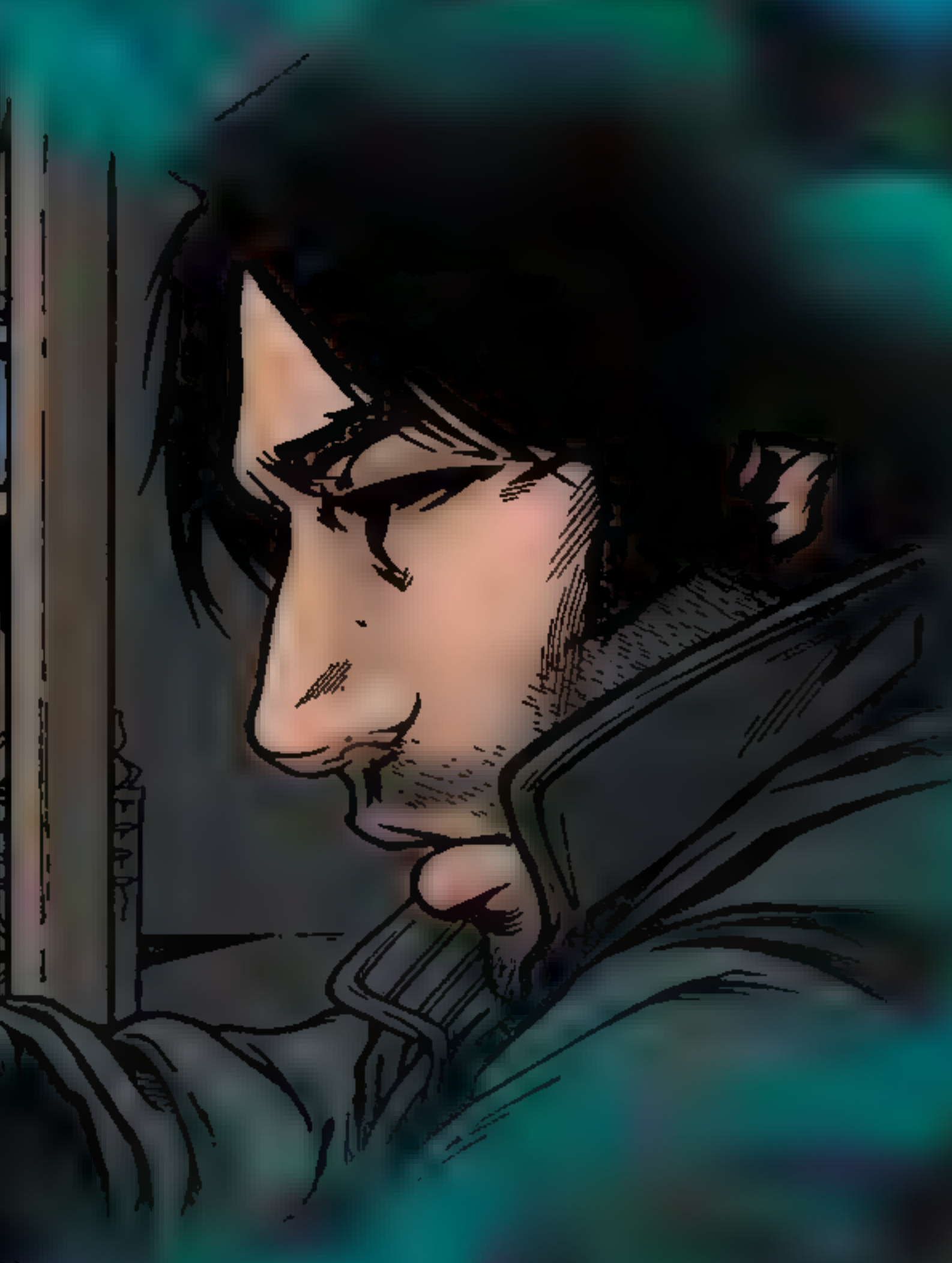
BELIEVE ME, AS  
DISTURBING AS THIS  
MIGHT SEEM FOR YOU,  
IT'S EVEN WORSE FOR  
ME. BUT-- IT COMES  
WITH THE JOB.



WHO EXACTLY  
DO YOU WORK  
FOR?

LET'S JUST  
SAY, I'M YOUR TAX  
DOLLARS HARD  
AT WORK.

TRYING  
TO FIGHT  
THE GOOD  
FIGHT.



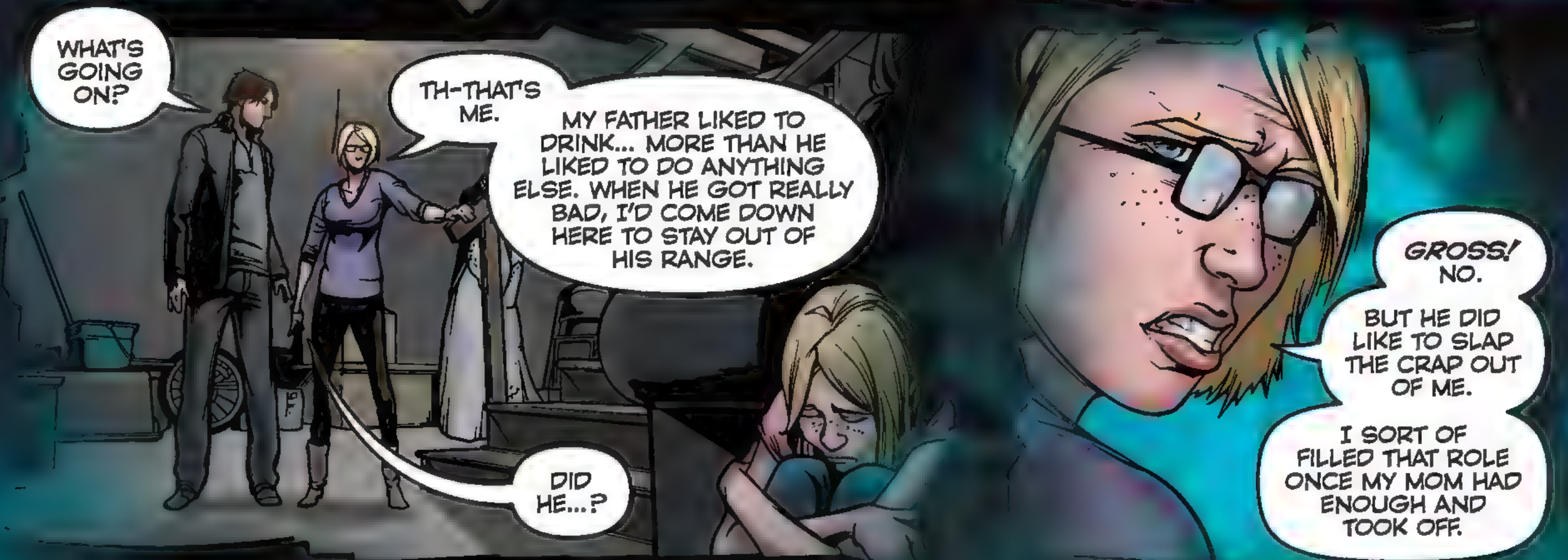
AND HOW'S  
THAT GOING?

I'LL LET YOU  
KNOW WHEN I  
FIND THE GOOD  
PART.





JESS!  
JESS!



WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON?

TH-THAT'S  
ME.

MY FATHER LIKED TO  
DRINK... MORE THAN HE  
LIKED TO DO ANYTHING  
ELSE. WHEN HE GOT REALLY  
BAD, I'D COME DOWN  
HERE TO STAY OUT OF  
HIS RANGE.

DID  
HE...?

GROSS!  
NO.

BUT HE DID  
LIKE TO SLAP  
THE CRAP OUT  
OF ME.

I SORT OF  
FILLED THAT ROLE  
ONCE MY MOM HAD  
ENOUGH AND  
TOOK OFF.



GET YER ASS UP  
HERE AND CLEAN  
THIS MESS!

HE'D NEVER  
COME DOWN.  
HE WAS A MEAN  
DRUNK, BUT LAZY  
AS ALL HELL.

IT WALKS  
DOWN STAIRS  
ALONE OR IN  
PAIRS...

THUMP  
THUMP  
THUMP  
THUMP

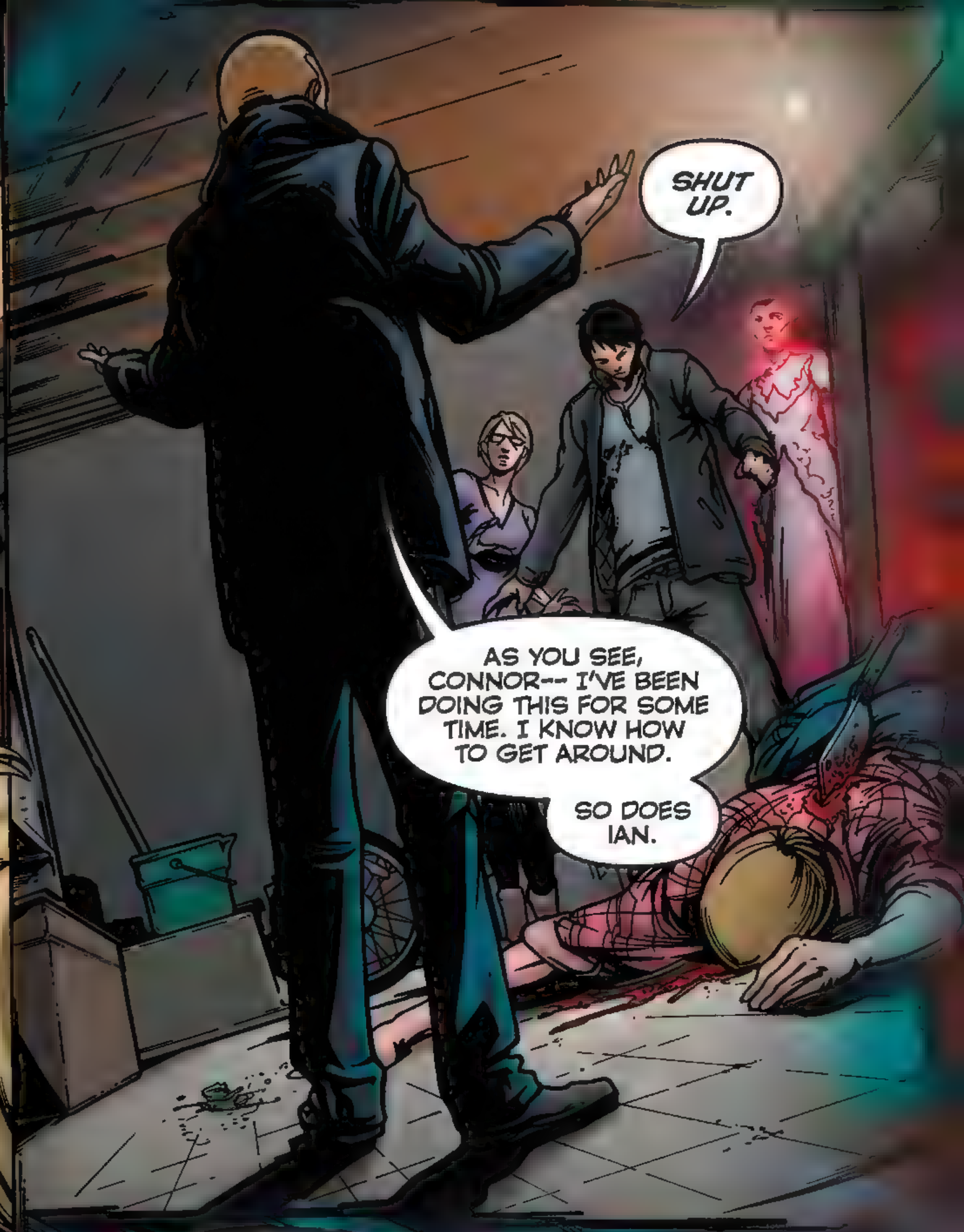




...EVERYONE  
KNOWS IT'S  
*SLINKY*.

DAMMIT!

DID IT FEEL  
GOOD, JESSICA?  
WATCHING HIM TAKE  
THAT FALL? HE WAS A  
SON-OF-A-BITCH,  
WASN'T HE?



SHUT  
UP.

AS YOU SEE,  
CONNOR-- I'VE BEEN  
DOING THIS FOR SOME  
TIME. I KNOW HOW  
TO GET AROUND.

SO DOES  
IAN.



OOOPHH

WHOA!



JUST LIKE  
A RODEO  
CLOWN, IAN!

WHOOPS.









WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, ISAAC?

YOU GOT YOUR HANDS FREE. YOU COULD HAVE SAVED ME. WHY DIDN'T YOU?

ISAAC!!!

LOOK AT JONES, MAN. THEY'RE GONNA KILL HIM ANY SECOND!

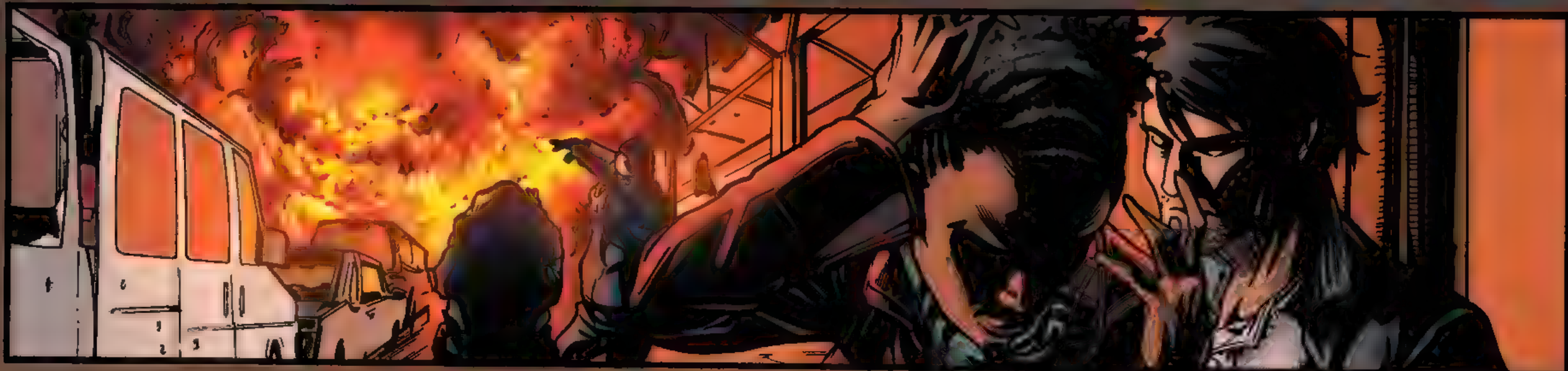
ISAAC?

PERV!

SICKO!

CREEP!









LOOKS LIKE  
YOU LOST YOUR  
BUDDY.

SO IT SEEMS.  
TIME IS SHORT  
THEN. BETTER GET  
TO THE TASK AT  
HAND.



LEAVE ME  
ALONE!



NO. NOT  
YET.



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER? NOT  
GOING AS  
PLANNED?



NOT A  
PROBLEM. I  
DON'T NEED TO  
HAVE MY CAKE  
AND EAT IT  
TOO.





ONLY NEED  
A SLICE.

AHHHHH!

NO!

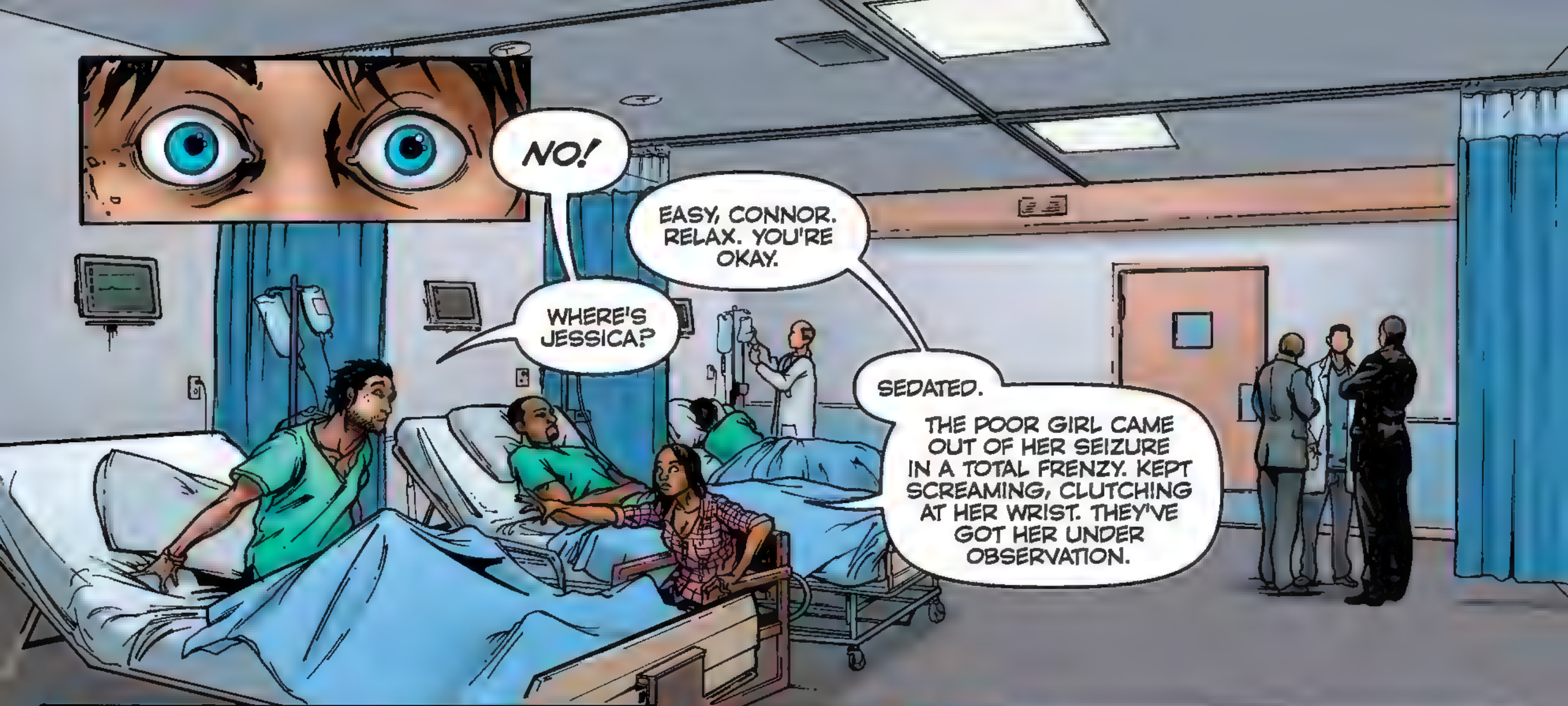
YES... YES.

IT'S OKAY,  
JESSICA. IT'S  
GOING TO  
BE--



--HNNNNN...!





NO!

EASY, CONNOR.  
RELAX. YOU'RE  
OKAY.

WHERE'S  
JESSICA?

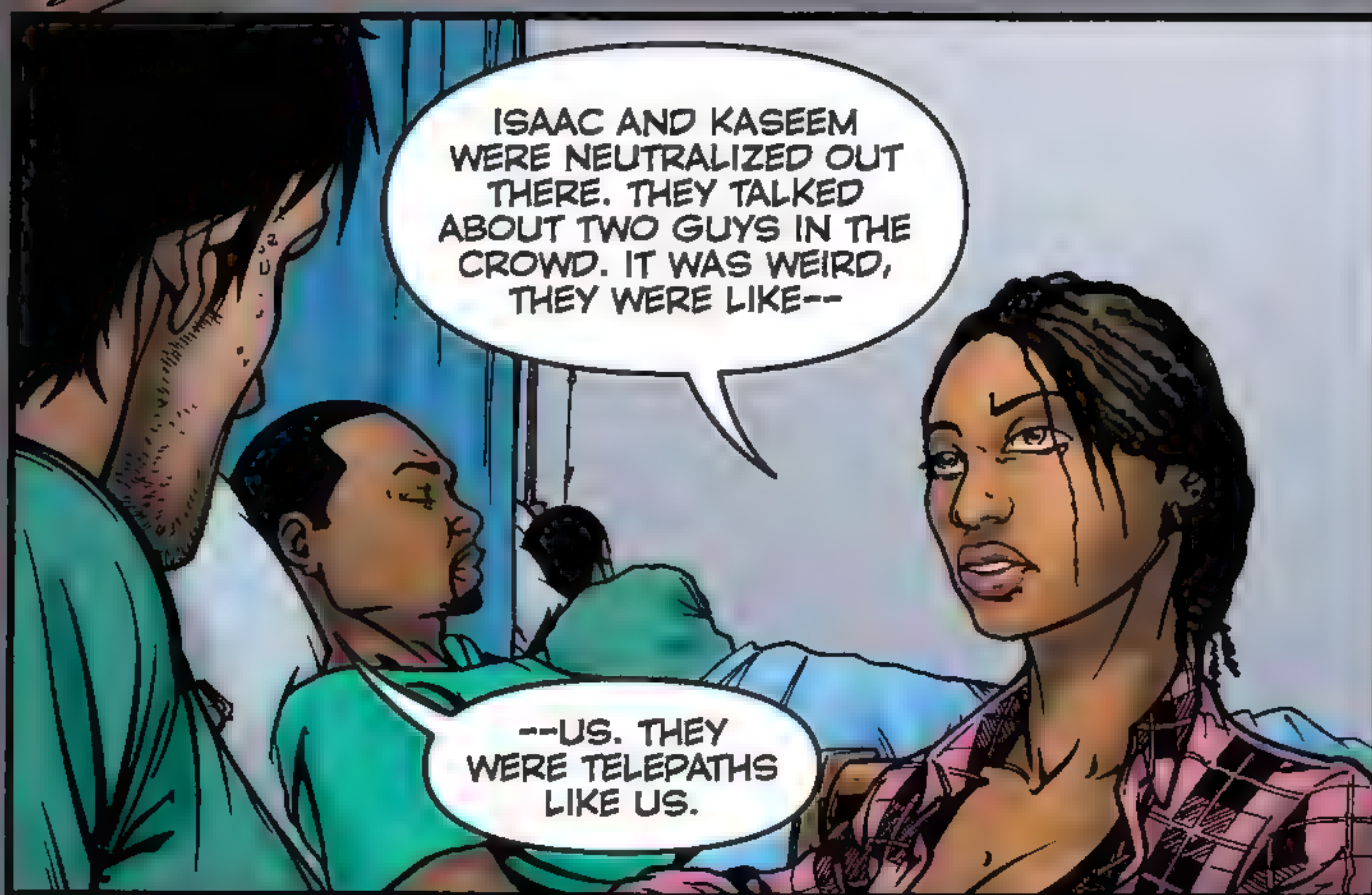
SEDATED.

THE POOR GIRL CAME  
OUT OF HER SEIZURE  
IN A TOTAL FRENZY. KEPT  
SCREAMING, CLUTCHING  
AT HER WRIST. THEY'VE  
GOT HER UNDER  
OBSERVATION.



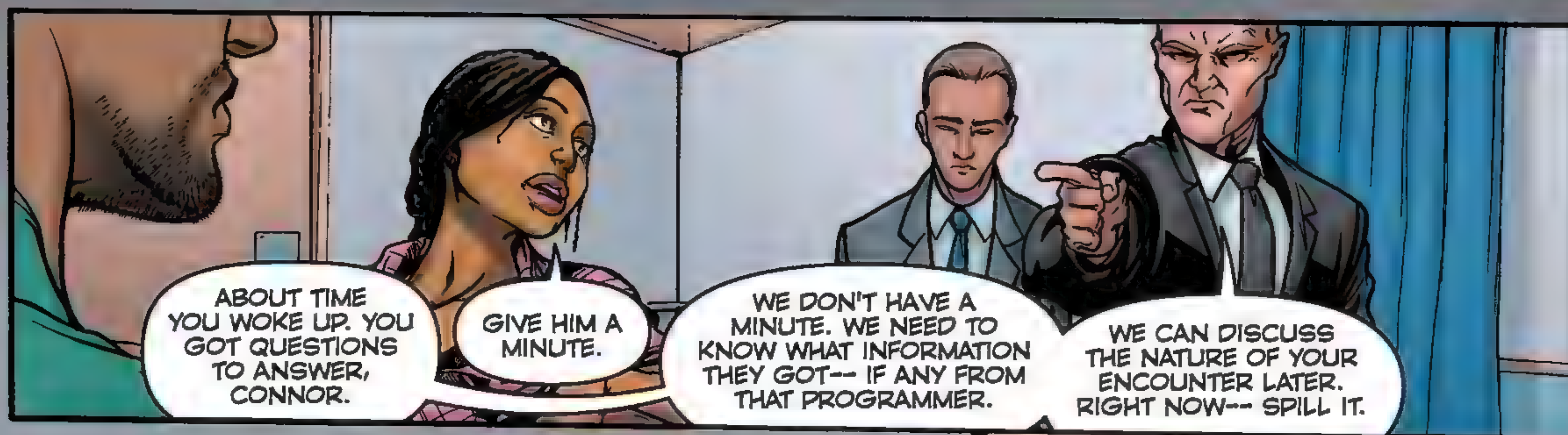
THEY DID A  
REAL NUMBER  
ON HER.

ON *ALL*  
OF YOU, IT  
SEEMS.



ISAAC AND KASEEM  
WERE NEUTRALIZED OUT  
THERE. THEY TALKED  
ABOUT TWO GUYS IN THE  
CROWD. IT WAS WEIRD,  
THEY WERE LIKE--

--US. THEY  
WERE TELEPATHS  
LIKE US.



ABOUT TIME  
YOU WOKE UP. YOU  
GOT QUESTIONS  
TO ANSWER,  
CONNOR.

GIVE HIM A  
MINUTE.

WE DON'T HAVE A  
MINUTE. WE NEED TO  
KNOW WHAT INFORMATION  
THEY GOT-- IF ANY FROM  
THAT PROGRAMMER.

WE CAN DISCUSS  
THE NATURE OF YOUR  
ENCOUNTER LATER.  
RIGHT NOW-- SPILL IT.



YOU  
FIRST.

CONNOR!  
LET HIM GO!

TELL ME! TELL  
ME ABOUT THE  
OTHERS!





TO BE CONTINUED:  
MINDFIELD #5



# MINDFIELD

PROJECT COBALT DATA FILES

Project COBALT

SUBJECT: KASEEM  
SCRIPT: J.T. KRUL  
ARTWORK: LORI "CROSS" HANSON  
COLORS: SIYA OUM





I DIDN'T SIGN  
UP FOR THIS.



NINE MONTHS AGO, I  
WAS IN IRAQ, DOING MY  
THING AS A SOLDIER  
AND A TRANSLATOR.

BUT HERE I SIT--  
"TEMPORARILY"  
REASSIGNED TO A  
RECRUITMENT  
CENTER IN THE  
MIDDLE OF  
AMERICA.

THE ONLY TRANSLATING  
I GET TO DO HERE IS  
BECAUSE ADAMS AND  
CARTER ARE DUMBER  
THAN CHEESE AND DON'T  
KNOW HOW TO WORK  
THE COMPUTERS.

ALL BECAUSE AN ADDITIONAL  
BACKGROUND CHECK  
FOUND A FEW OF MY FATHER'S  
"ACQUAINTANCES" TO BE  
"QUESTIONABLE."

TALK ABOUT THE  
DEFINITION OF VAGUE.  
NEVER GOT ANY  
ANSWERS-- SIMPLY  
NEW ORDERS.

I GUESS IT'S NOT  
SO MUCH THAT WE  
ALL LOOK ALIKE,  
BUT THAT WE ALL  
THINK ALIKE.





NO WAY! THE **HAWKEYES** ARE GONNA ROLL OVER **PENN STATE** THIS WEEKEND.

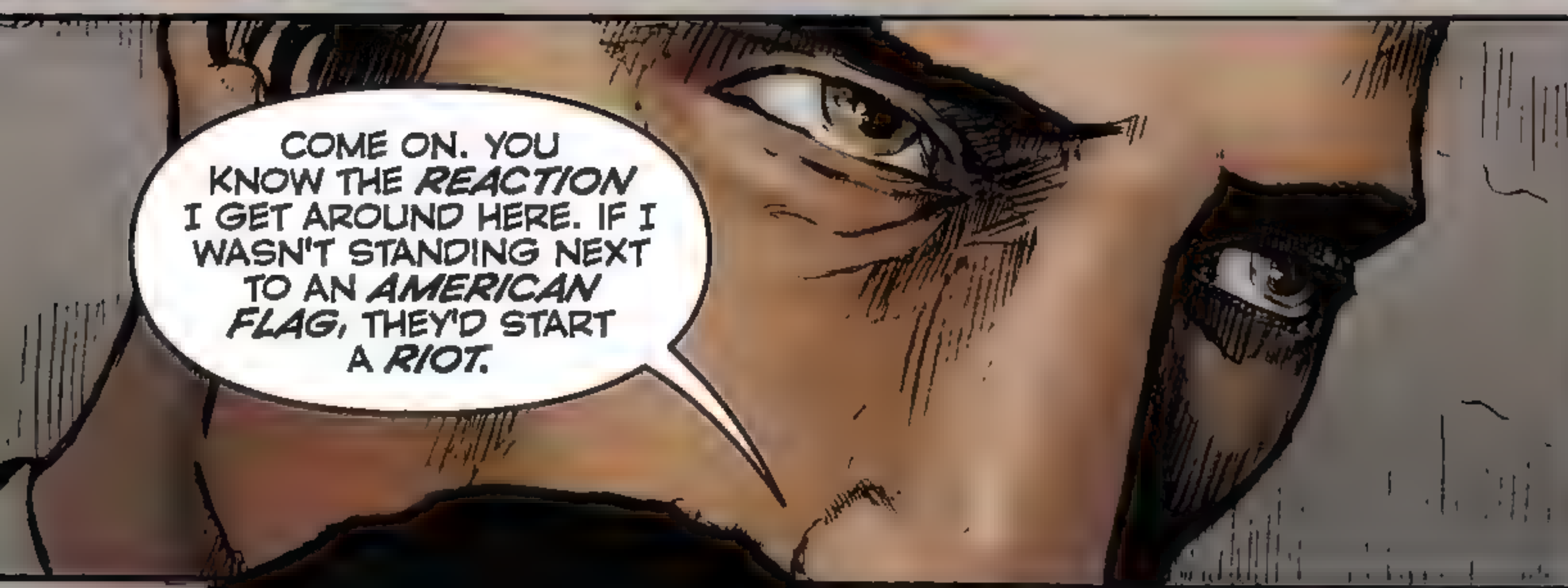
YOU'RE **CRAZY**. **PENN STATE** HAS **WON** THEIR LAST THREE GAMES. THEY'RE **UNSTOPPABLE**.

BUT SO IS **GIBSON**. BET HE **PASSES** FOR 200 YARDS--- **EASY**.



HEY, **KASEEM**. **SCHOOL'S** ALMOST OUT. YOU'D BETTER GET GOING WITH THE **BROCHURES**.

HOW ABOUT HITTING **VAN BUREN HIGH** TODAY?

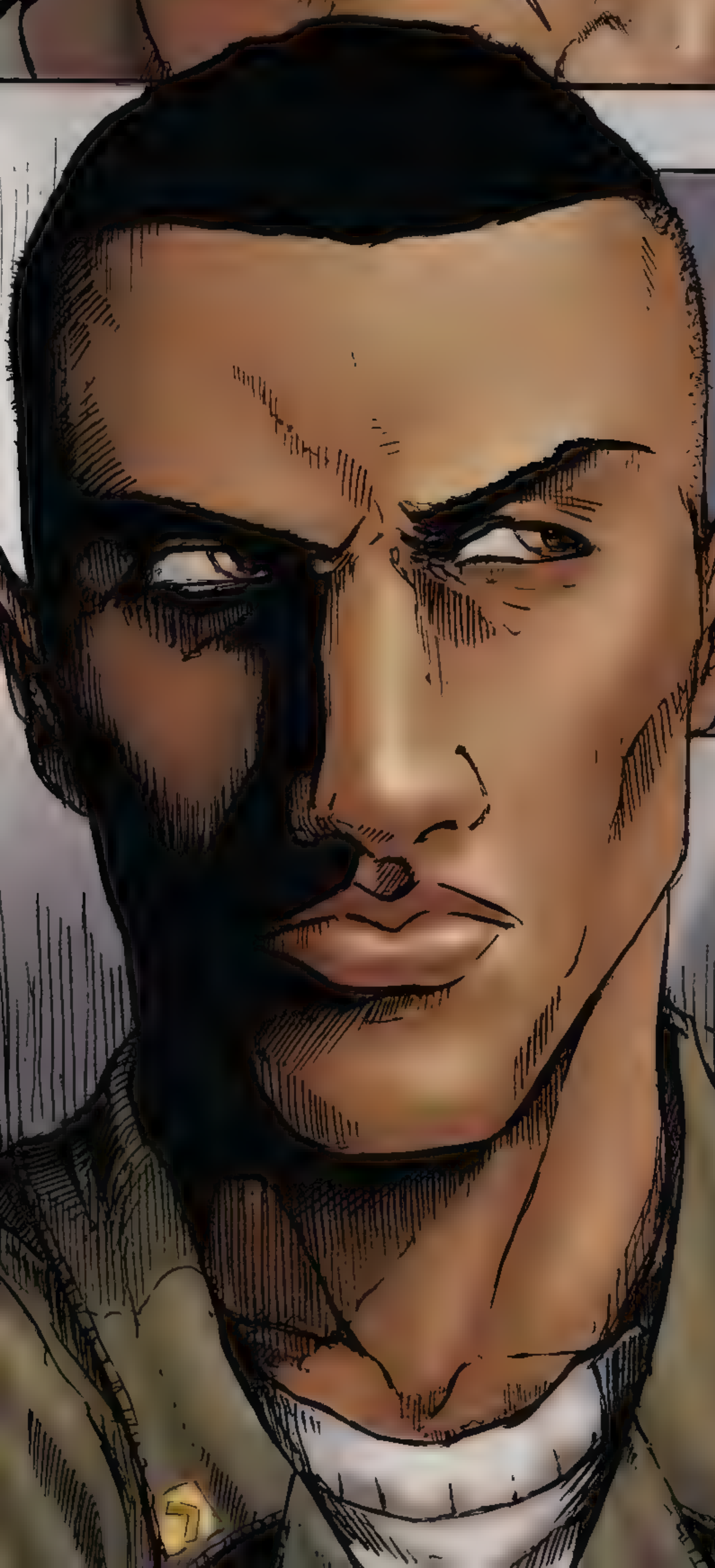


COME ON. YOU KNOW THE **REACTION** I GET AROUND HERE. IF I WASN'T STANDING NEXT TO AN **AMERICAN FLAG**, THEY'D START A **RIOT**.



THINK OF IT AS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO HELP CHANGE THE **PERCEPTION** ABOUT YOU **MUSLIMS**.

SHOW PEOPLE AROUND HERE YOU'RE NOT ALL A BUNCH OF **JIHADISTS**.



YEAH, I'M SURE THAT'S YOUR GOAL. **JACKASS**.

FRIGGIN' **TOWELHEAD**.



CHANGE PERCEPTIONS...  
GIVE ME A *BREAK*.

THESE *MINDS* ARE  
ABOUT AS *CLOSED*  
AS THEY CAN GET.



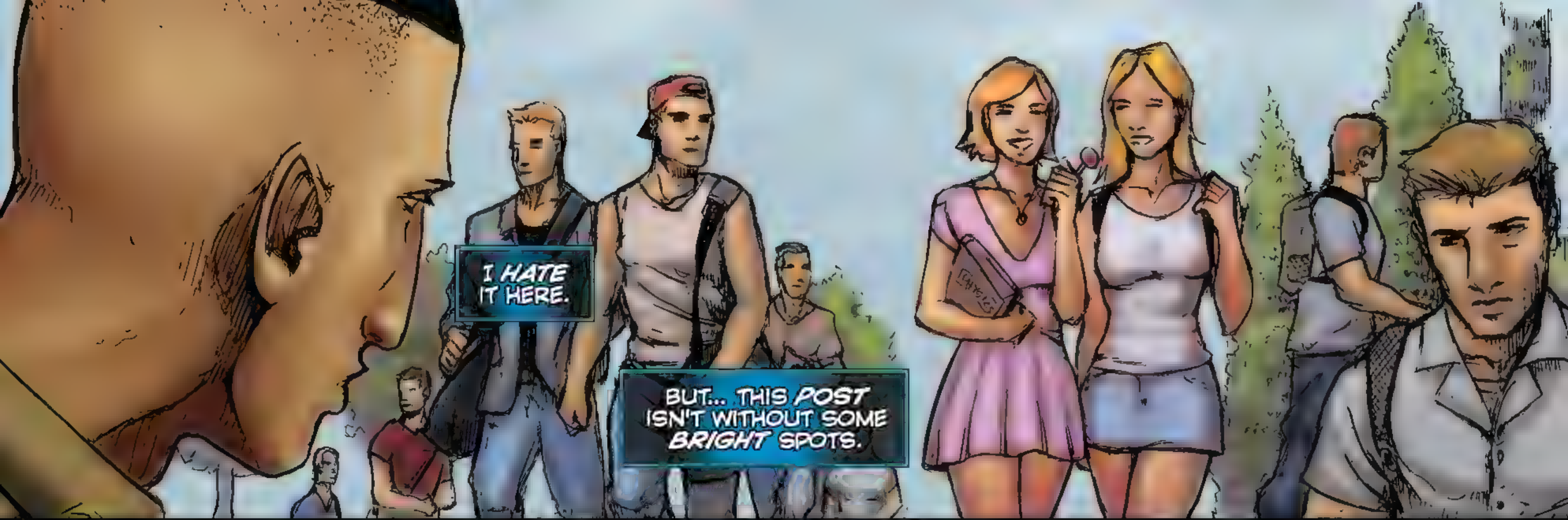
SINCE I'VE BEEN HERE, I'VE  
HAD MY TIRES *SLASHED*,  
SLURS SPRAY-PAINTED ON  
MY *HOOD*, AND *ROCKS*  
THROWN THROUGH MY  
*WINDSHIELD*.

COULD HAVE BEEN  
ANY ONE OF THESE  
LITTLE *PRICKS*.

THEN AGAIN, IT COULD  
HAVE BEEN MY SO-CALLED  
*SUPERIOR OFFICERS*.  
COUPLE OF *BIG PRICKS*.

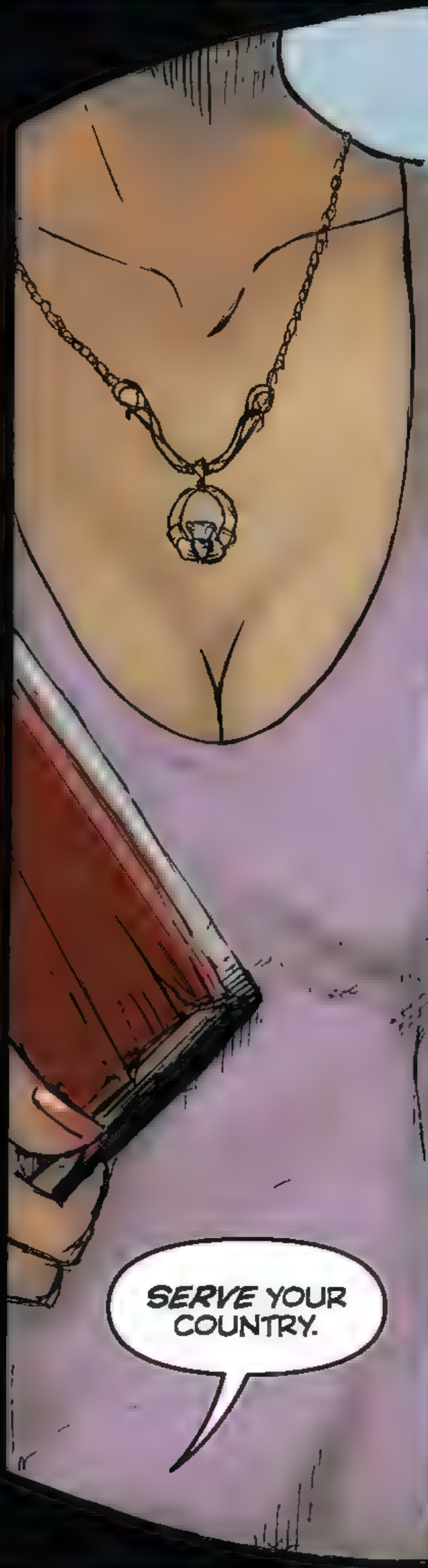
NO MATTER WHAT I  
DO, THESE PEOPLE  
WILL *ALWAYS* SEE  
ME AS AN *ENEMY*.





I HATE  
IT HERE.

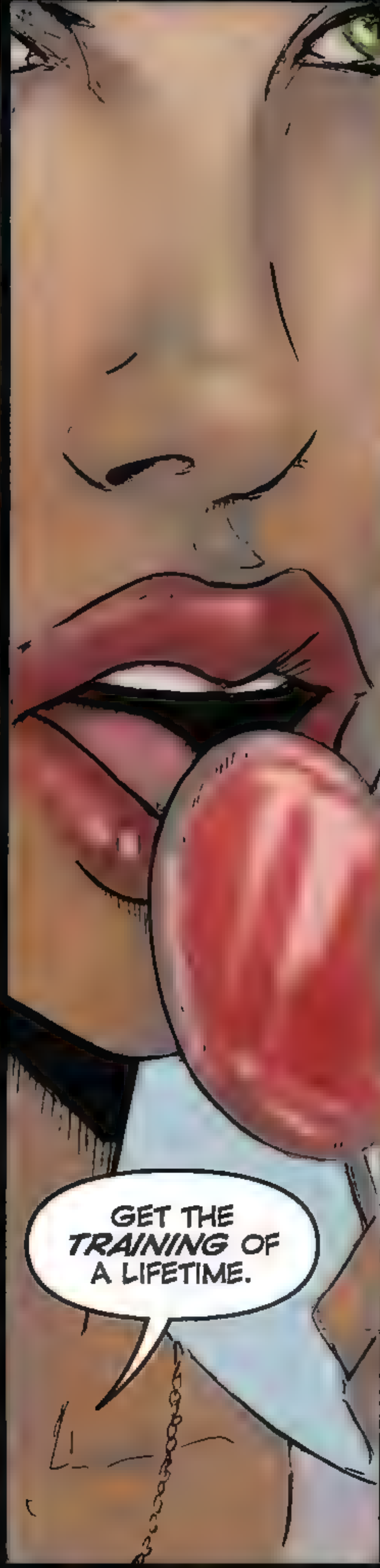
BUT... THIS POST  
ISN'T WITHOUT SOME  
BRIGHT SPOTS.



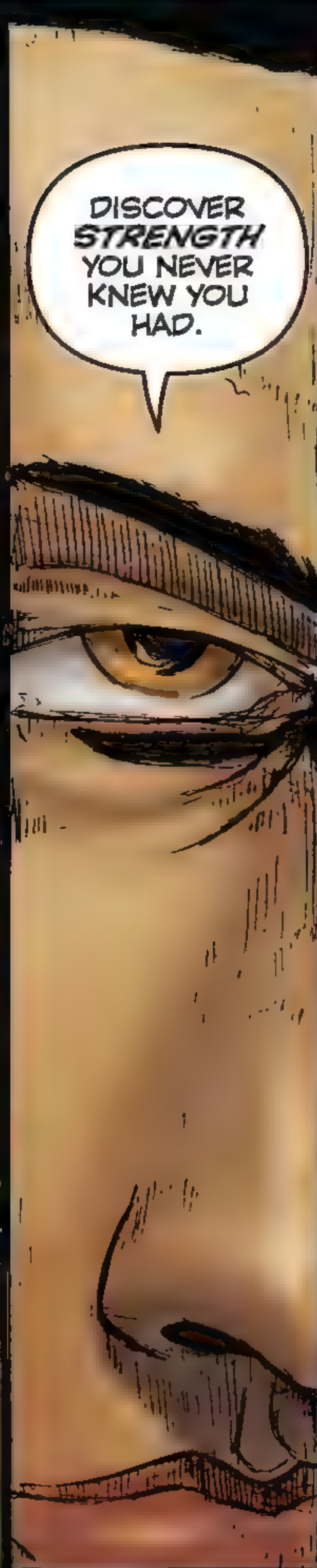
SERVE YOUR  
COUNTRY.



EARN  
MONEY FOR  
COLLEGE.



GET THE  
TRAINING OF  
A LIFETIME.



DISCOVER  
STRENGTH  
YOU NEVER  
KNEW YOU  
HAD.

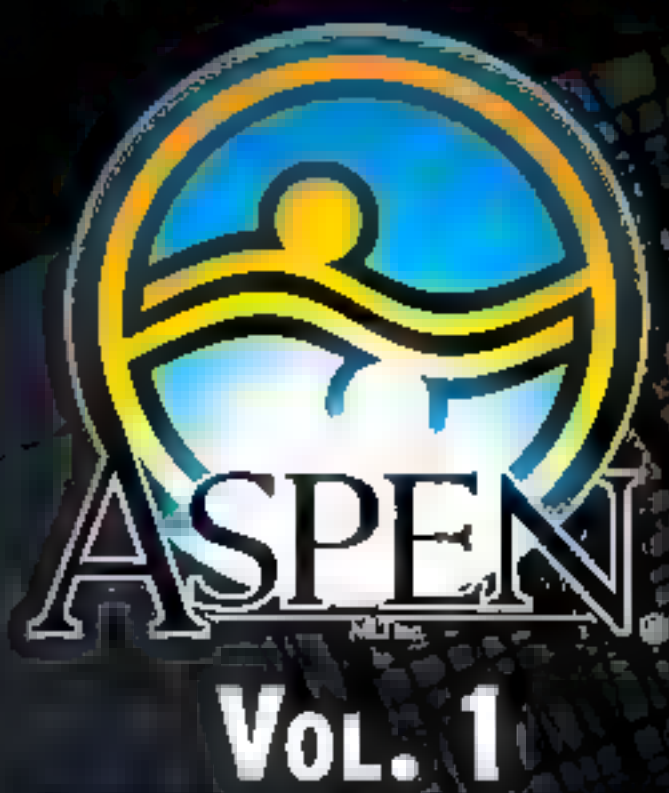


RISE TO THE  
CHALLENGE.



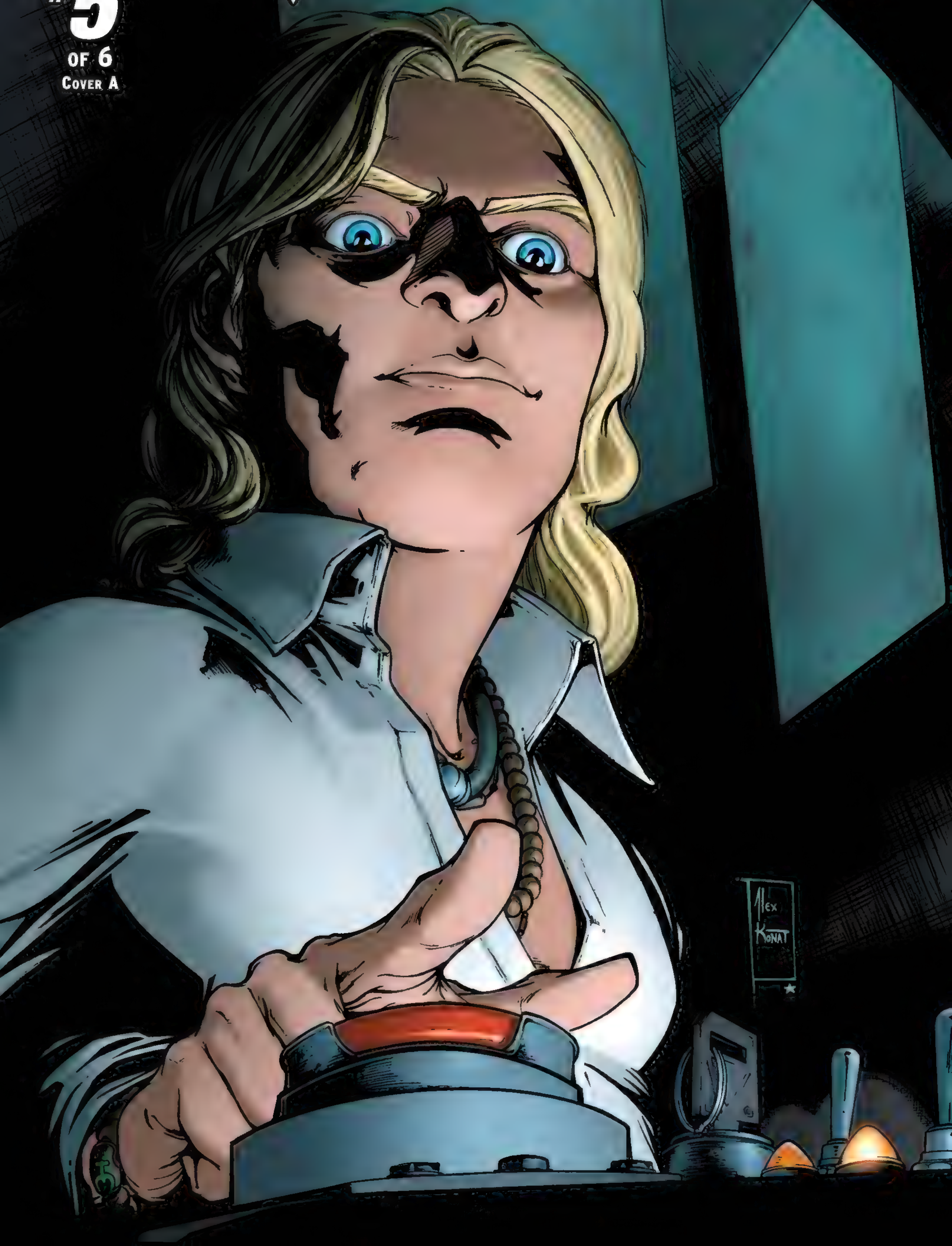
VERY BRIGHT SPOTS.





# MINDFIELD™

#5  
OF 6  
COVER A





# MINDFIELD™





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MINDFIELD CREATED BY J.T. KRUL

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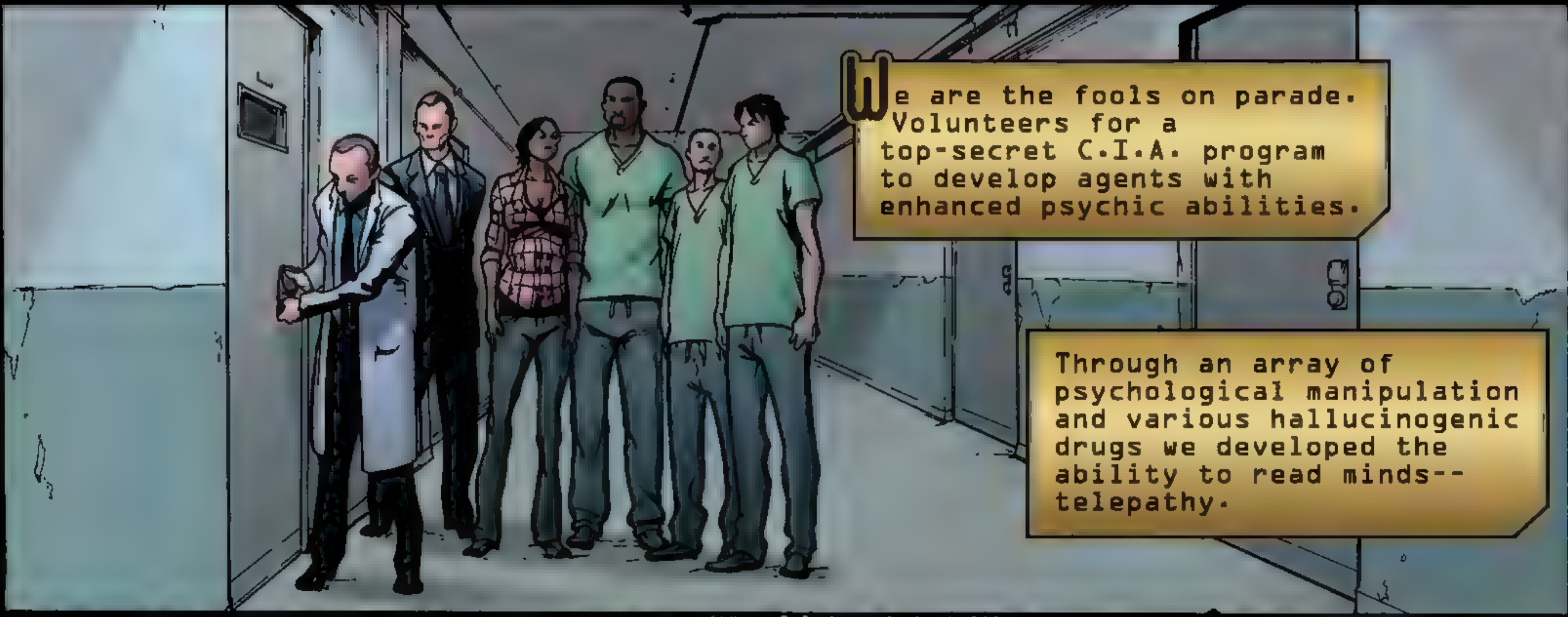
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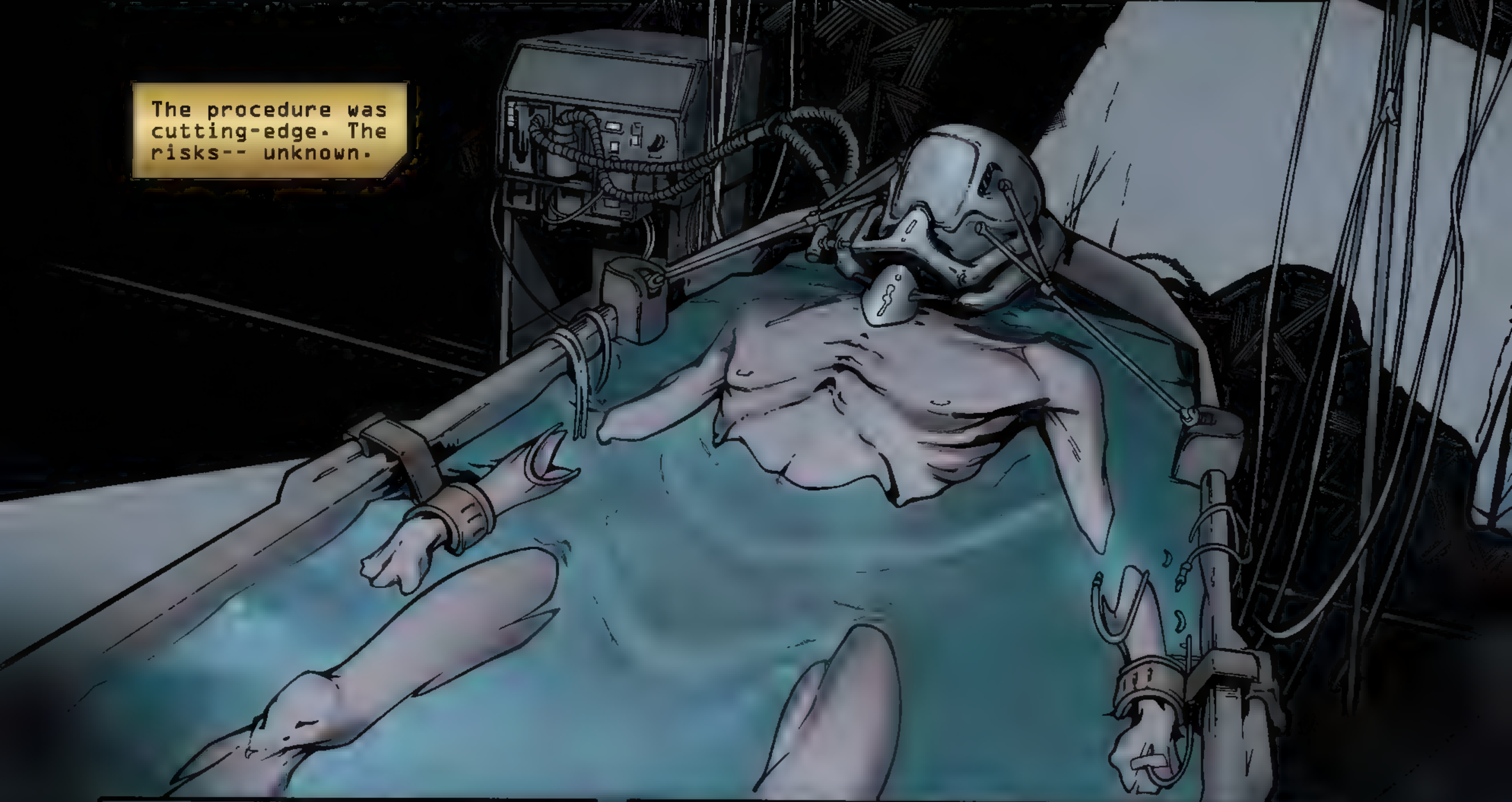




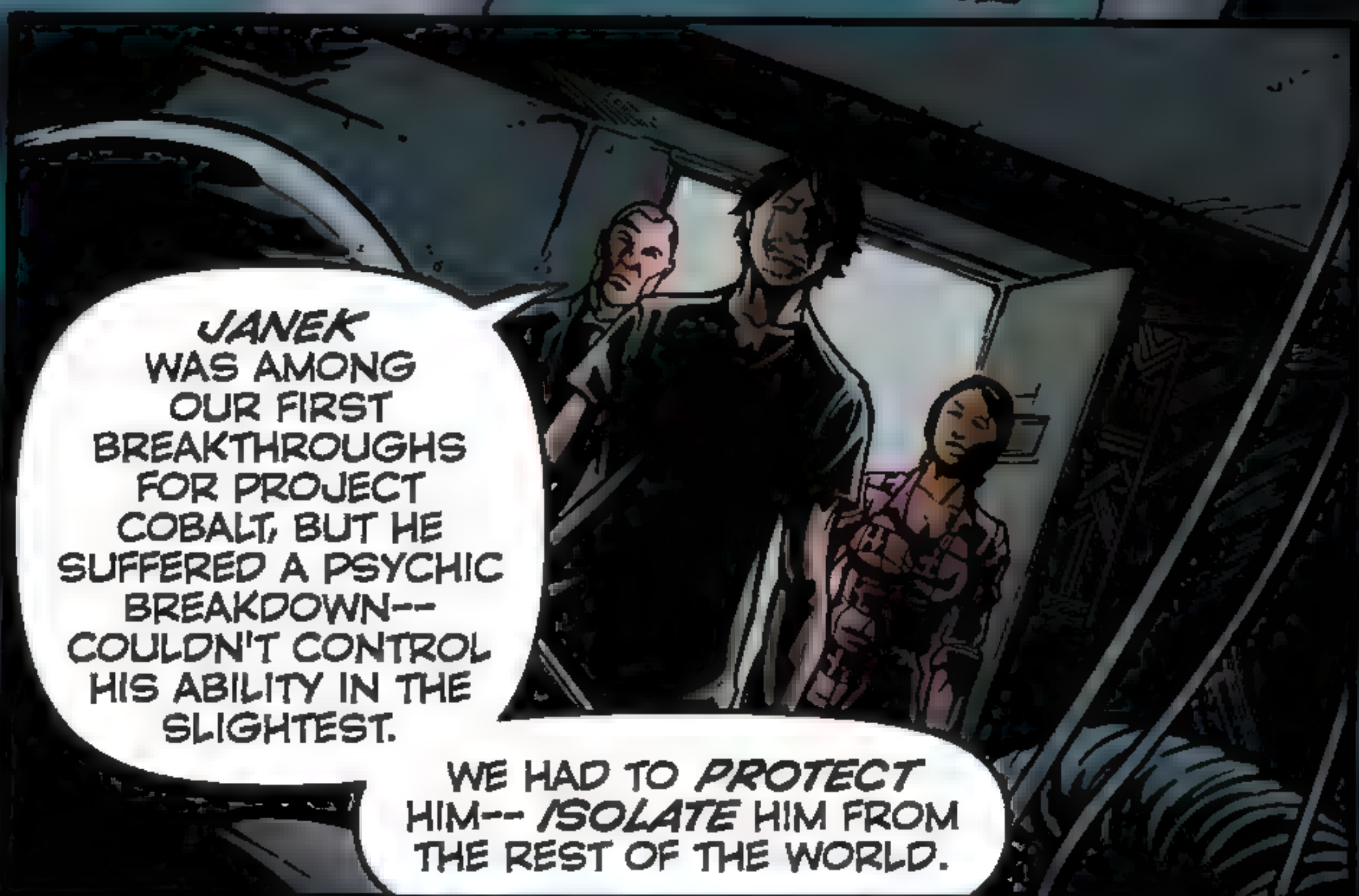
We are the fools on parade. Volunteers for a top-secret C.I.A. program to develop agents with enhanced psychic abilities.

Through an array of psychological manipulation and various hallucinogenic drugs we developed the ability to read minds-- telepathy.

The procedure was cutting-edge. The risks-- unknown.



Well, apparently not as unknown as we were made to believe.



JANEK WAS AMONG OUR FIRST BREAKTHROUGHS FOR PROJECT COBALT, BUT HE SUFFERED A PSYCHIC BREAKDOWN-- COULDN'T CONTROL HIS ABILITY IN THE SLIGHTEST.

WE HAD TO PROTECT HIM-- ISOLATE HIM FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD.



Seeing Janek lying there, all I could think was that I had to know--



--is he even aware of his situation? His reality?



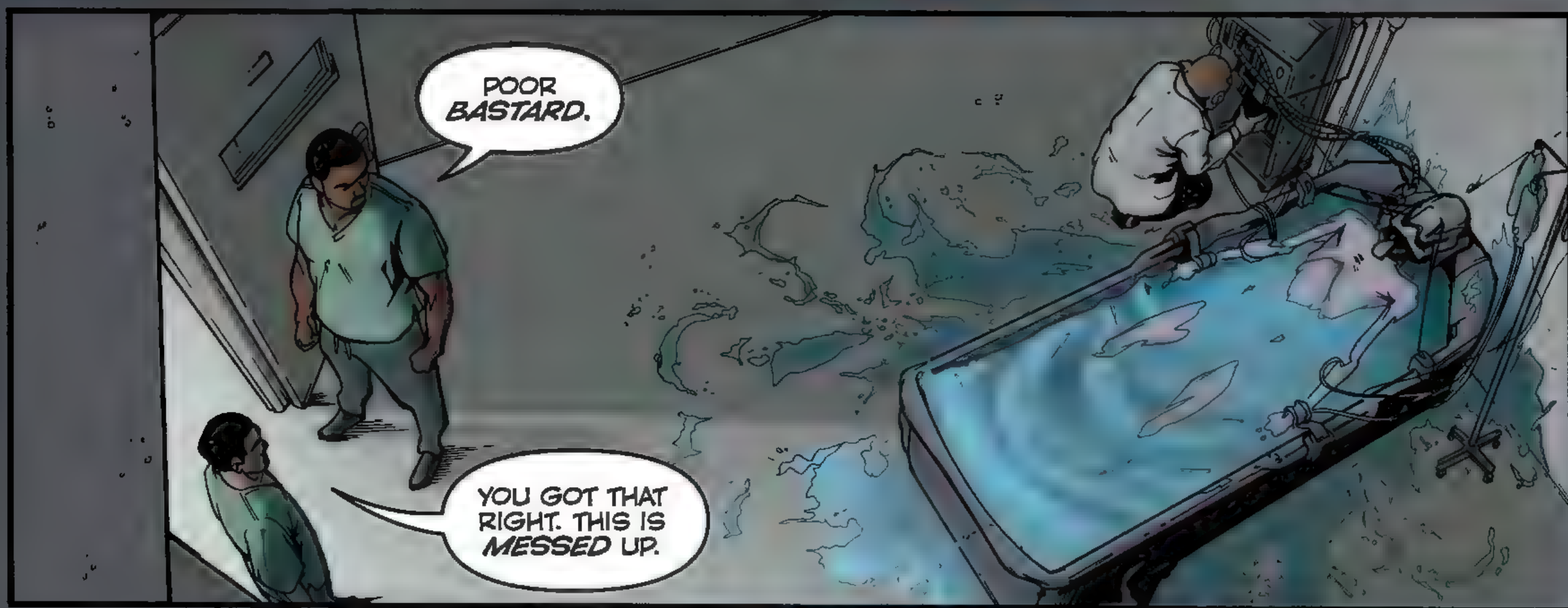


Or lack  
thereof.

And what does this say  
about the rest of us?

Is this the same fate  
that awaits us all?













Mcmanus knows death.  
He's seen it time  
and time again.

S RICHARD • CARTER EVANS • CASEY  
W E SEMPLE • MALCOLM GRIM • FRANK  
• CAREY A FOSNAUGH • FRANK  
MARK S BUNDY • WILLIAM A GRIFFIS III • C  
OMAS E LITTLEPAGE • RANDALL E PERRY • RO  
• ROY C BLAISEY • ALAN L BRACKEN •  
CAR CRUZ GONZALES • RONALD D HECK • I  
• HAROLD D WYANN • DIJAN I M  
CTOR P SAN NICOLAS • CARL J PREUSS • GE  
STYER • FRANCIS M JAUD • DAVID E F  
JOHN J KOS • THOMAS A MADRI  
APRY S RUTHERFORD • THOMAS R

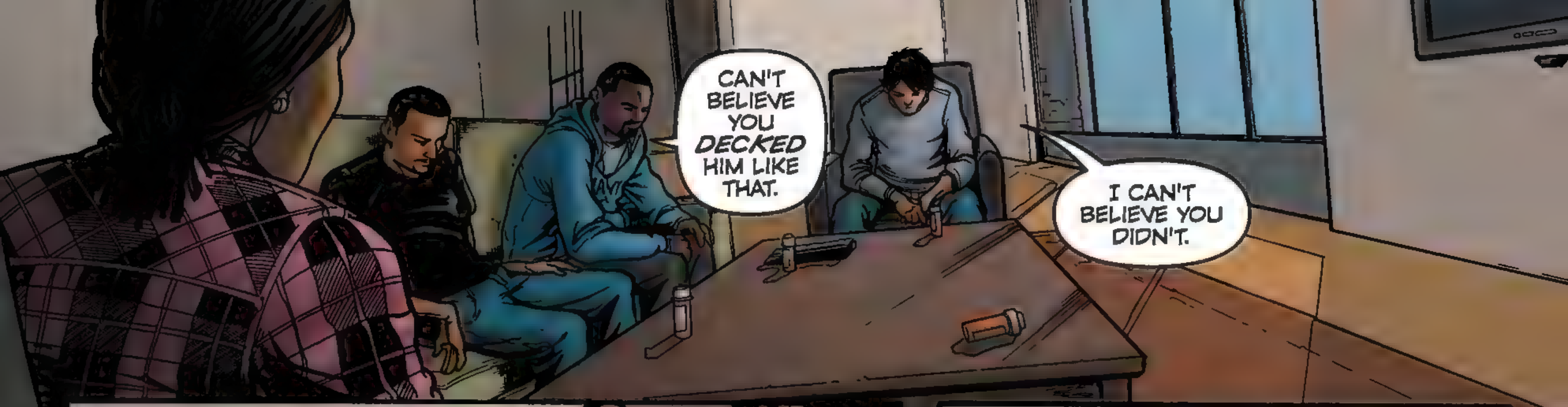
Only makes sense that  
he'd be willing to  
make sacrifices in  
order to save lives.

But damn him--  
we couldn't make  
that choice.

Because you  
can only make  
a sacrifice...

...when you  
know what's  
at stake.





CAN'T BELIEVE YOU **DECKED** HIM LIKE THAT.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DIDN'T.



YOU REALLY SO SURPRISED THEY KEPT US IN THE **DARK** ABOUT THIS?

I KNEW THEY WEREN'T TELLING US EVERYTHING, BUT I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D OUTRIGHT **SCREW** US.

BOY, YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY NEVER BEEN IN THE SERVICE. SCREWING YOU IS WHAT THEY DO--- **EVERY** CHANCE.



RIGHT, KASEEM?

PRETTY MUCH.

WE'RE NOT PARTNERS IN THIS WAR. WE'RE **SOLDIERS**. TOTALLY **DISPOSABLE**. THEY'LL CHEW US UP, SPIT US OUT, AND MOVE ON TO THE NEXT BATCH.



DAMN STRAIGHT.

IF YOU BELIEVE THAT, THEN WHY IN THE HELL DID YOU SIGN UP FOR THIS PROGRAM?

ARMED SERVICES WERE DONE WITH ME. I NEEDED TO FIND A NEW HOME--- A NEW **FIGHT**.

WHY NOT DO SOMETHING **ELSE**?



BECAUSE FIGHTING IS **ALL** I KNOW HOW TO DO.





WHAT ABOUT YOU?

IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD ACTUALLY DO SOMETHING. AFTER 9/11 MY SKIN TONE MADE ME *UNDESIRABLE* FOR MOST EVERYTHING.



AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO'S *PISSED* ABOUT THIS?

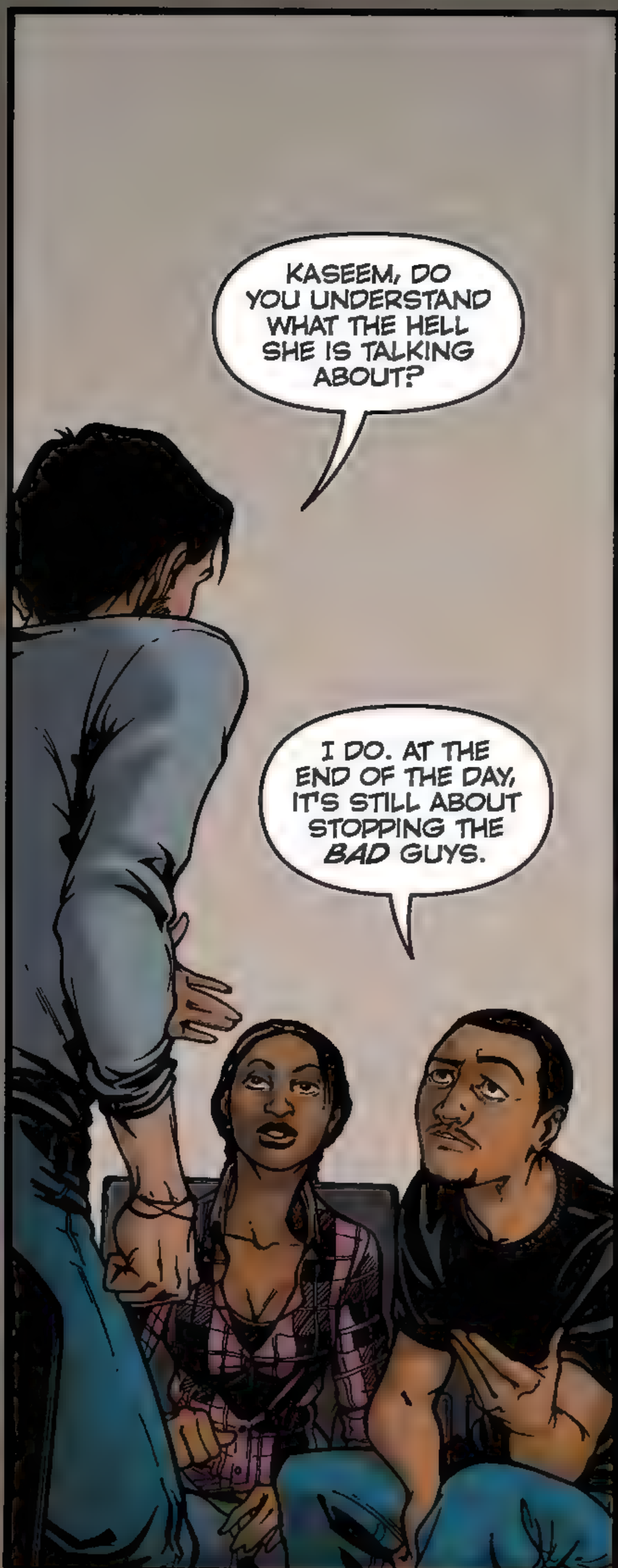
DON'T BE SO *DRAMATIC*. IT SUCKS. BUT NOT MUCH WE CAN DO ABOUT IT. BESIDES, IT *DOESN'T* CHANGE ANYTHING.



DOESN'T CHANGE ANYTHING?!?  
IT CHANGES *EVERYTHING!*



WE KNEW GOING IN-- THIS PROGRAM WAS GOING TO BE... *MURKY* AT BEST. IT'S THE DEFINITION OF *TOP-SECRET*.  
WE STILL GOT A *JOB* TO DO AND THE *MEANS* TO DO IT.



KASEEM, DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THE HELL SHE IS TALKING ABOUT?

I DO. AT THE END OF THE DAY, IT'S STILL ABOUT STOPPING THE *BAD* GUYS.

YEAH? WELL-- THANKS TO MCMANUS AND HIS PROGRAM-- *ALL I* SEE IS THE *BAD*. IN *EVERYONE*.











THEY'VE GOT  
HER *SEDATED*.



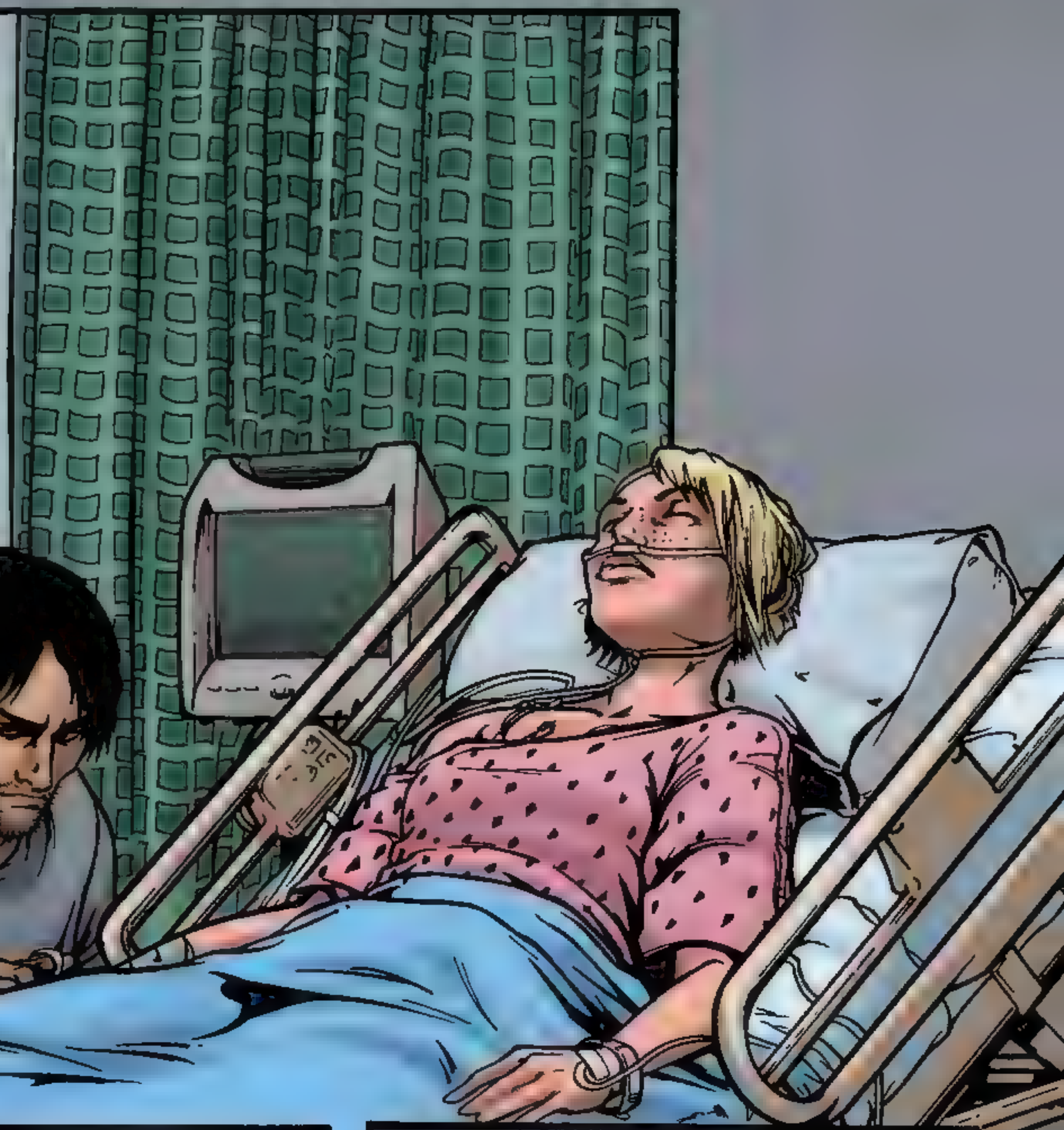
WORRIED THAT  
IF SHE REGAINS  
CONSCIOUSNESS SHE  
MIGHT PANIC HERSELF  
RIGHT INTO A *HEART  
ATTACK*.

SHE'S BEEN  
THROUGH ENOUGH  
CRAP IN HER LIFE. SHE  
DIDN'T *DESERVE*  
THIS.

SOUNDS  
LIKE YOU TWO  
GO *WAY*  
BACK.

JUST MET HER,  
ACTUALLY. I GUESS  
YOU COULD SAY I  
*UNDERSTAND*  
HER, THOUGH.

THE PAIN OF  
LOSING THE PEOPLE  
YOU *LOVE*. THE EMPTINESS  
IS DEAFENING. YOUR WHOLE  
WORLD COMES TO AN *END*.  
AND NO MATTER WHAT YOU  
DO, YOU KEEP SEEING  
THEM DIE RIGHT IN  
FRONT OF YOU.



QUITE THE  
CONNECTION YOU  
GOT THERE,  
CONNOR.

YEAH, BUT THE  
THING ABOUT ME  
AND CONNECTIONS?  
NOT A GOOD  
MATCH.

YOU  
OKAY?

NO. NO,  
I'M NOT.



AND  
I *NEVER*  
WILL BE.







LOOK-- I KNOW WE'VE OBVIOUSLY GOT SOME **UNRESOLVED** ISSUES TO DISCUSS.

I'M NOT A TOTAL **PRICK**. I WANT TO ADDRESS YOUR PROBLEMS. I WANT THIS PROGRAM TO WORK. IT **NEEDS** TO WORK. FOR THE **SAFETY** OF THIS COUNTRY.

LIKE RIGHT NOW...



...BECAUSE THIS **THREAT** IS VERY, VERY REAL.

IN YOUR MIND-SWEEP OF THE SUSPECT IN CUSTODY, YOU UNCOVERED SEVERAL REFERENCES TO SOMETHING CALLED THE **SOLITARY KNIGHTS** AND THE NAME **LUCIEN**. WE FOUND A CATALOGUE OF PODCASTS ONLINE.

LUCIAN...

**Knights**



LOOKED LIKE YOUR RANDOM NEW AGE **MUMBO-JUMBO**.

BUT THIS GROUP HAS ACQUIRED THE **OVERRIDE** CODES FOR THE NUCLEAR MISSILE DEFENSE GRID.



RIGHT. AND AS FOR THE LEAKED CODES, UPDATE THE SYSTEM AND CHANGE THE CODES. IT WILL RENDER THEIR INTEL **USELESS**.

WHAT'S THE BIG PROBLEM? NO WAY SOMEONE IS GOING TO BREAK INTO A SILO AND LAUNCH A ROGUE **MISSILE**. SIMPLY HAVE SECURITY STEPPED UP ON ALL WARHEAD STOCKPILES.

THAT'S BEING DONE, BUT IT'S TOO LATE.

THEY'VE ALREADY GOT A **WARHEAD**.

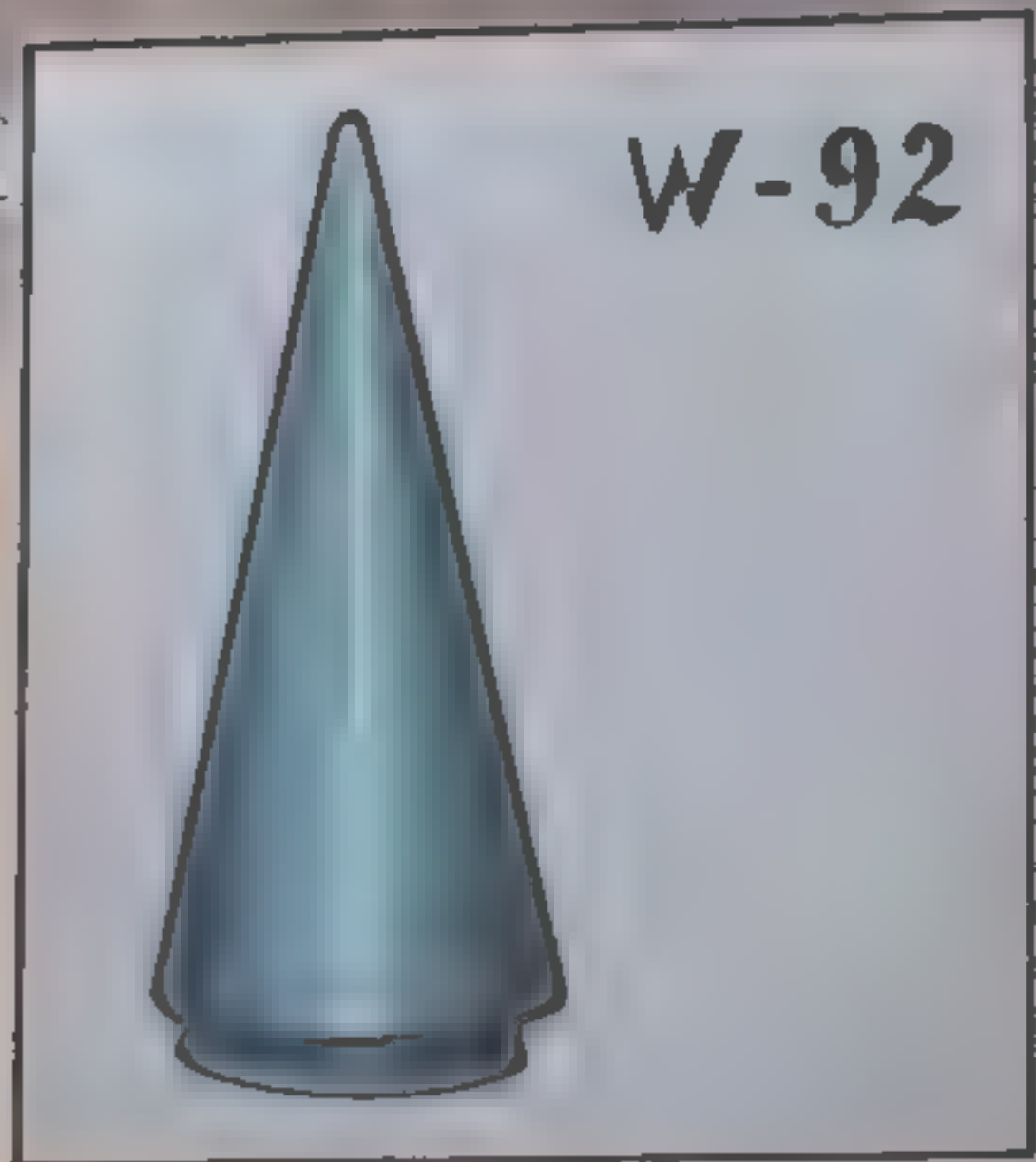






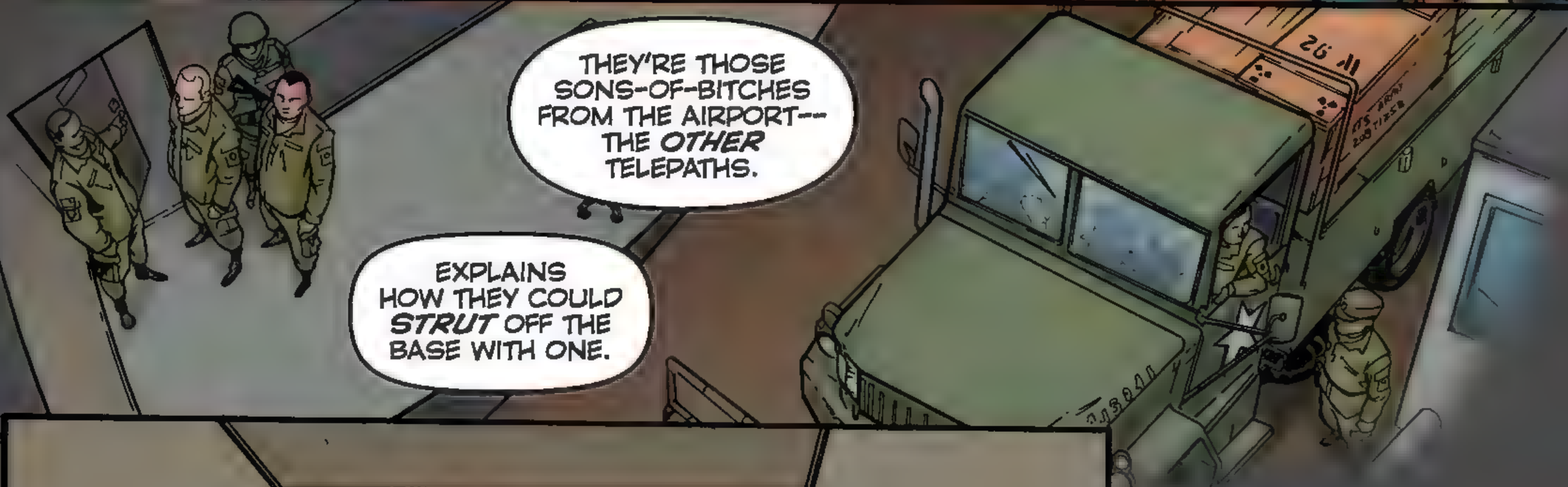
THREE WEEKS  
AGO, A *WARHEAD*  
WAS STOLEN FROM A  
MILITARY INSTALLATION  
IN NEVADA.

THE W-92  
*THERMONUCLEAR*  
WARHEAD HAS A YIELD  
OF 900 KILOTONS, AND  
A BLAST RADIUS OF  
ALMOST HALF-  
A- MILE.



JESUS.

HOW THE HELL  
DID THEY *MANAGE*  
TO STEAL A FRIGGIN'  
WARHEAD?



THEY'RE THOSE  
SONS-OF-BITCHES  
FROM THE AIRPORT--  
THE *OTHER*  
TELEPATHS.

EXPLAINS  
HOW THEY COULD  
*STRUT* OFF THE  
BASE WITH ONE.



THEY *DUMPED*  
THE TRUCK TWENTY  
MILES OUT AND  
DISAPPEARED.

WHO ARE  
THOSE GUYS?  
MORE OF YOUR  
FAILED TEST  
CASES?

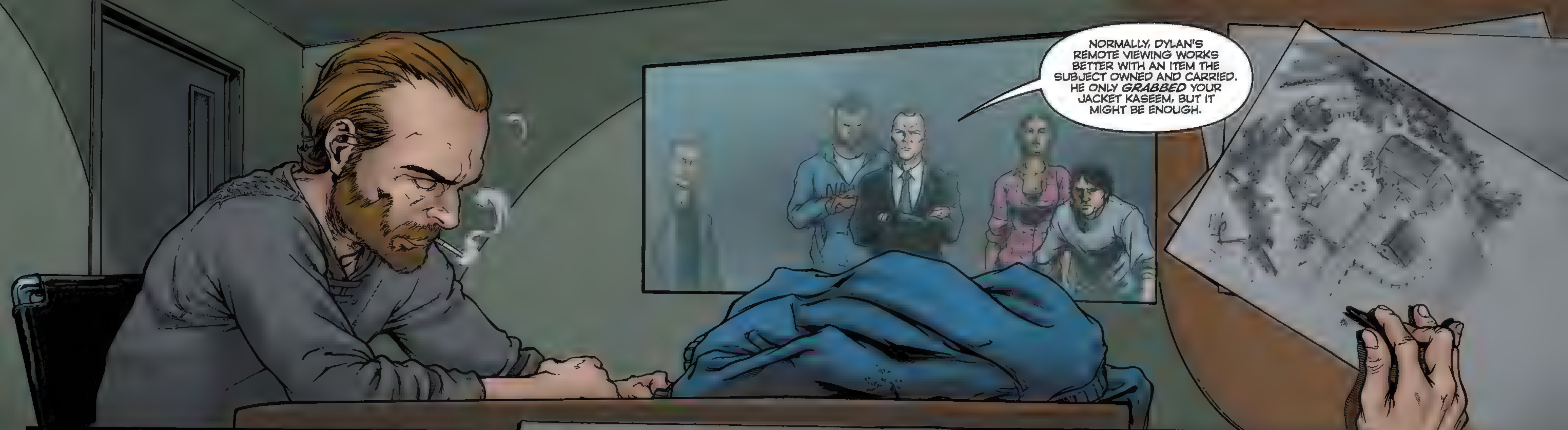
NO. I SWEAR I'VE  
NEVER SEEN THEM  
BEFORE. WE DON'T  
KNOW ANYTHING  
ABOUT THEM.

BUT MAYBE  
WE CAN FIND  
OUT.



KASEEM,  
WHERE'S YOUR  
*JACKET*?

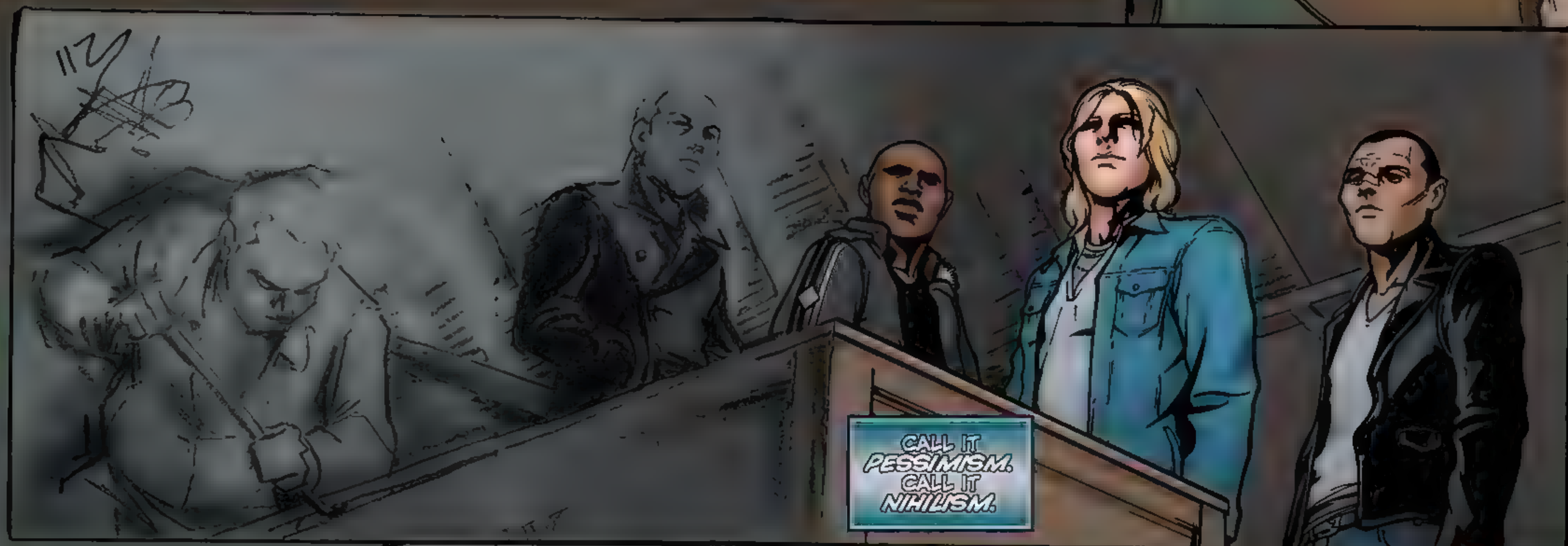




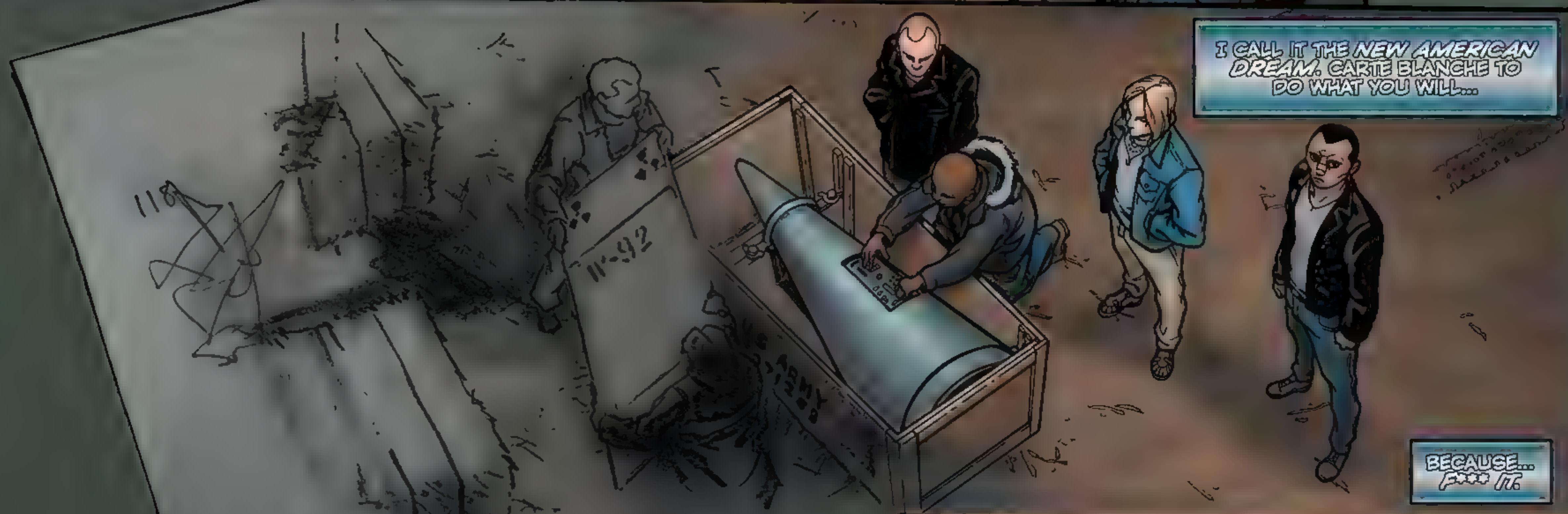
NORMALLY, DYLAN'S REMOTE VIEWING WORKS BETTER WITH AN ITEM THE SUBJECT OWNED AND CARRIED. HE ONLY **GRABBED** YOUR JACKET KASEEM, BUT IT MIGHT BE ENOUGH.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO REACH THIS POINT IF I HADN'T REALIZED THE TRUTH.

PEOPLE DON'T WANT ANSWERS. THEY WANT EXCUSES. THEY WANT TO BELIEVE THAT THERE AREN'T ANY ANSWERS. NO SOLUTIONS.



CALL IT PESSIMISM. CALL IT Nihilism.



I CALL IT THE NEW AMERICAN DREAM. CARTE BLANCHE TO DO WHAT YOU WILL...

BECAUSE... **FOR** **IT**



WHAT'S THE POINT RIGHT?





AAAAHHH!



THUD



DYLAN!



WHAT WAS THAT?

NEVER EXPERIENCED ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.

IT WAS LIKE HE... HE *SENSED* ME. SAW ME WATCHING OVER THEM AND DIDN'T LIKE IT. SO HE *PUSHED* ME AWAY.

WHO, DYLAN?

HIM.





After making such a connection, getting the coordinates was easy for Dylan.

It was the most rudimentary exercise for remote viewers.

It put the target somewhere in rural Nebraska. Mcmanus had us on a plane in thirty minutes.

But this time, we brought some help. The real professionals.

Not that I didn't want the help. But a dozen fresh minds-- stuck in an enclosed place. It was a struggle to block them out.

But I did my best.

HEY...  
...YOU'RE ISAAC, RIGHT?

JONES TRIED TO *WARN* US. HE SAID YOU'D LET US HANG OUT TO *DIE*. JUST LIKE YOU DID TO HIM AND THE REST OF YOUR TEAM IN *AFGHANISTAN*.

WHAT'S YOUR *DAMAGE*? YOU SCARED OR JUST STUPID?

WHAT?

I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.

THAT'S RIGHT. KEEP IT THAT WAY.

ALL OF YOU.









IT'S THE OTHER PROGRAMMERS.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? SOME KIND OF MASS GRAVE?

LOOK CLOSER, ISAAC. THEY'RE NOT DEAD.

MIGHT AS WELL BE. I'M SENSING ZERO BRAIN ACTIVITY.



IF WE HADN'T GOTTEN TO HER, JESSICA WOULD BE LYING IN THIS DITCH RIGHT NOW.

BASTARDS.

Leading with strength isn't my thing. I'm not the gung-ho type. That's normally Isaac's bag.

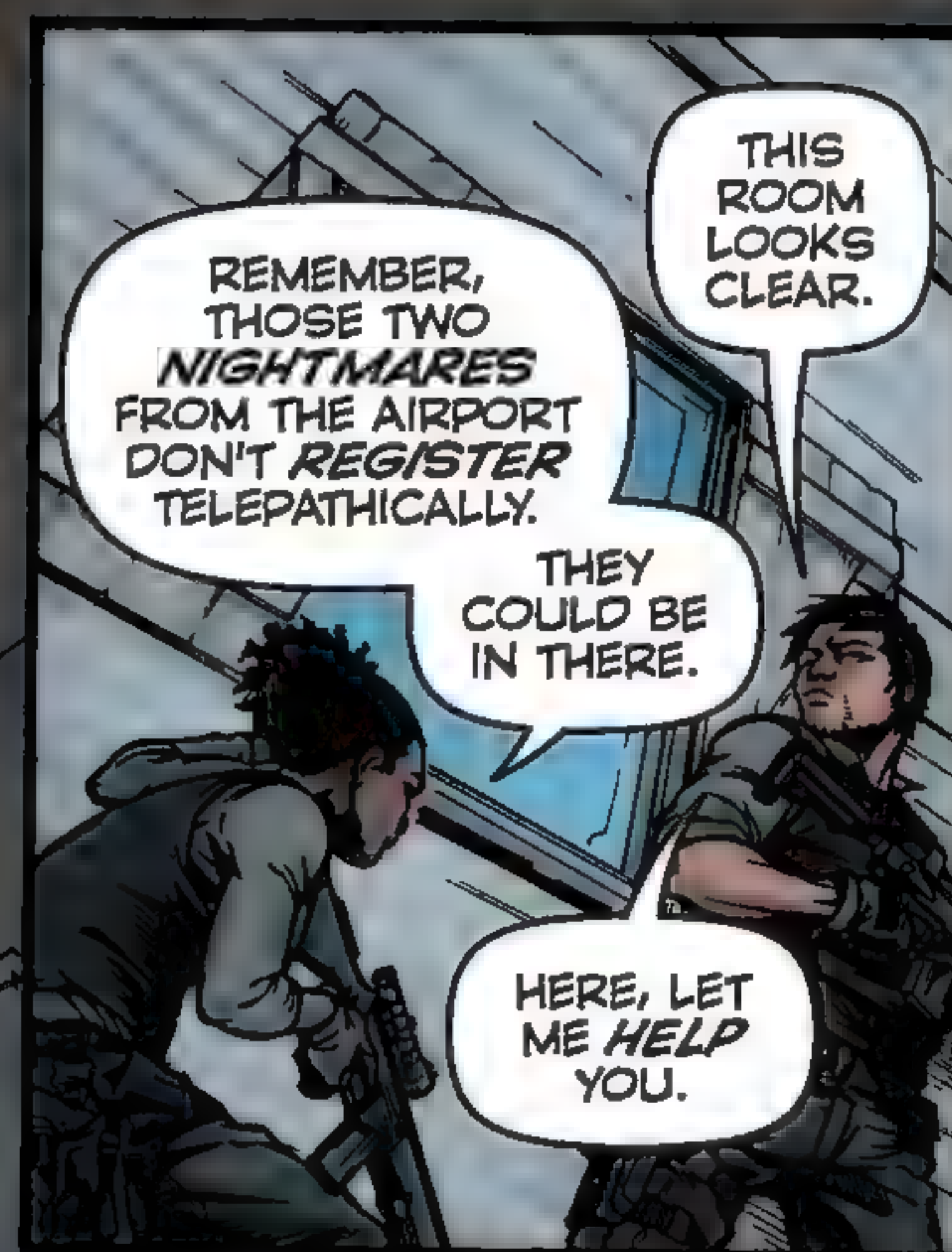


But what can I say-- I'm pissed.

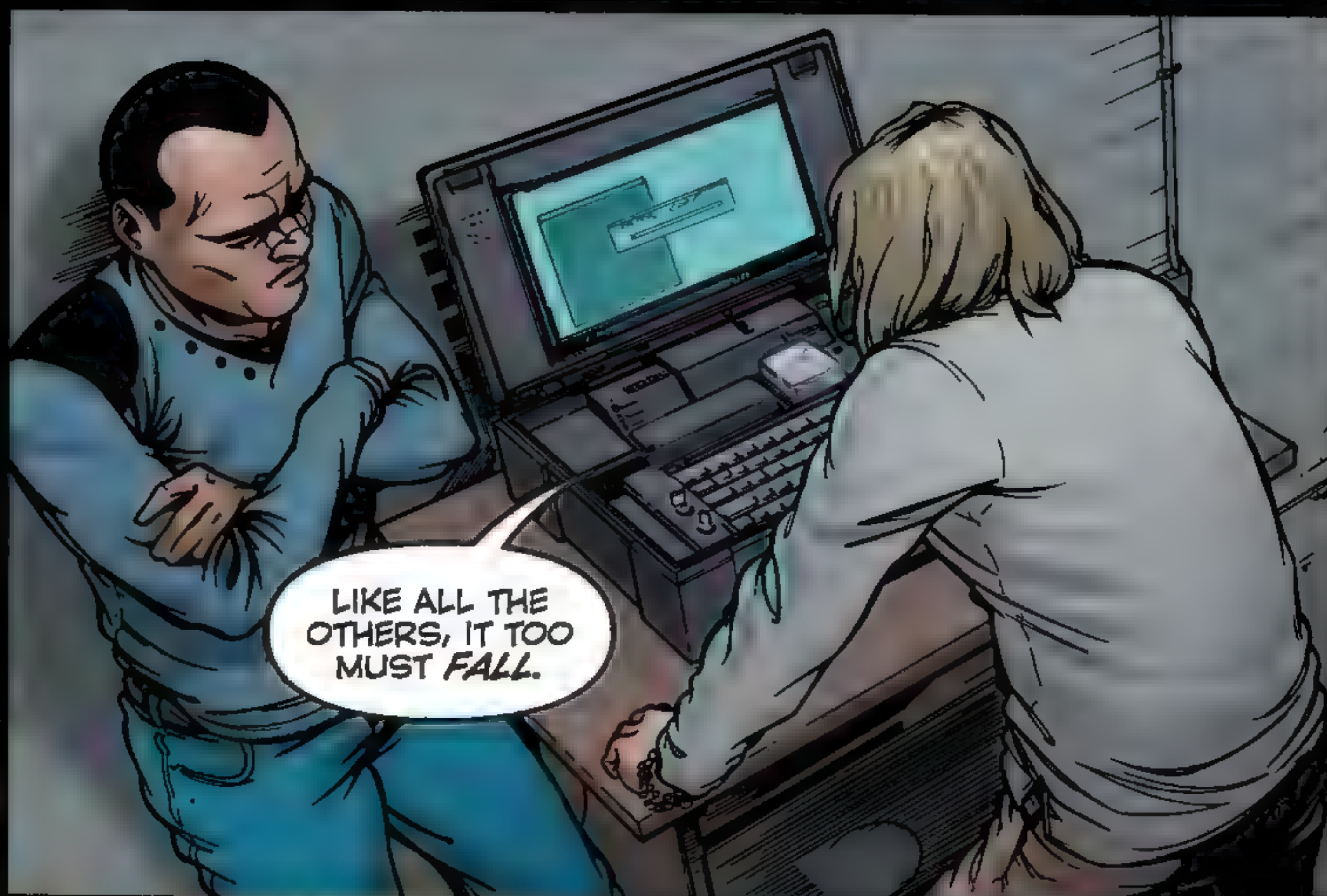
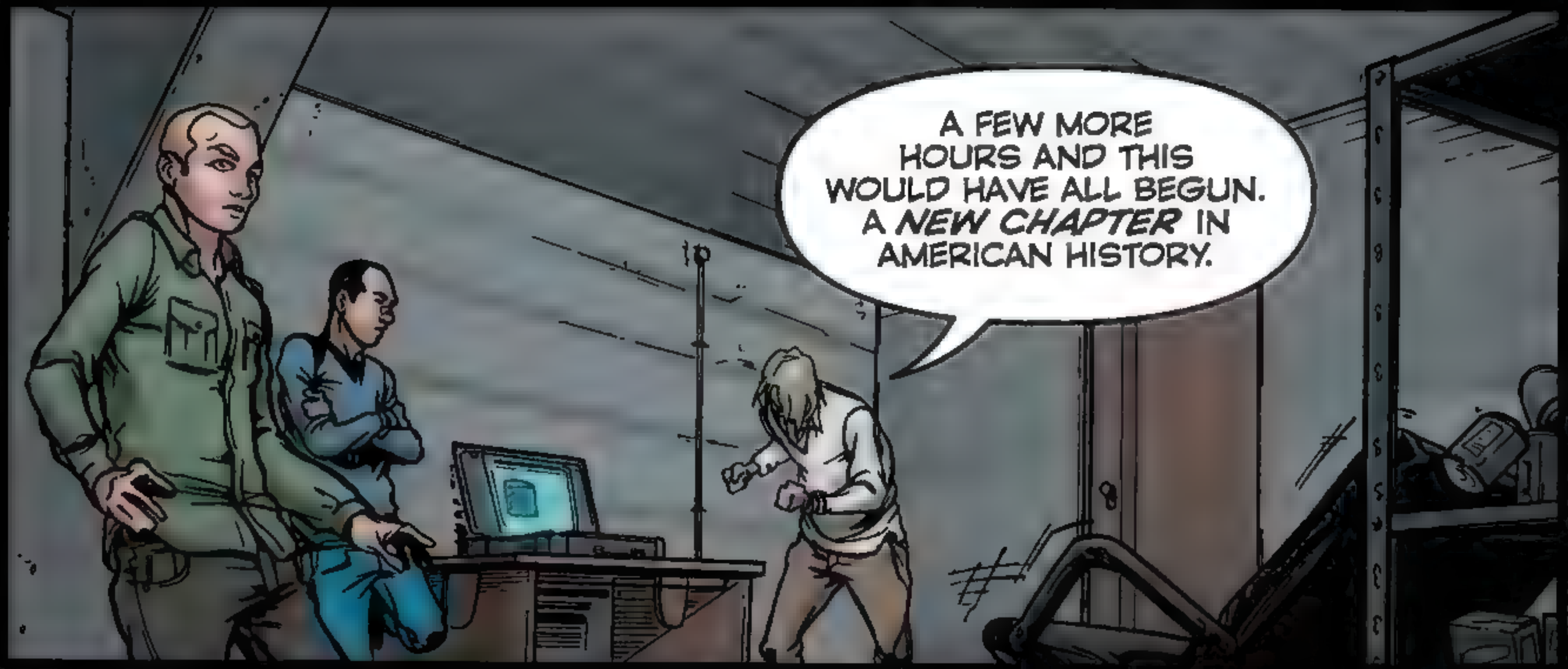




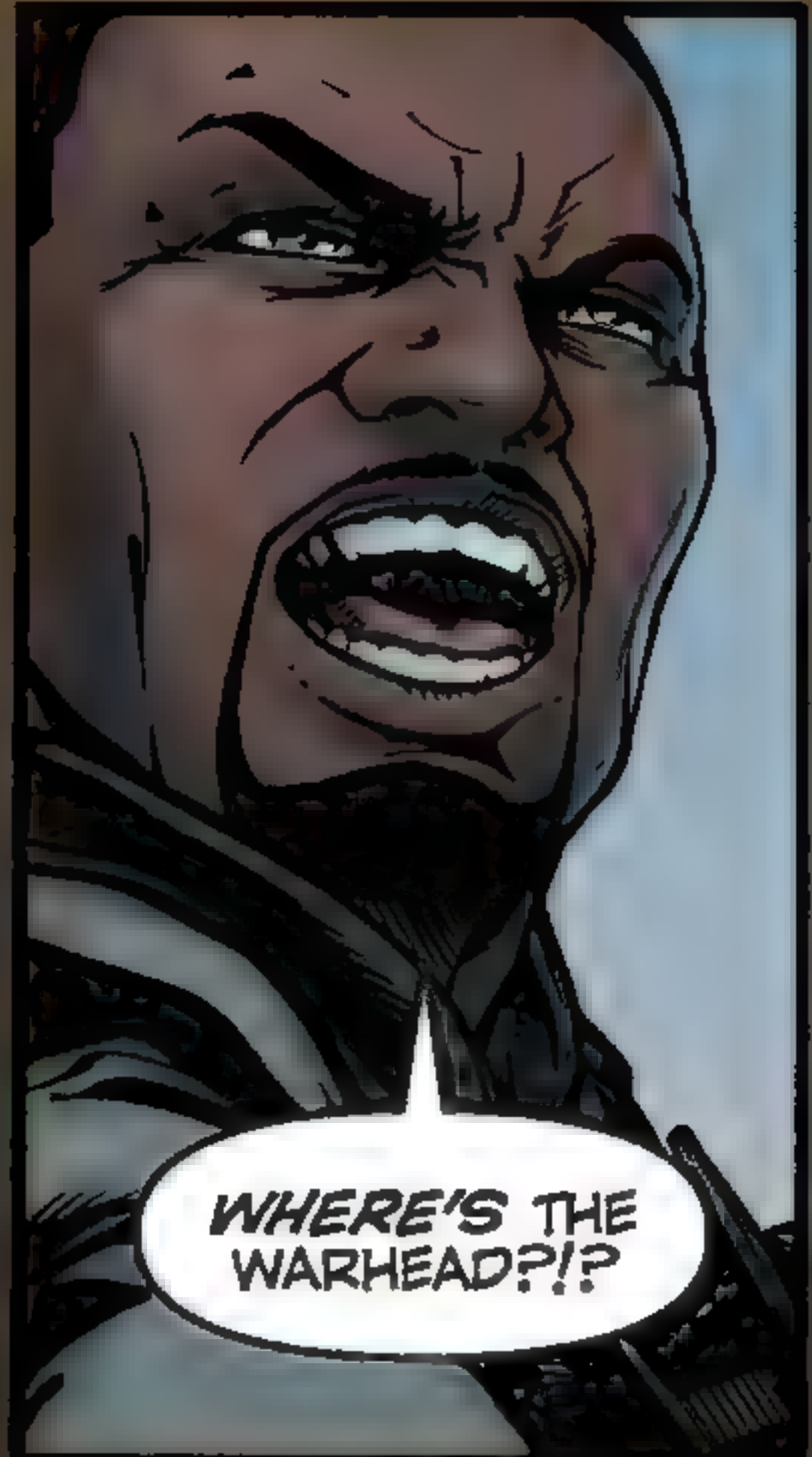
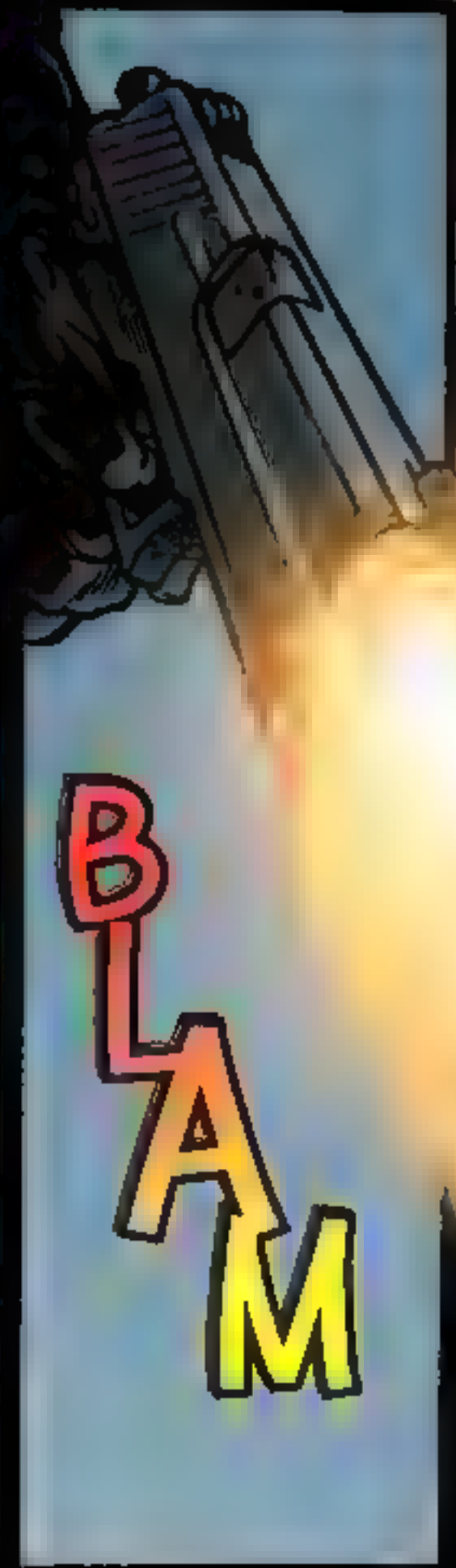




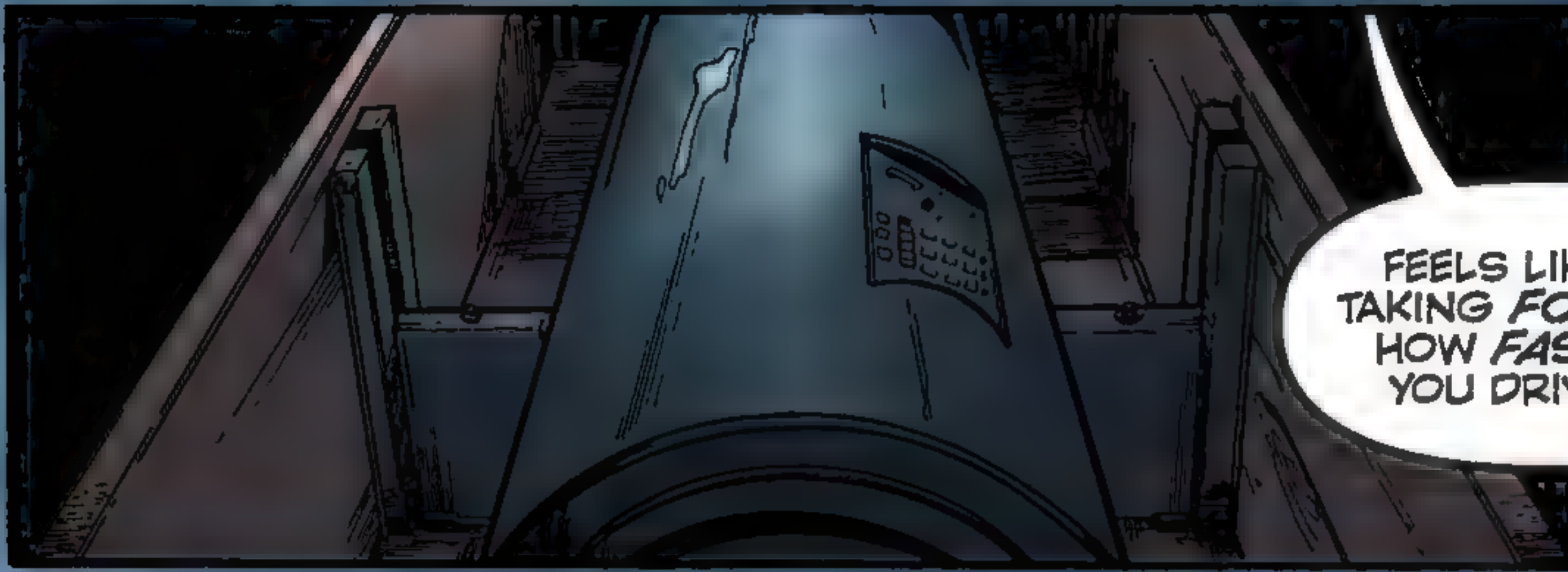




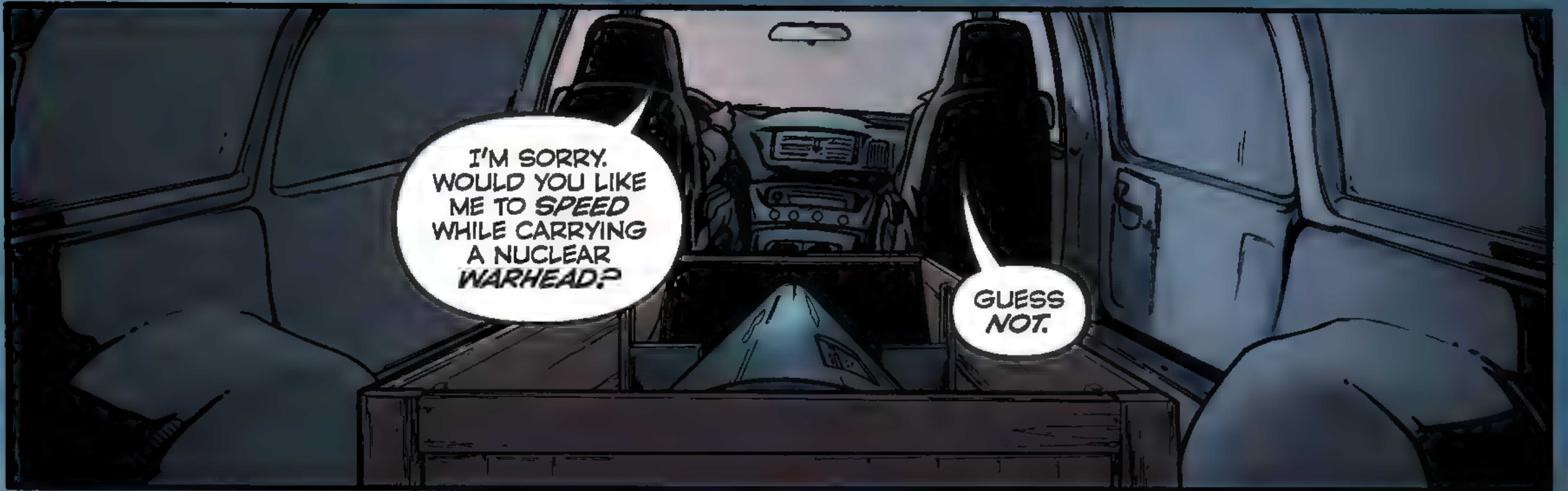








FEELS LIKE IT'S  
TAKING *FOREVER*.  
HOW *FAST* ARE  
YOU DRIVING?



I'M SORRY.  
WOULD YOU LIKE  
ME TO *SPEED*  
WHILE CARRYING  
A NUCLEAR  
*WARHEAD?*

GUESS  
*NOT.*



DON'T  
WORRY.

WE'LL BE  
THERE *SOON*  
ENOUGH.

TO BE CONCLUDED:  
MINDFIELD #6



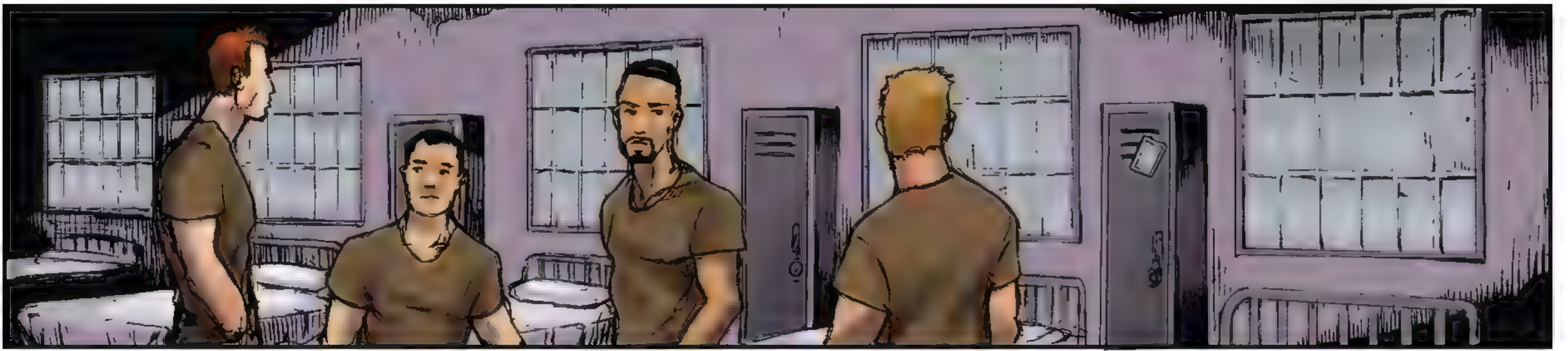
# MINDFIELD

PROJECT COBALT DATA FILES

Project COBALT

SUBJECT: McMANUS  
SCRIPT: J.T. KRUL  
ARTWORK: LORI "CROSS" HANSON  
COLORS: SIYA OUM





WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ME? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



YOUR WIFE'S PRETTY HOT.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

BET SHE'S NASTY IN BED. YOU CAN TOTALLY TELL. SHE'S GOT WHORE'S EYES.



YOU'RE A COWARD. CRIED YOURSELF TO SLEEP THE NIGHT BEFORE YOU WENT OUT ON YOUR FIRST TOUR. PUSSY.

SCREW YOU!

AT LEAST I DIDN'T BEAT OFF WHILE PEEPING ON MY SISTER. YOU SICKO.

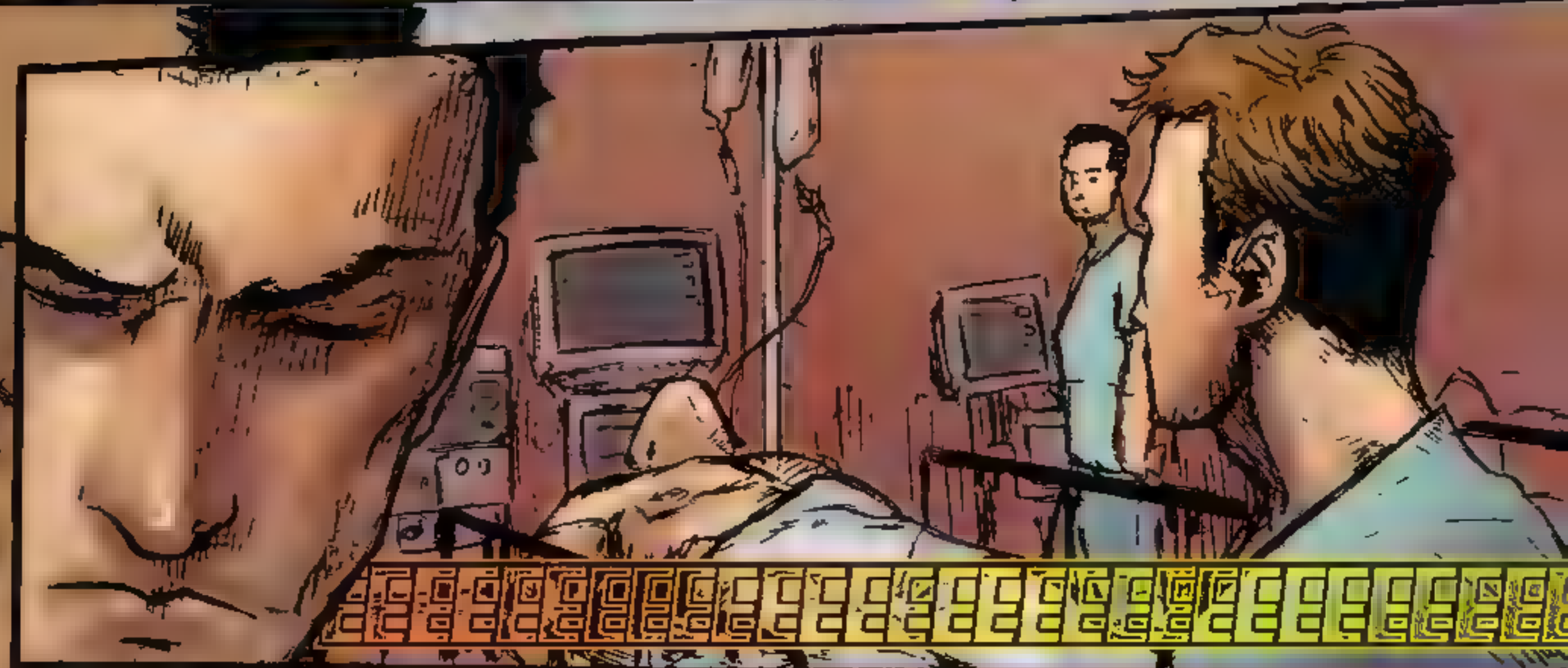
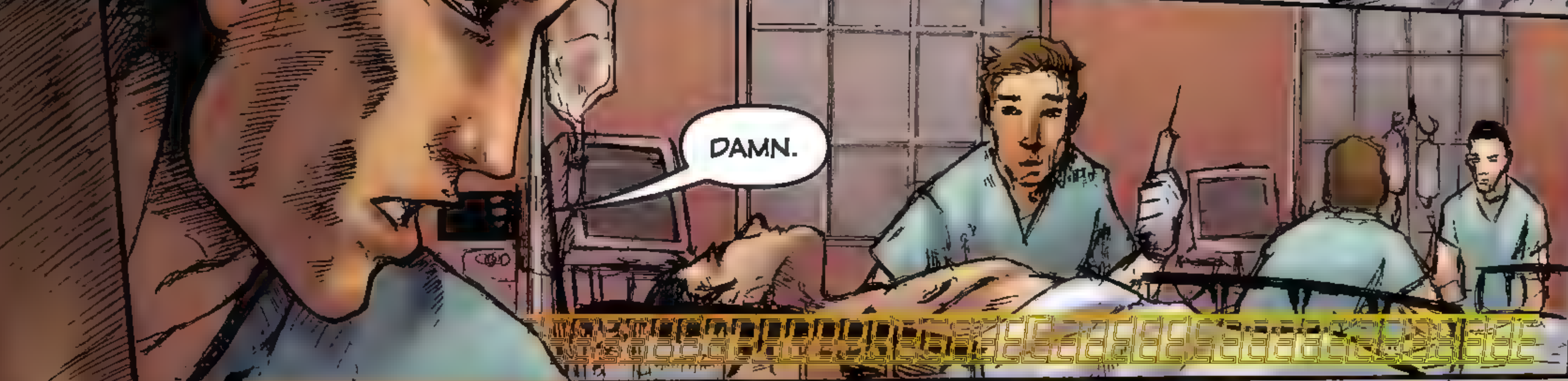


BESIDES, YOU KNOW SHE'S CHEATING ON YOU.

YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH--

LOOK AT THEM...









DR. QUIMBY FINISHED THE AUTOPSIES LATE LAST NIGHT. THE OFFICIAL CAUSE OF DEATH IN ALL FOUR SUBJECTS WERE THE SAME-- MASSIVE BRAIN ANEURYSMS.

**DAMMIT!**

THREE MONTHS, I WASTED ON THESE TEST SUBJECTS!

WE FOCUSED ALL OUR ENERGY ON THEM-- AND NOW THEY'RE GONE.

FROM THE TIME THE SEIZURES BEGAN, IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES. THE STRESS WAS TOO GREAT.

WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP TRYING. DID YOU CONTACT THE NEXT NAME ON THE LIST?

I DID, BUT PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GIVE YOURSELF A FEW DAYS.

MR. MCMANUS, THE DOCTORS STATED IN THEIR INITIAL ASSESSMENT OF PROJECT COBALT THAT WE WERE LOOKING AT A LESS THAN FOUR PERCENT CHANCE OF SUCCESS.

SCREW THE STATISTICS. THEY'RE STILL CLEARING RUBBLE AWAY FROM GROUND ZERO IN NEW YORK.

THE ENTIRE WORLD IS IN A STATE OF HIGH ALERT. I'LL BE DAMNED IF WE'RE GONNA BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD AGAIN THE NEXT TIME AL QAEDA SURFACES INSIDE OUR BORDERS.

WE'RE AT WAR, BRANDON. AND TIME IS ONE OF THE ENEMIES. I WANT TO SEE HIM-- TODAY.





YOU'VE CLEARLY GOT AN IMPECCABLE RECORD, CAPTAIN. CAN I ASK WHY YOU WOULD CONSIDER LEAVING WHAT APPEARS TO BE A BRIGHT FUTURE IN THE ARMED FORCES TO JOIN US?

YOU SAID THIS PROJECT WAS ABOUT REALLY GETTING TO THE CORE OF THE WAR ON TERROR.

I'VE ALREADY SERVED ONE TOUR IN IRAQ. IT'S DEFINITELY A PIECE OF THE PUZZLE, BUT WE BOTH KNOW THE REAL BATTLEFIELD IS GLOBAL. THE THREATS ARE EVERYWHERE.



IT'S DEFINITELY ON THE EXPERIMENTAL END OF THE SPECTRUM IN TERMS OF WHAT WE DO HERE AT THE CIA, BUT IF EVERYTHING GOES AS PLANNED, YOU'LL HAVE THE VERY BEST TOOLS TO STOP POTENTIAL THREATS AT THEIR INCEPTION.

IT WILL BE THE DEFINITION OF A GAME CHANGER.



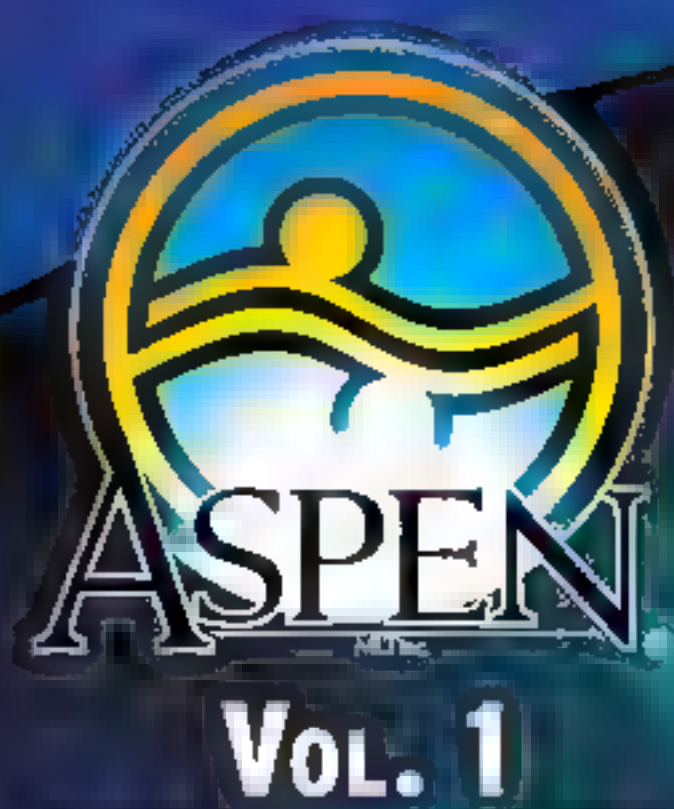
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, SIR.

GLAD TO HEAR IT. WE'LL START IMMEDIATELY.



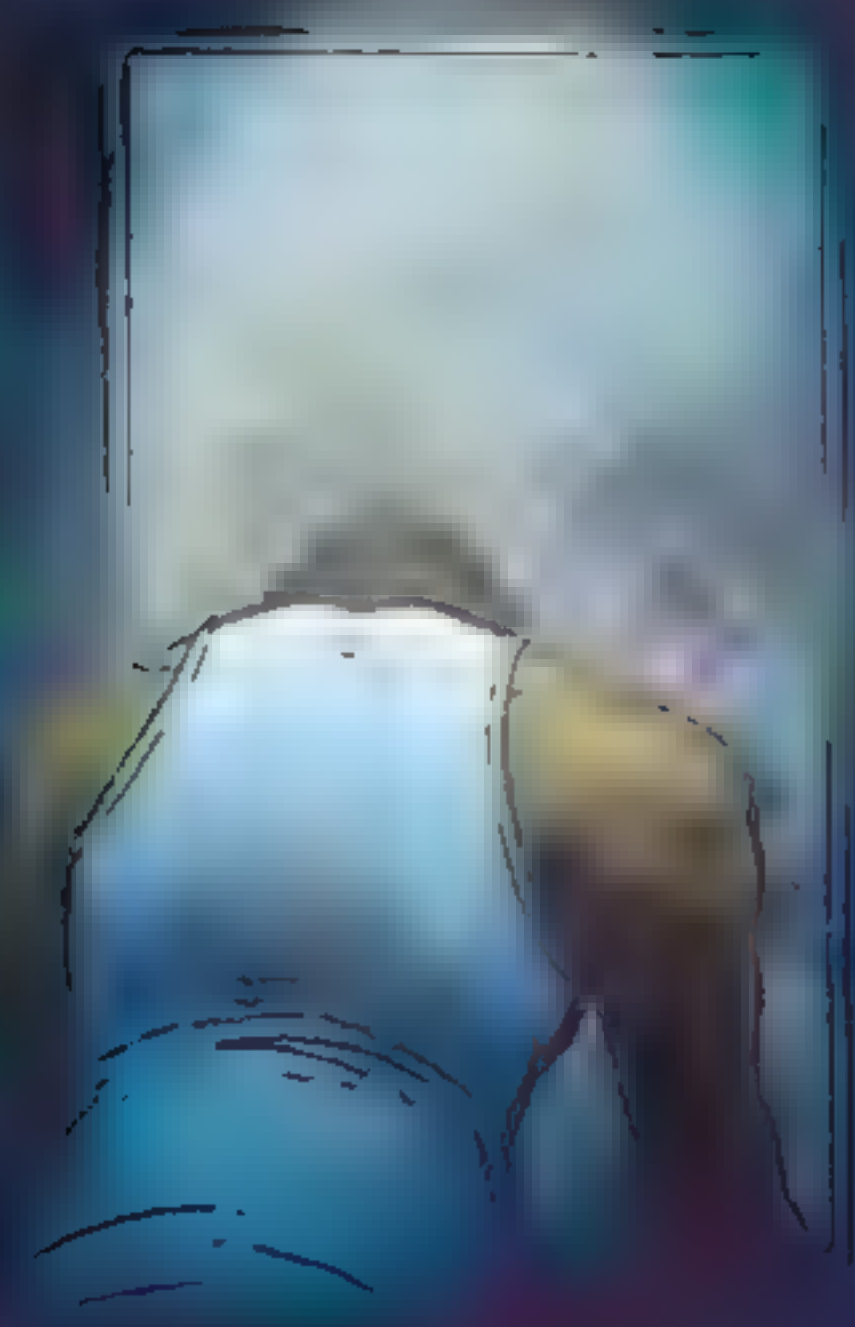
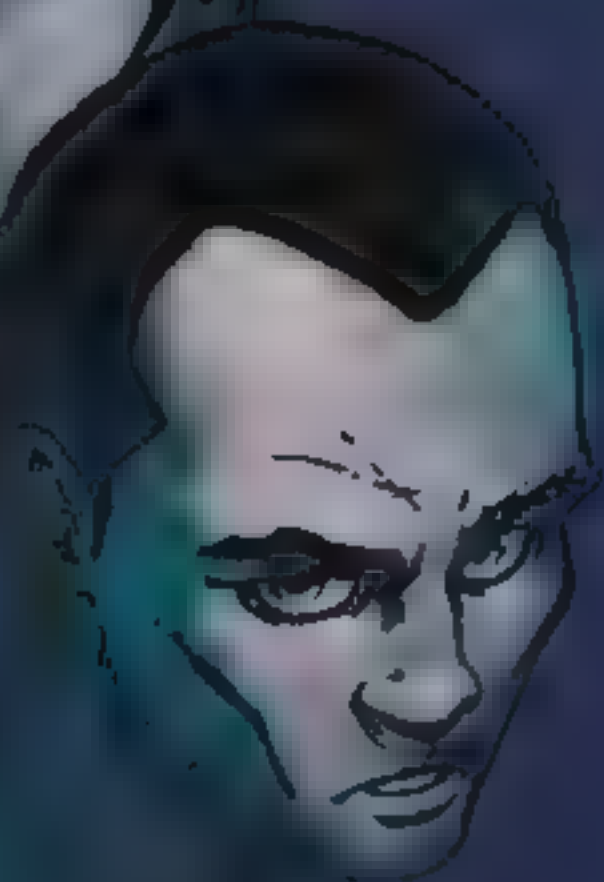
WELCOME ABOARD, JANEK.





# MINDFIELD

#6  
OF 6  
COVER A





# MINDFIELD





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MINDFIELD CREATED BY J.T. KRUL

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<NEBRASKA.>>

What we have here is the definition of the word standoff.

This compound belongs to a man named Lucien Smythe. A wannabe guru, who really seems to be after something bigger--

--Revolution--

Him and his followers stole a nuclear warhead. We came to stop them, but might be too late.

While the gunplay wages on outside...

...We're inside-- looking to stop this threat at the source.

Like I said though--

--we may be too late.



It's a standoff, alright.

Of the minds.





WHAT IS THIS?

SOME *PROPULSION* LAB. THOSE ARE JET ENGINES.

I KNOW THAT. I MEANT-- *WHERE* ARE WE?

**HEY!**  
YOU!

IT'S A *MEMORY*.  
LUCIEN'S MEMORY.

YEAH, YOU--  
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN *HERE*? THIS IS A *RESTRICTED* AREA.

I... I WAS JUST GONNA--

IT'S OKAY, HAROLD! THIS IS *MY* BOY--  
LUCIEN.

OH--  
DIDN'T KNOW, *BARRY*.

HE WAS WANDERING BY HIMSELF.

SORRY-- HE WAS COMING TO SEE ME. MUST HAVE GOTTEN *LOST*.

NOT *HARD* TO DO IN THIS PLACE.

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL?

YOU *DISAPPEAR*--  
TURN YOUR MOTHER INTO A BASKET CASE. YOU DON'T CALL. FOR MONTHS, WE WONDER IF YOU'RE EVEN STILL ALIVE.

AND NOW, YOU SHOW UP *HERE*--  
AT MY *WORK*.

WHAT THE HELL IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?!? IS IT *DRUGS*?

LET ME GO!

HE NEVER UNDERSTOOD ME.

LUCIEN?  
WH-WHAT IS THIS?





MY FATHER  
COULDN'T SEE HOW  
HE WAS PART OF  
THE *PROBLEM*.

I ADMIT TRYING  
TO BLOW UP THE  
ENGINEERING PLANT WAS  
RATHER *AMBITIOUS* AT THE  
TIME. THE *EXPLOSIVES*  
WEREN'T EVEN THAT  
POWERFUL.

BUT I GOT *POWER*  
NOW-- POWER TO MAKE  
EVERYTHING GO *BOOM*.  
BUT THEN, YOU *KNOW*  
THAT ALREADY,  
DON'T YOU?

SO-- WHAT  
DO WE DO  
NOW?

WE GO GET  
HIM. BUT BE  
*CAREFUL*.

THINGS IN  
HERE HAVE A HABIT  
OF GETTING...  
*SCREWY*.





HANG  
ON!

ASHES,  
ASHES. THEY  
ALL FALL--

--DOWN.

ERIKA!  
LOOK OUT!





THAT BLUBBERING KID PUT US ON THE PATH, BUT DIDN'T HAVE MUCH IN THE WAY OF SPECIFICS ABOUT THE LOCATION OF THE *WARHEAD*.



A WHITE VAN HEADED TO THE *MALL OF AMERICA*.

HE WASN'T BLUBBERING. HE WAS IN *SHOCK*. YOU BLEW HIS KNEE OFF.

YEAH-- WORKED PRETTY GOOD, DIDN'T IT?

AT LEAST WE GOT EXTRA *HELP* THIS TIME. AN EYE IN THE SKY, COURTESY OF *HOMELAND SECURITY*.



*SATELLITE IMAGERY* HAS PICKED UP A WHITE VAN, DUE NORTH 40 MILES OF YOUR CURRENT POSITION.

*THERMAL ANALYSIS* INDICATES POSSIBLE NUCLEAR SIGNATURE.



PROCEED WITH CAUTION.

HEAR THAT? HE'S TALKING TO YOU.

WHATEVER.

THE LAST TIME WE WERE IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS, YOU SIMPLY OPENED FIRE. REMEMBER?

DON'T WORRY. I GOT THIS COVERED.



♪ "BUT THE TIME IS RIPE FOR CHANGES. THERE'S A GROWING FEELING-- THAT TAKING A CHANCE ON A NEW KIND OF VISION IS DUE."

"I USED TO TRUST THE MEDIA-- TO TELL ME THE TRUTH, TELL US THE TRUTH. BUT NOW I'VE SEEN THE PAYOFFS-- EVERYWHERE I LOOK."

♪ "WHO DO YOU TRUST WHEN EVERYONE'S A CROOK?" ♪

♪ "REVOLUTION CALLING. REVOLUTION CALLING. REVOLUTION CALLING YOU!" ♪

TURN THAT OFF.

COME ON, MAN. NEED SOMETHING TO *PSYCHE* MYSELF UP. I MEAN-- WE GOT A *WARHEAD* BACK THERE. A FRIGGIN' *NUCLEAR* WARHEAD.

FOCUS, BENNY. YOU NEED TO REMEMBER THAT--

U.S. ARMY  
20971258

PPPTTPPPTPPPTPPP

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? YOU HEAR THAT?

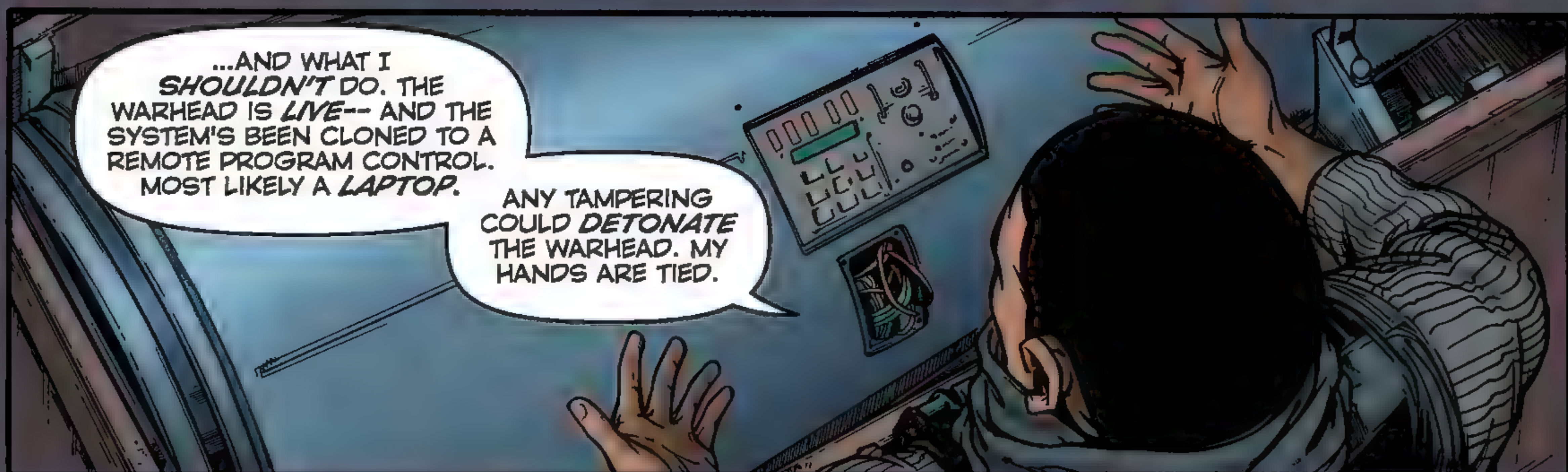
SOUNDS LIKE A 'COPTER, BUT WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?

BEHIND US!



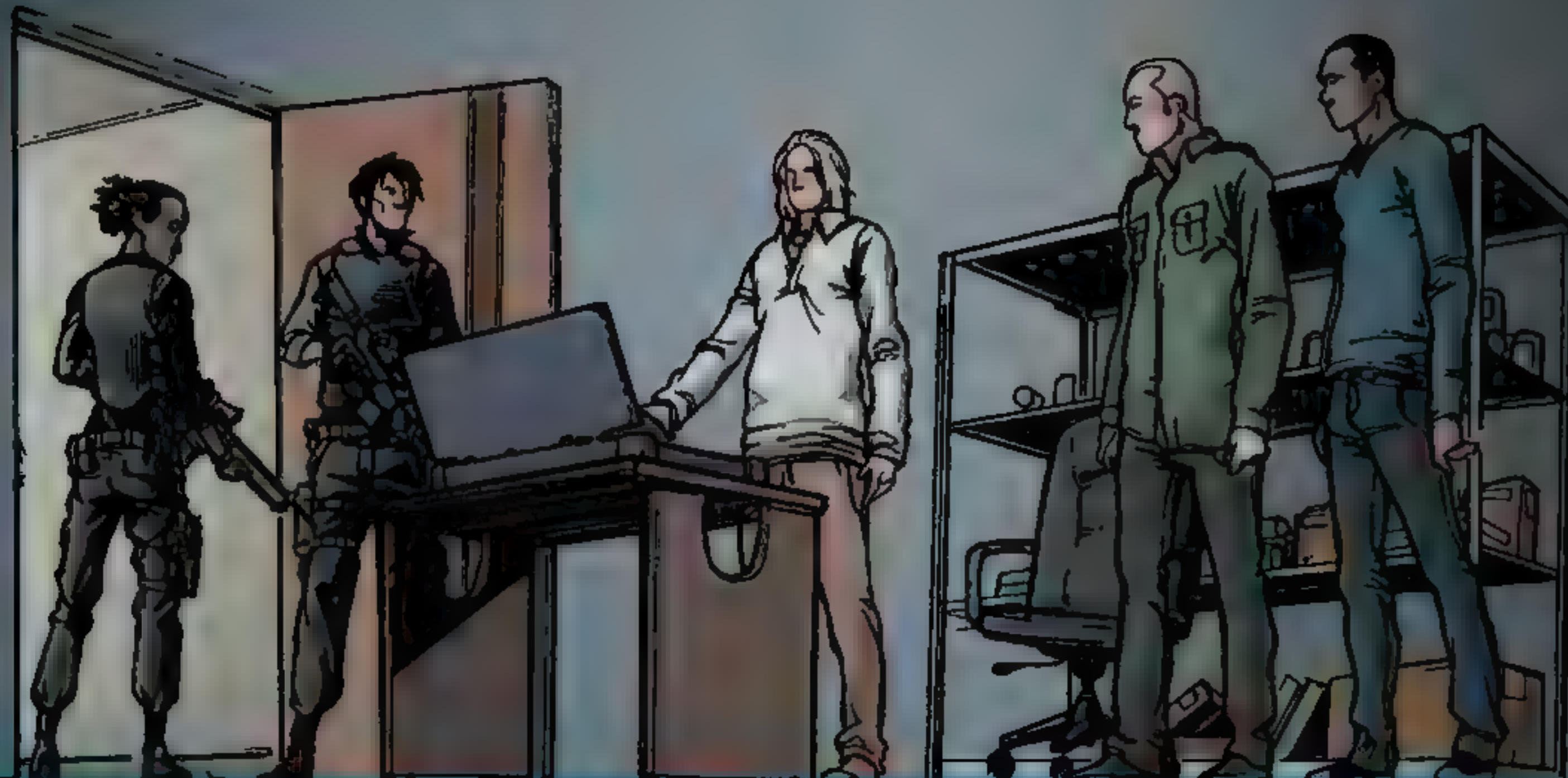






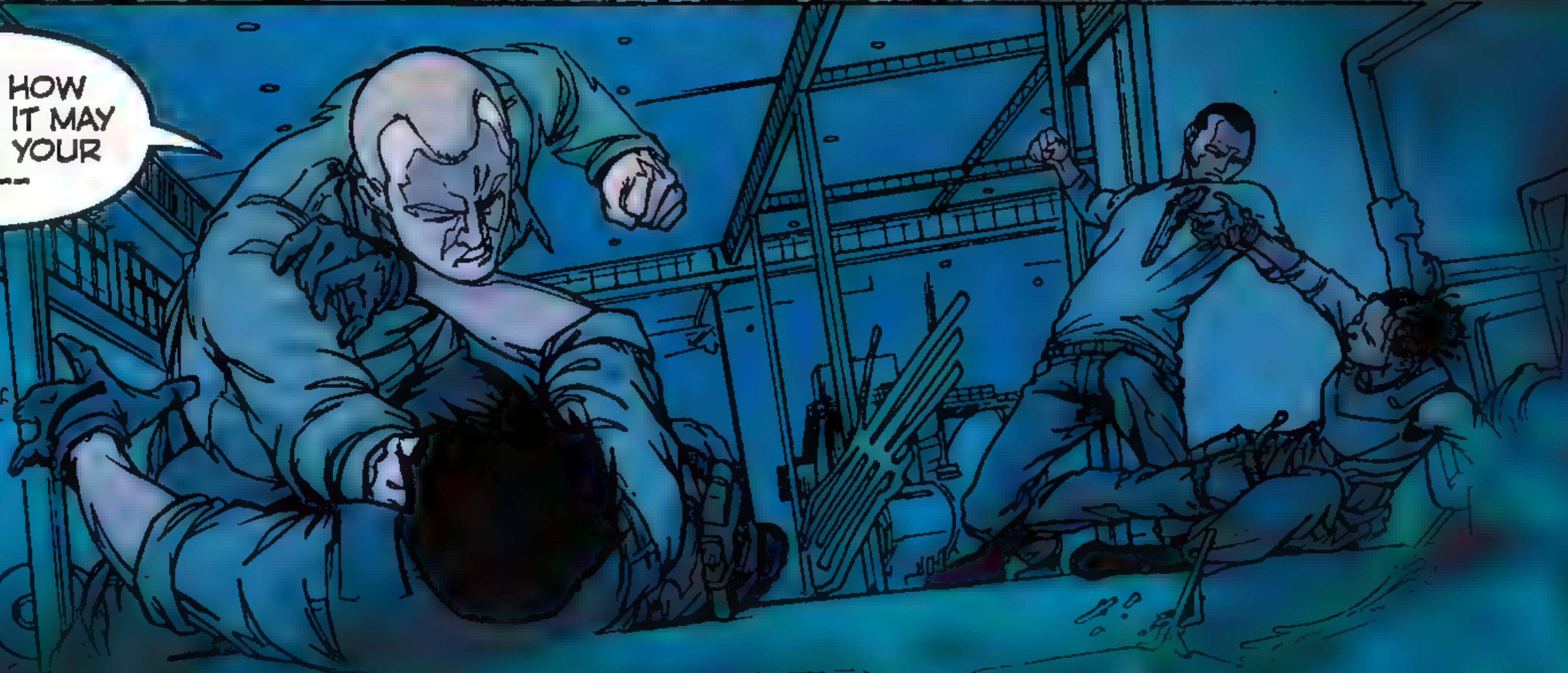


ALL THEY NEED  
TO DO IS PUSH A  
*BUTTON*, AND  
THIS THING  
BLOWS.



LET'S SEE HOW  
YOU LIKE IT. IT MAY  
ONLY BE IN YOUR  
*MIND*--

--BUT IT  
*HURTS* A HELL  
OF A LOT  
*WORSE*.



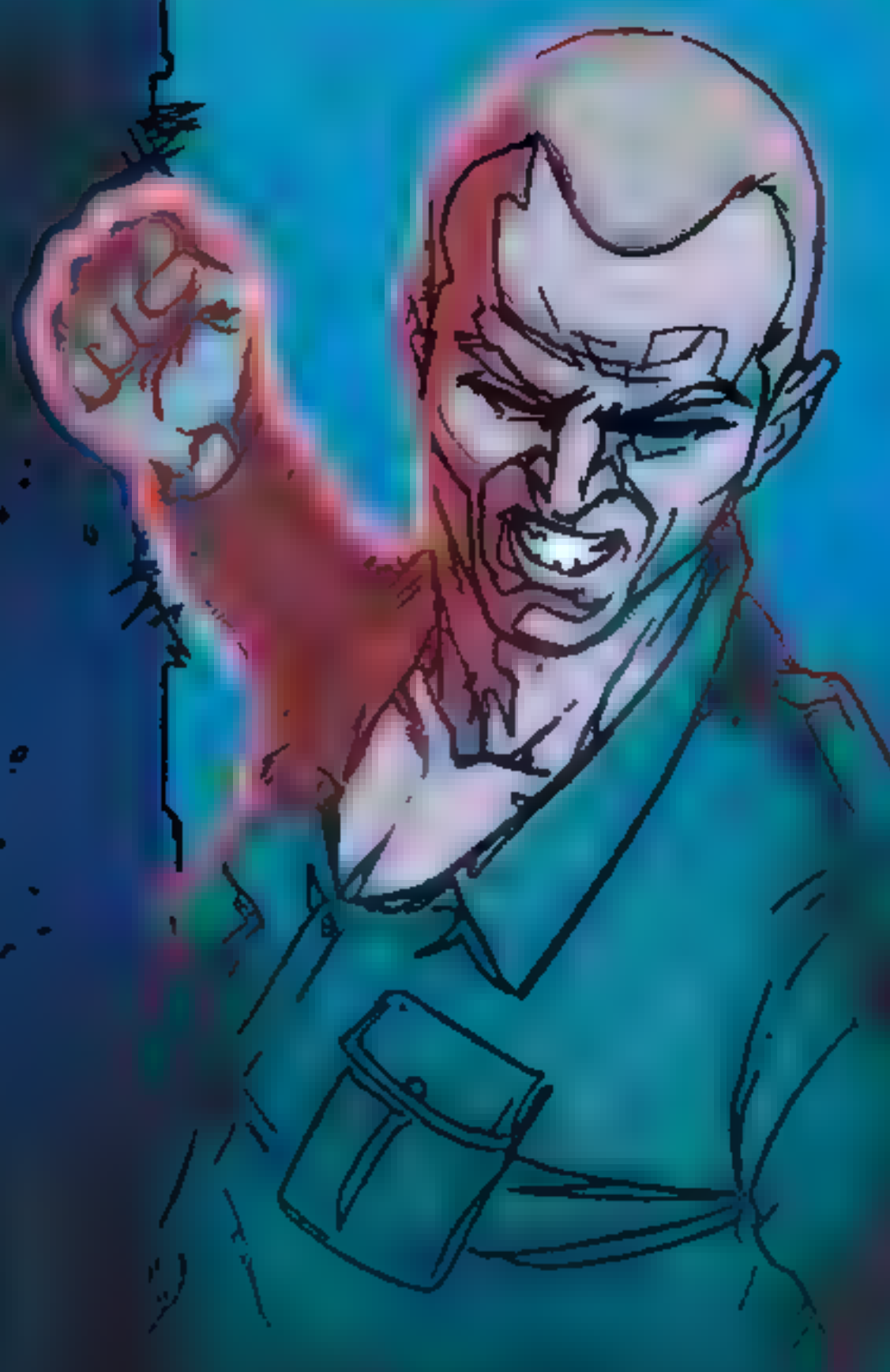
Can't stop him.



He's too strong.

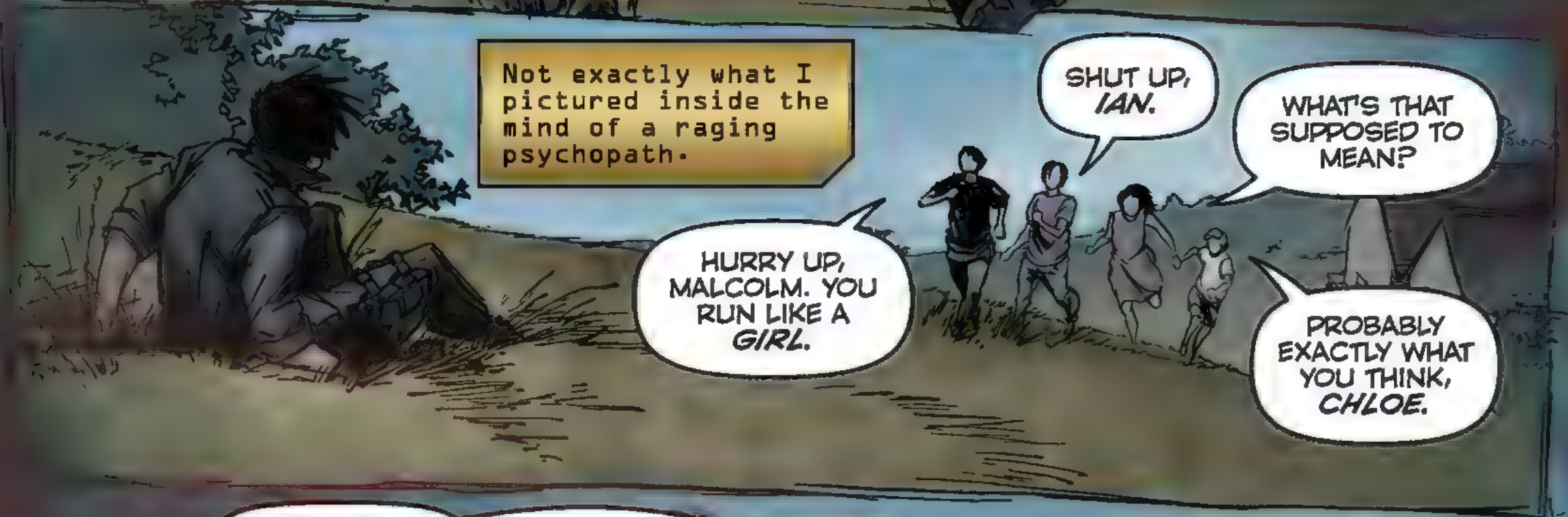
Gotta find  
an angle. Do  
something  
unexpected.

If Malcolm is  
focusing his  
energy here,  
maybe he's  
vulnerable--





--at home.



Not exactly what I pictured inside the mind of a raging psychopath.

SHUT UP, IAN.

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

HURRY UP, MALCOLM. YOU RUN LIKE A GIRL.

PROBABLY EXACTLY WHAT YOU THINK, CHLOE.

HEY, MALCOLM.

DO I KNOW YOU?

SORT OF. YOU *WILL*.



HUH? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

I KNOW.



SORRY, KID.







ARRGH!



One psycho down.  
One to go.



GET AWAY FROM HER!

WHUMP





ERIKA? YOU  
OKAY?

YEAH,  
I'M FINE.  
THANKS.

WHERE DID  
THEY GO?

I THINK  
WE'RE *ALONE*  
NOW IN HERE.

I DON'T  
KNOW.

DID  
YOU *KILL*  
THEM?

WHAT ABOUT  
*LUCIEN*?

WE'RE  
RUNNING  
*OUT OF*  
TIME!

I *KNOW*.

YOU CAN'T  
SAVE THIS WORLD!  
YOU CAN'T STOP  
THE *FUTURE*!

THIS  
*CIVILIZATION* IS  
BANKRUPT-- MORALLY,  
EMOTIONALLY,  
FINANCIALLY.

THE ONLY WAY  
TO SAVE IT IS TO  
*DESTROY* IT AND  
REBUILD FROM  
*SCRATCH*.

You go, dude.  
Keep talking.

Erika's right.  
We're running  
out of time.  
Gotta stop this  
guy from pushing  
his button--  
from detonating.

I know what I can  
do. But don't know  
if I can handle it.

Then again-- like  
everything else  
about this ability...







...I never really had  
a choice, did I?

Just like he  
never had a  
chance.

**NOOO!**

Once I got  
inside his  
head...



**HRRGHH!**

...it was all over.

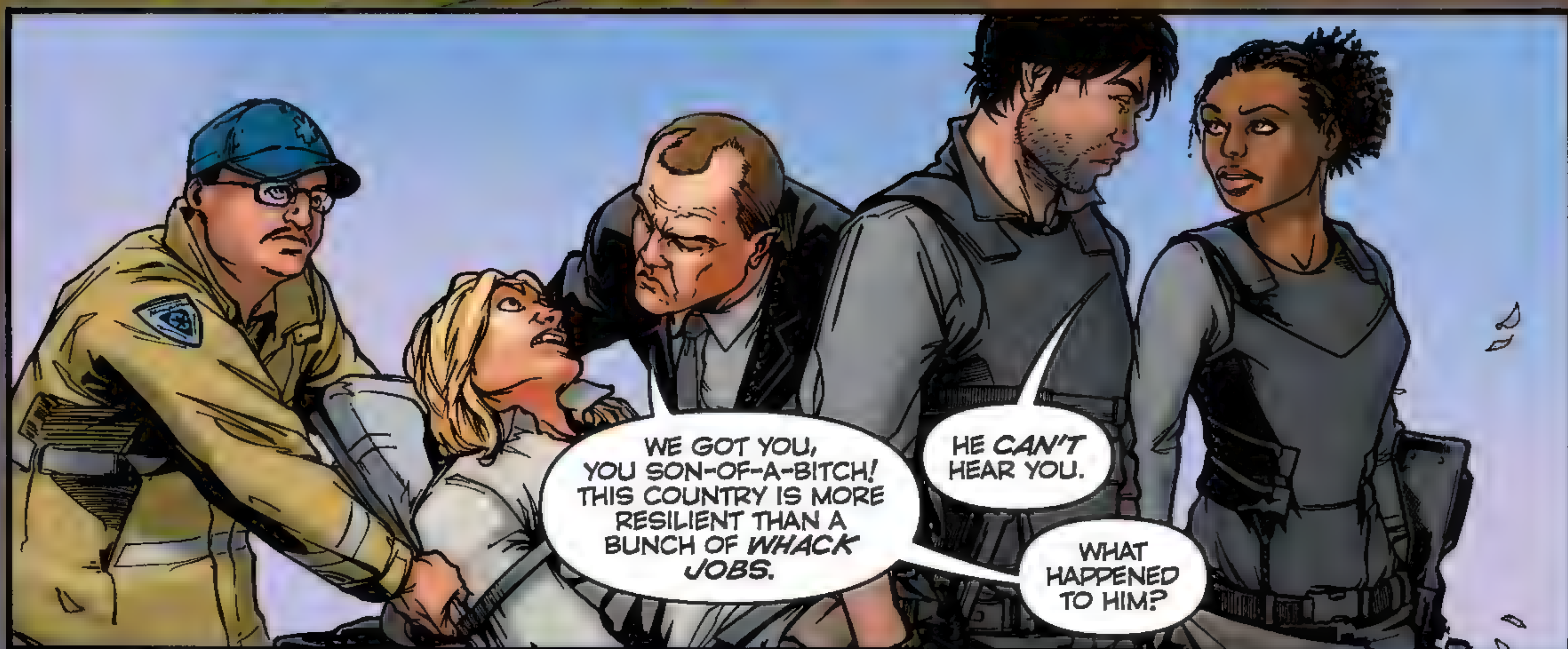
**SEQUENCE CANCELLED**

CONNOR...

...ARE YOU  
OKAY?

I'M STILL  
HERE---









HEY. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

CATCHING UP ON SOME WORK. **SCHEMATIC BREAKDOWNS** FOR MCMANUS.



KEEP ON KEEPING ON.

MIGHT AS WELL.

HAVE YOU SEEN **CONNOR**? I THOUGHT HE WAS IN HIS ROOM, BUT IT'S **EMPTY**. ISAAC'S GONE TOO.



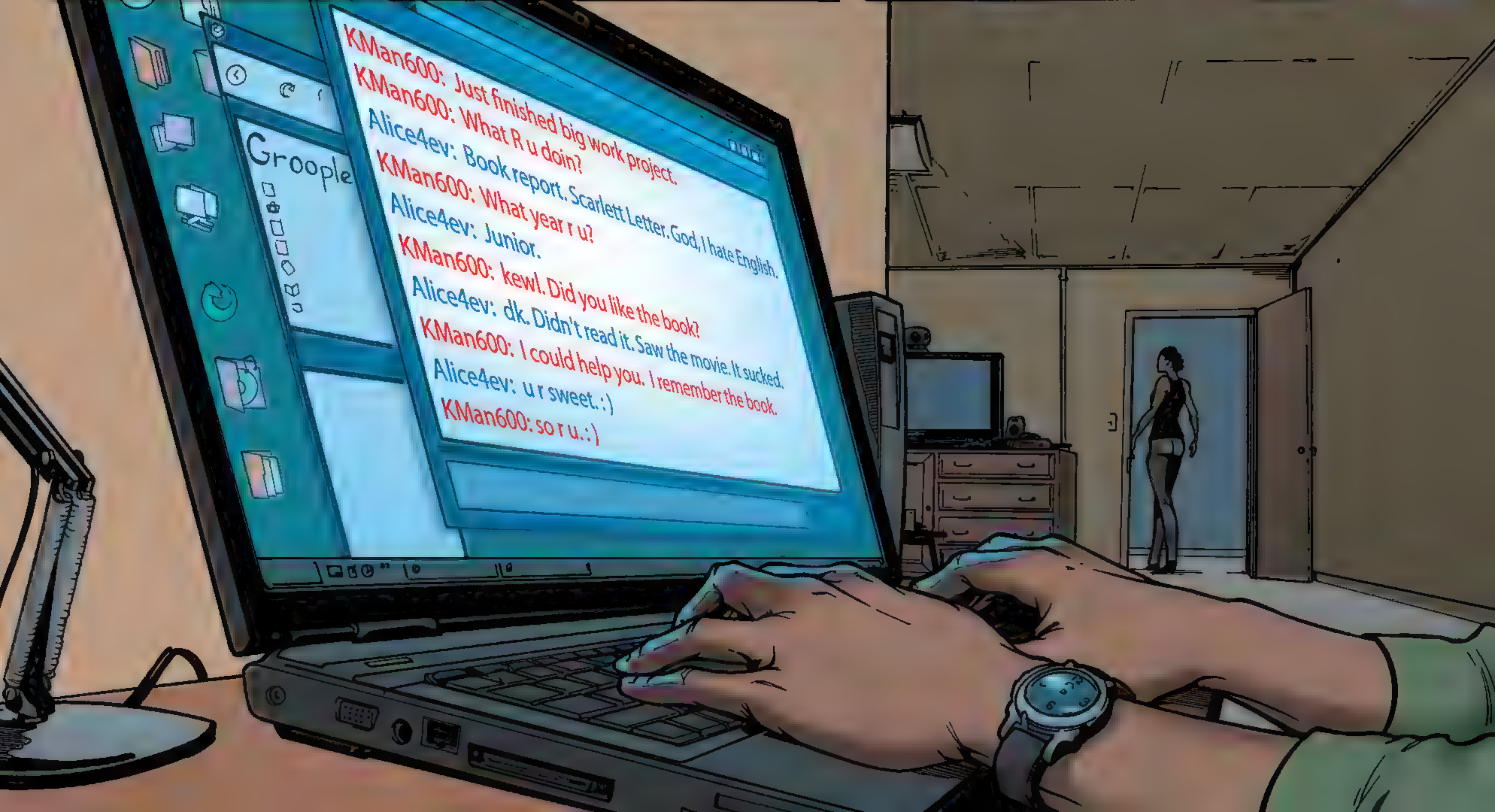
YOU THINK THEY COULD BE **TOGETHER**?

I SOMEHOW **DOUBT** THAT.

GOD KNOWS WHAT ISAAC IS UP TO, BUT **CONNOR** IS PROBABLY WANDERING ABOUT. YOU KNOW HOW HE GETS.

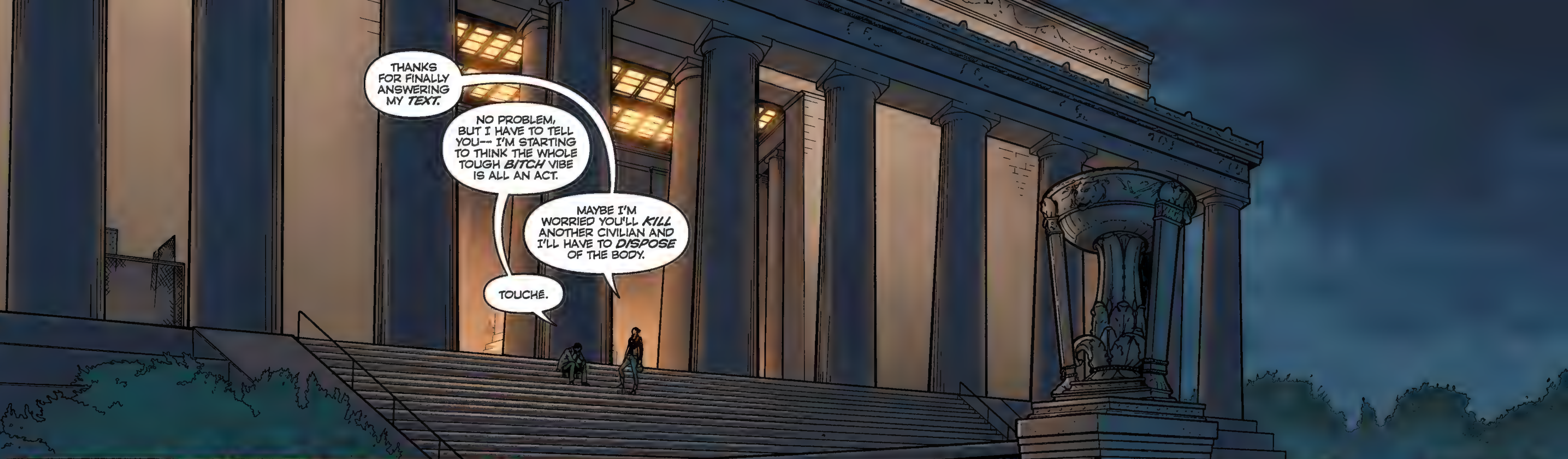


YEAH, I **DO**.



KMan600: Just finished big work project.  
KMan600: What R u doin?  
Alice4ev: Book report. Scarlett Letter. God, I hate English.  
KMan600: What year r u?  
Alice4ev: Junior.  
KMan600: kewl. Did you like the book?  
Alice4ev: dk. Didn't read it. Saw the movie. It sucked.  
KMan600: I could help you. I remember the book.  
Alice4ev: u r sweet.:)  
KMan600: so r u.:)



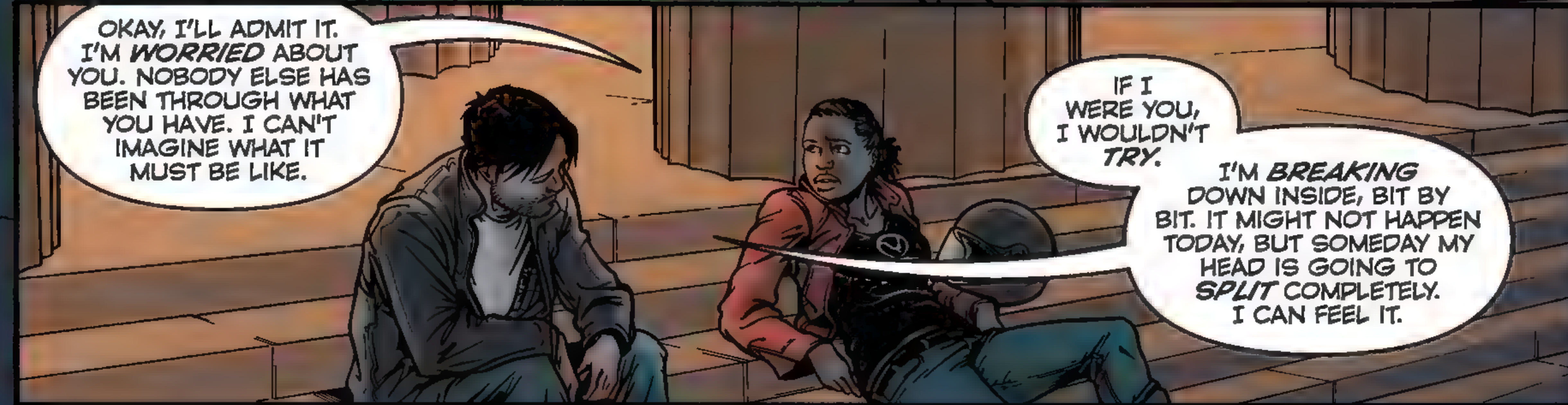


THANKS FOR FINALLY ANSWERING MY TEXT.

NO PROBLEM, BUT I HAVE TO TELL YOU-- I'M STARTING TO THINK THE WHOLE TOUGH BITCH VIBE IS ALL AN ACT.

MAYBE I'M WORRIED YOU'LL *KILL* ANOTHER CIVILIAN AND I'LL HAVE TO *DISPOSE* OF THE BODY.

TOUCHE.



OKAY, I'LL ADMIT IT. I'M *WORRIED* ABOUT YOU. NOBODY ELSE HAS BEEN THROUGH WHAT YOU HAVE. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE.

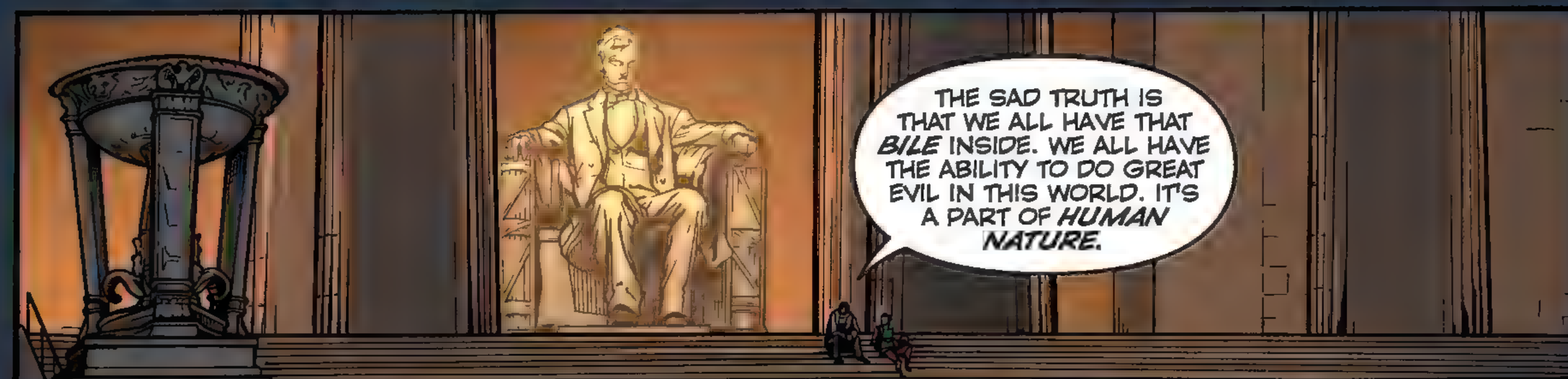
IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T TRY.

I'M *BREAKING* DOWN INSIDE, BIT BY BIT. IT MIGHT NOT HAPPEN TODAY, BUT SOMEDAY MY HEAD IS GOING TO *SPLIT* COMPLETELY. I CAN FEEL IT.



WHY NOT?

EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY DAY IS A *STRUGGLE*-- A STRUGGLE TO BLOCK OUT ALL THAT'S *GROSS* AND *VILE* AND *EVIL* IN THIS WORLD.



THE SAD TRUTH IS THAT WE ALL HAVE THAT *BILE* INSIDE. WE ALL HAVE THE ABILITY TO DO GREAT EVIL IN THIS WORLD. IT'S A PART OF *HUMAN NATURE*.



IF I GAVE UP, THAT WOULD BE SAYING THAT THE *BILE* WAS WHAT WE REALLY ARE AT OUR CORE. THAT *HUMANITY* IN GENERAL IS... WELL-- *EVIL*. AND I JUST DON'T BELIEVE THAT. NOT YET ANYWAY.

QUITE THE *SERMON*, CONNOR.

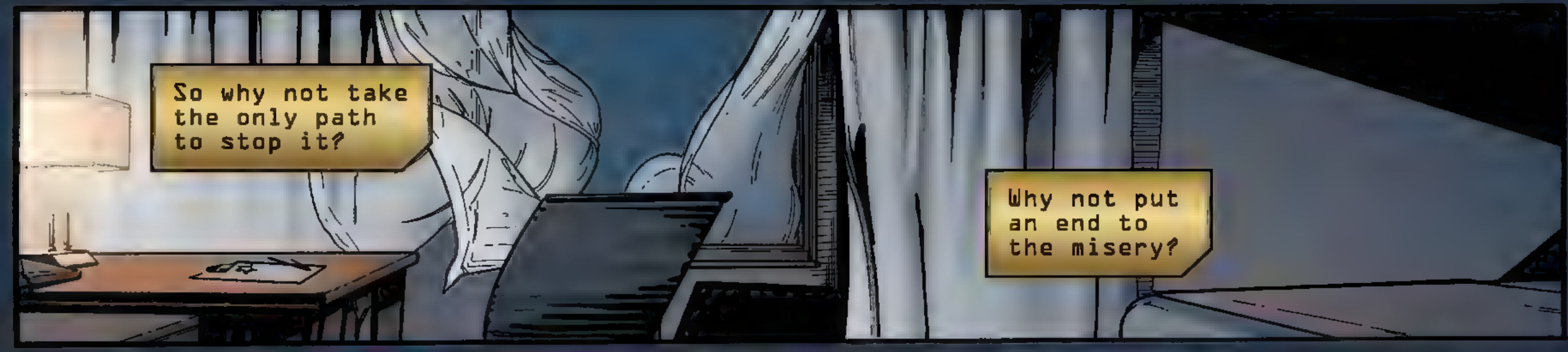
TO BE *HONEST*, I WASN'T THAT WORRIED.

I'M NOT BUYING THAT WHOLE *WOUNDED* DUCK VIBE YOU GOT GOING.



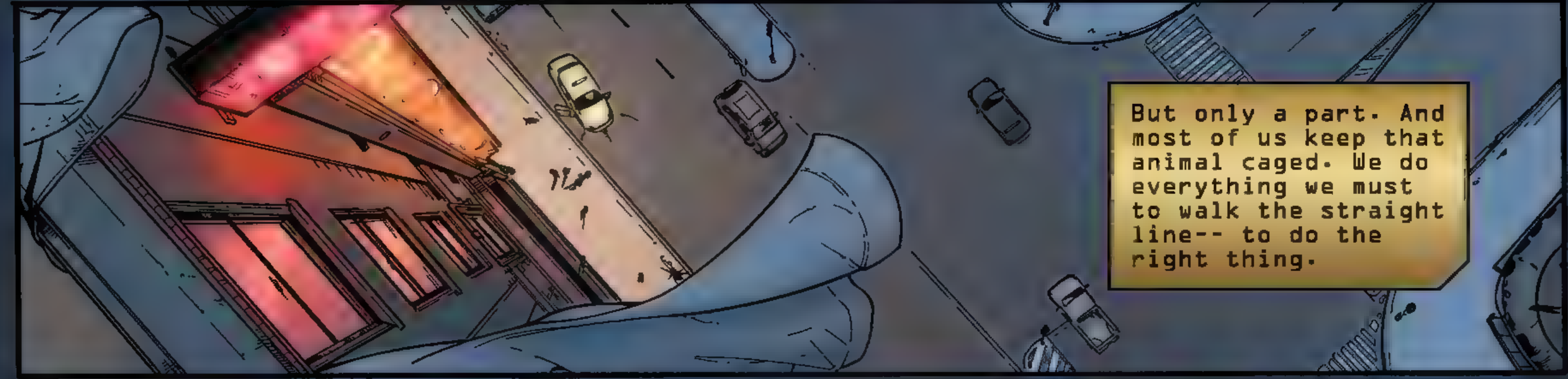
You probably thought I decided to end it all.

Well-- I thought about it. A lot.



So why not take the only path to stop it?

Why not put an end to the misery?



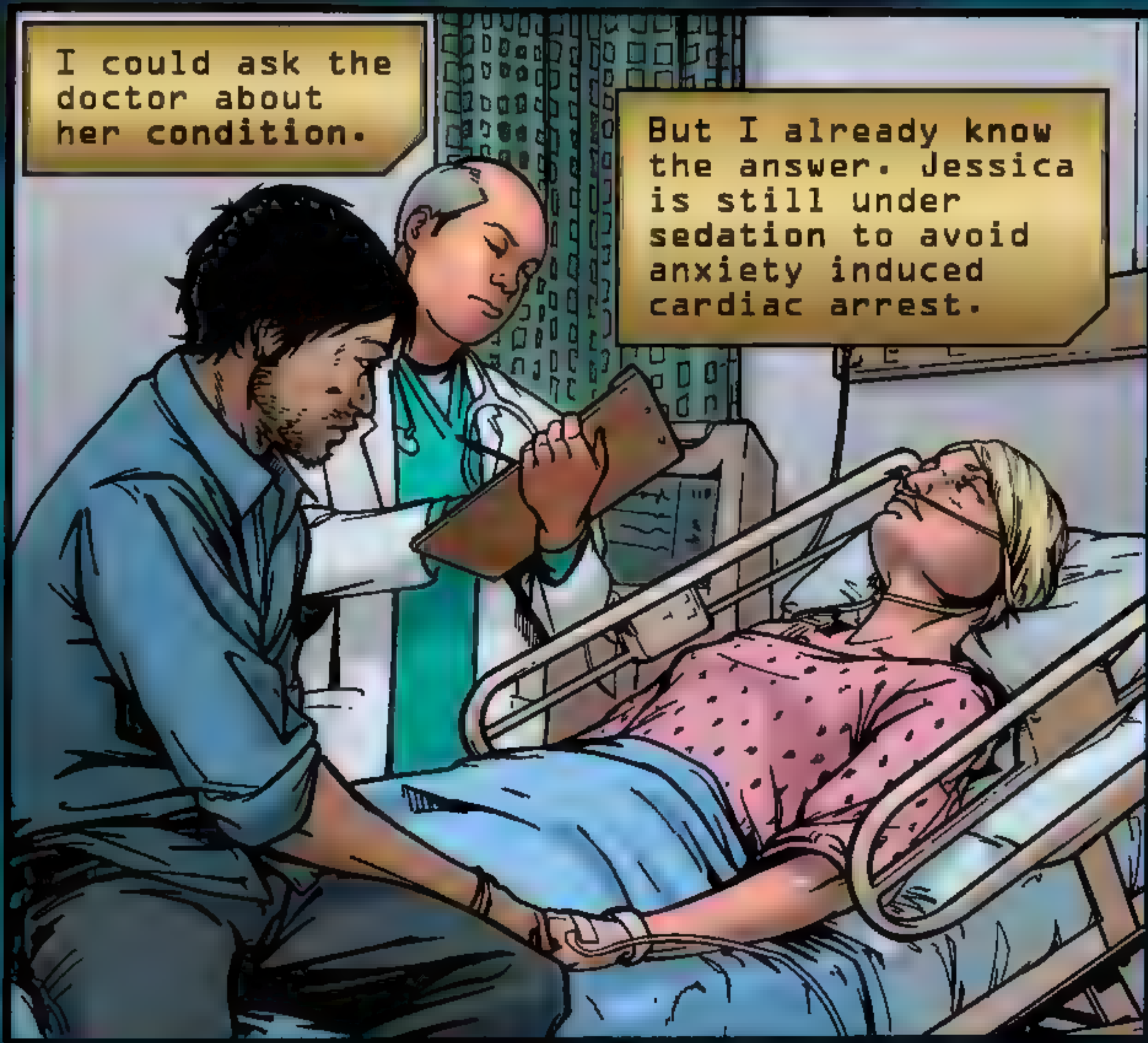
But only a part. And most of us keep that animal caged. We do everything we must to walk the straight line-- to do the right thing.



IF I'VE *LEARNED* ONE THING ABOUT YOU, CONNOR--

--IT'S THAT YOU ARE *TOUGHER* THAN YOU LOOK.



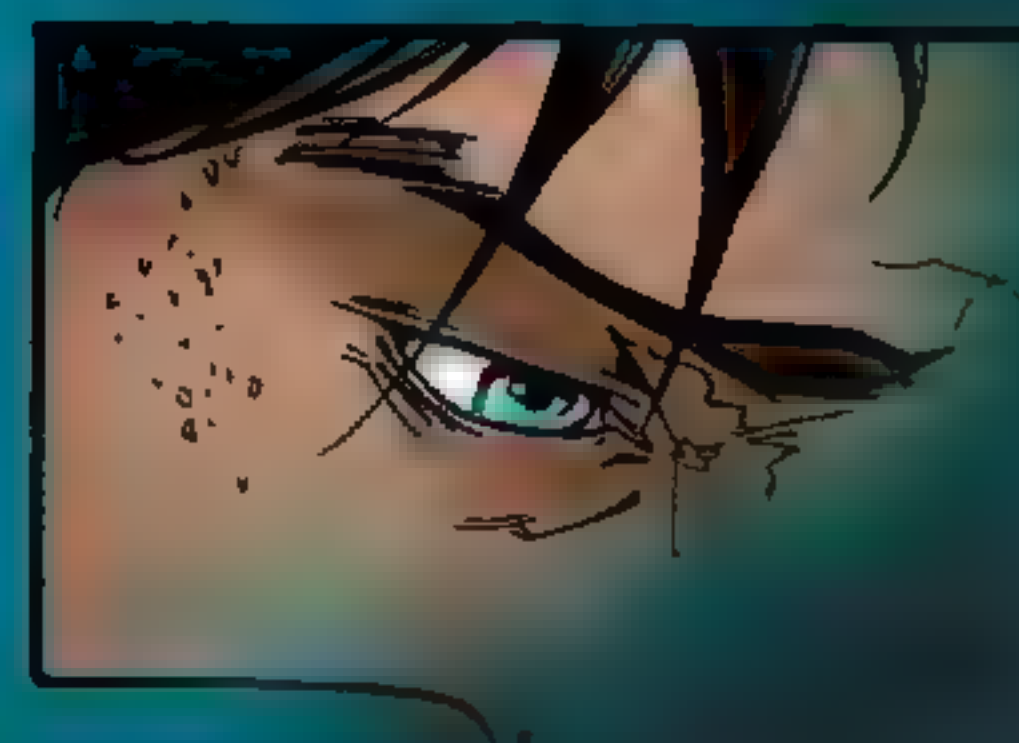
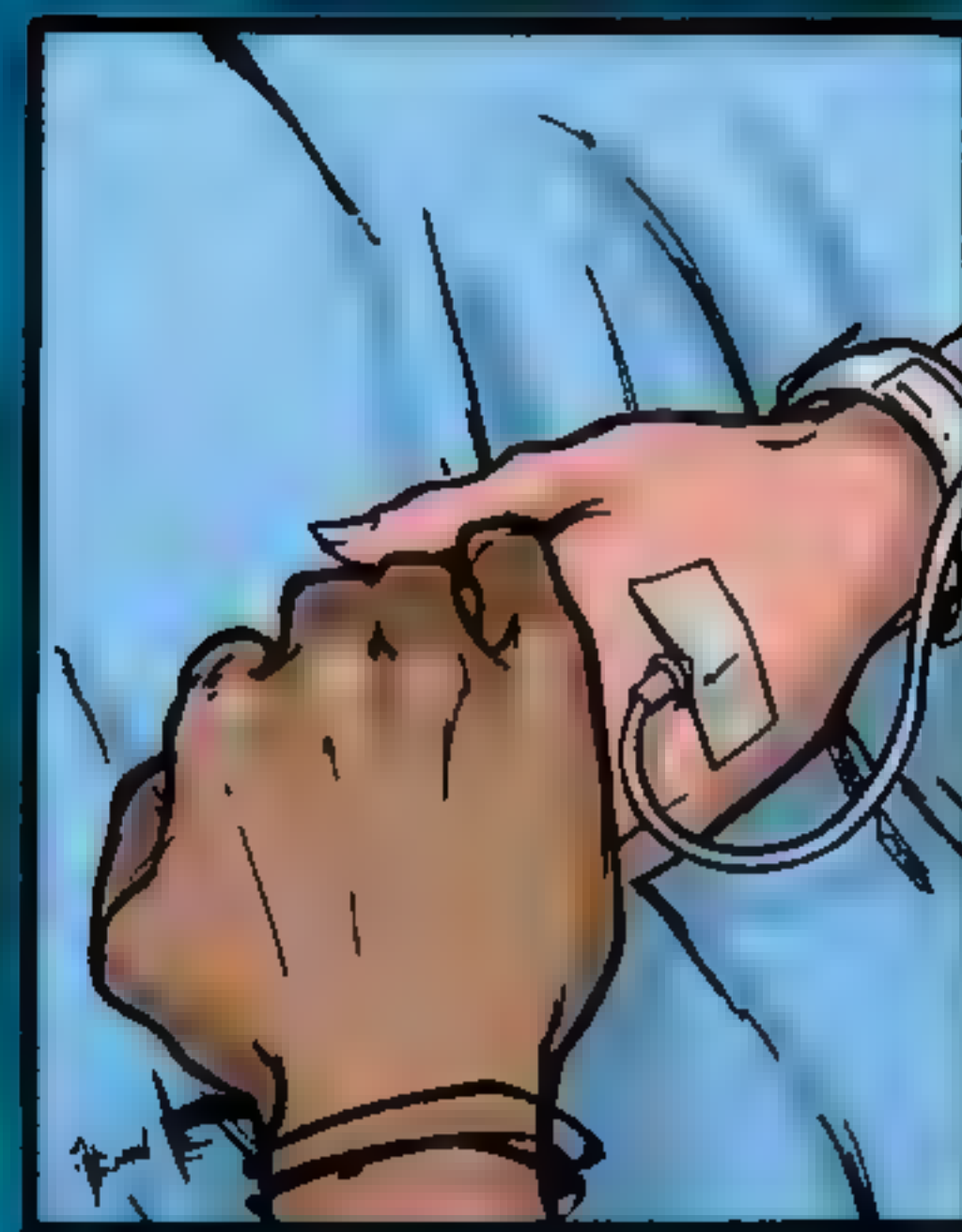


I could ask the doctor about her condition.

But I already know the answer. Jessica is still under sedation to avoid anxiety induced cardiac arrest.



Can't say I'd be any better if I saw the person I love gunned down in front of me, then had my mind essentially raped by a couple of psychic psychos.

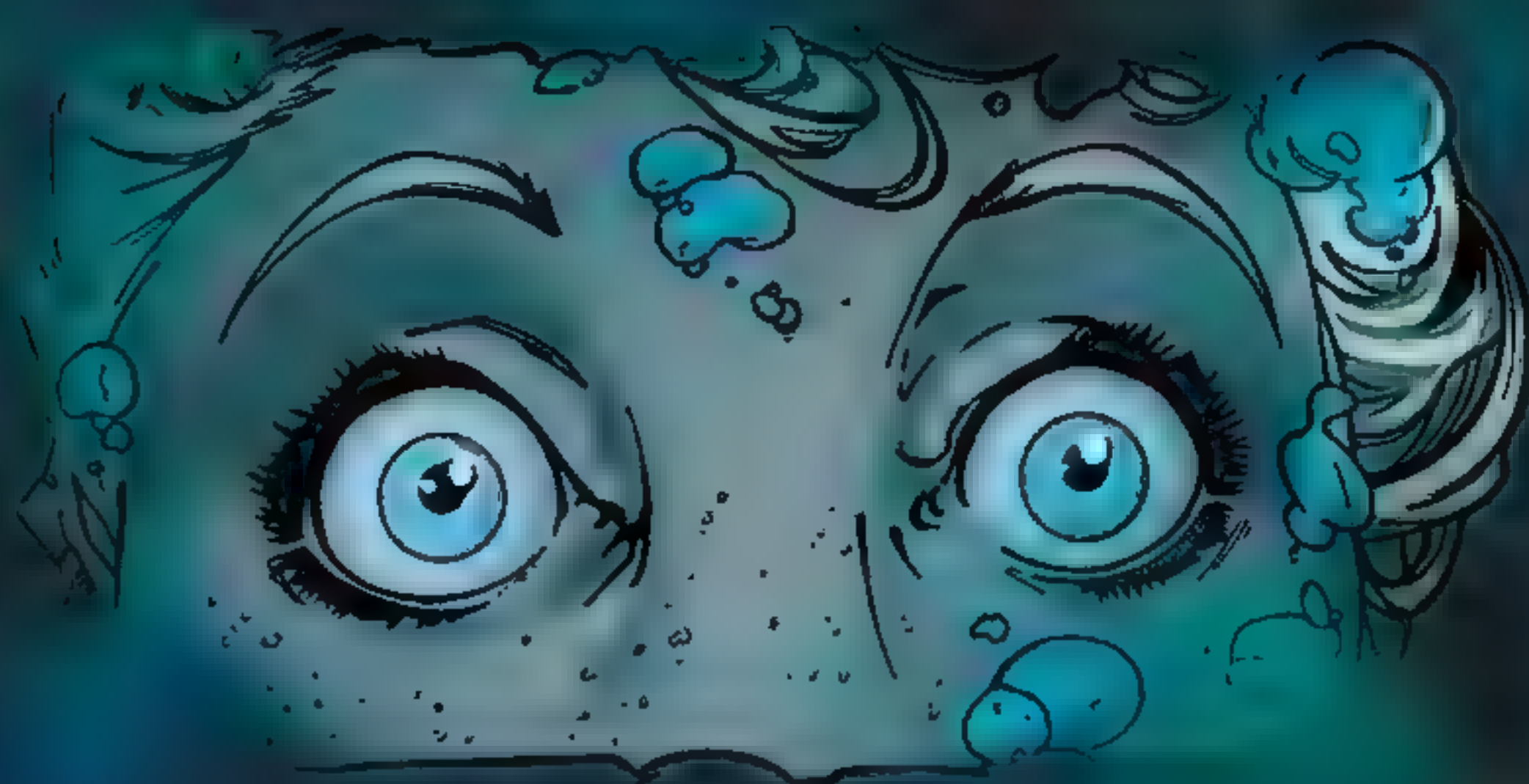


I got a taste of what she was going through when I was trying to protect her from them.

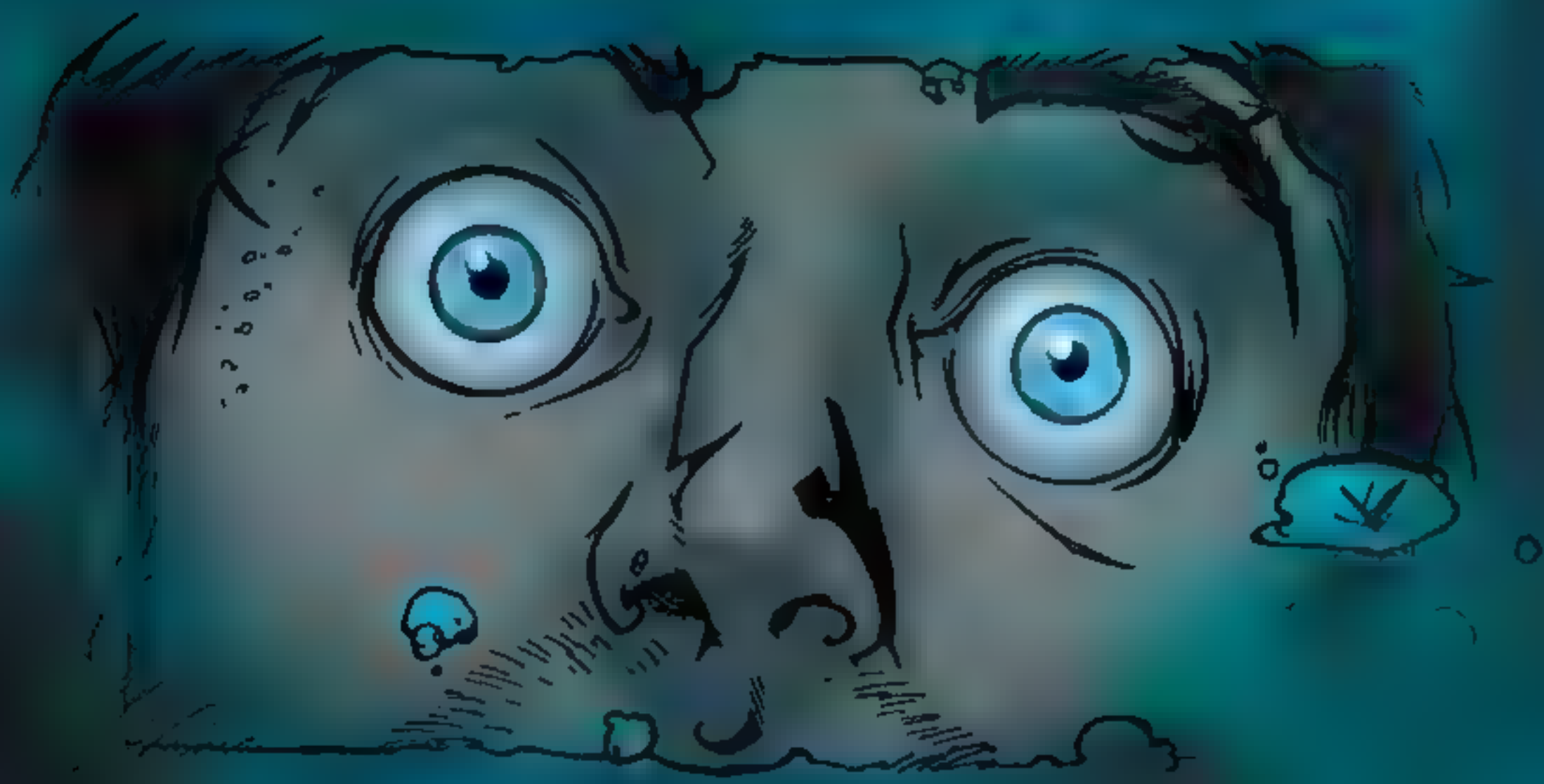


The loss. The despair.

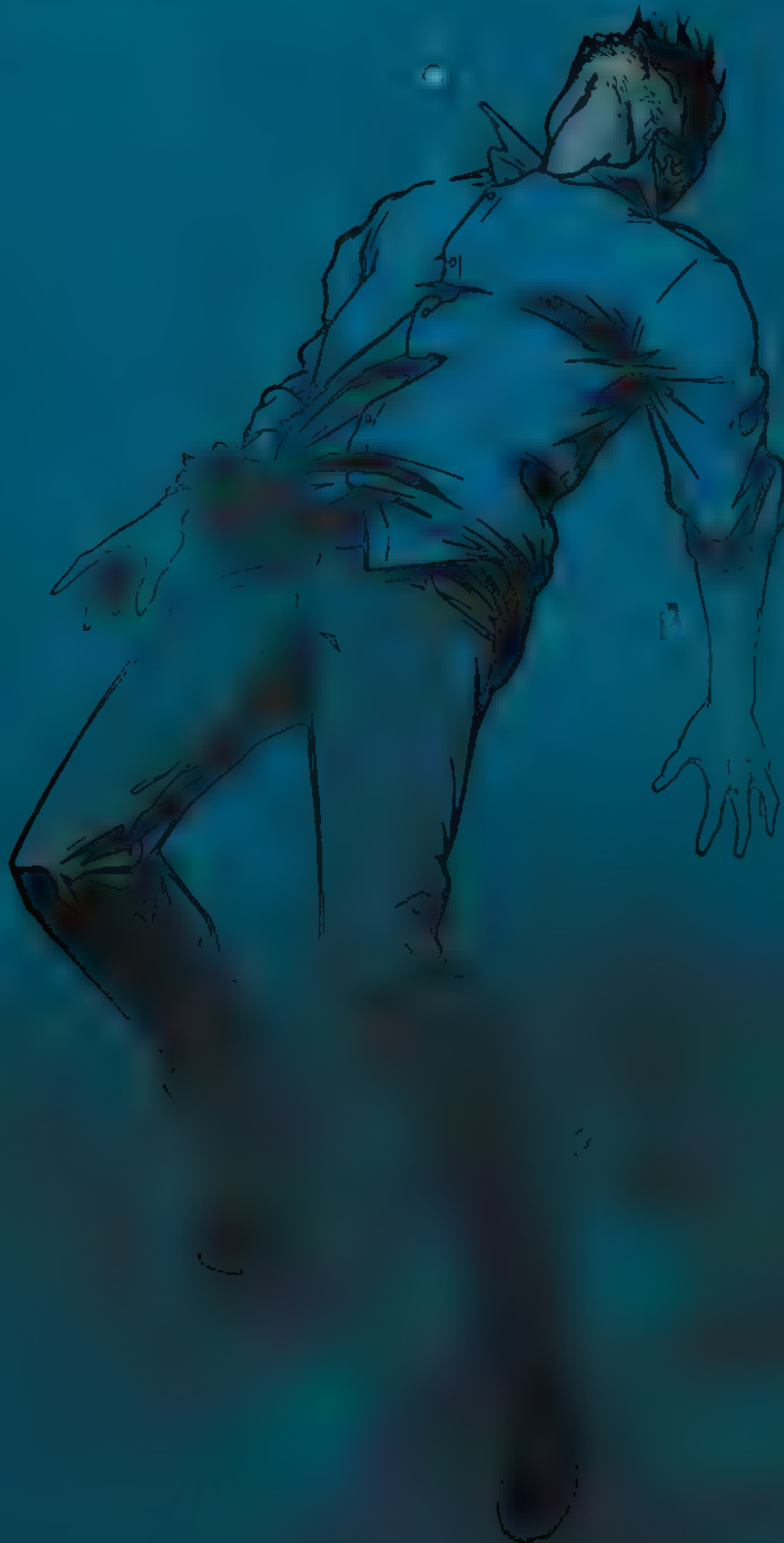
But just then, I wasn't seeing it--







--I was feeling it.



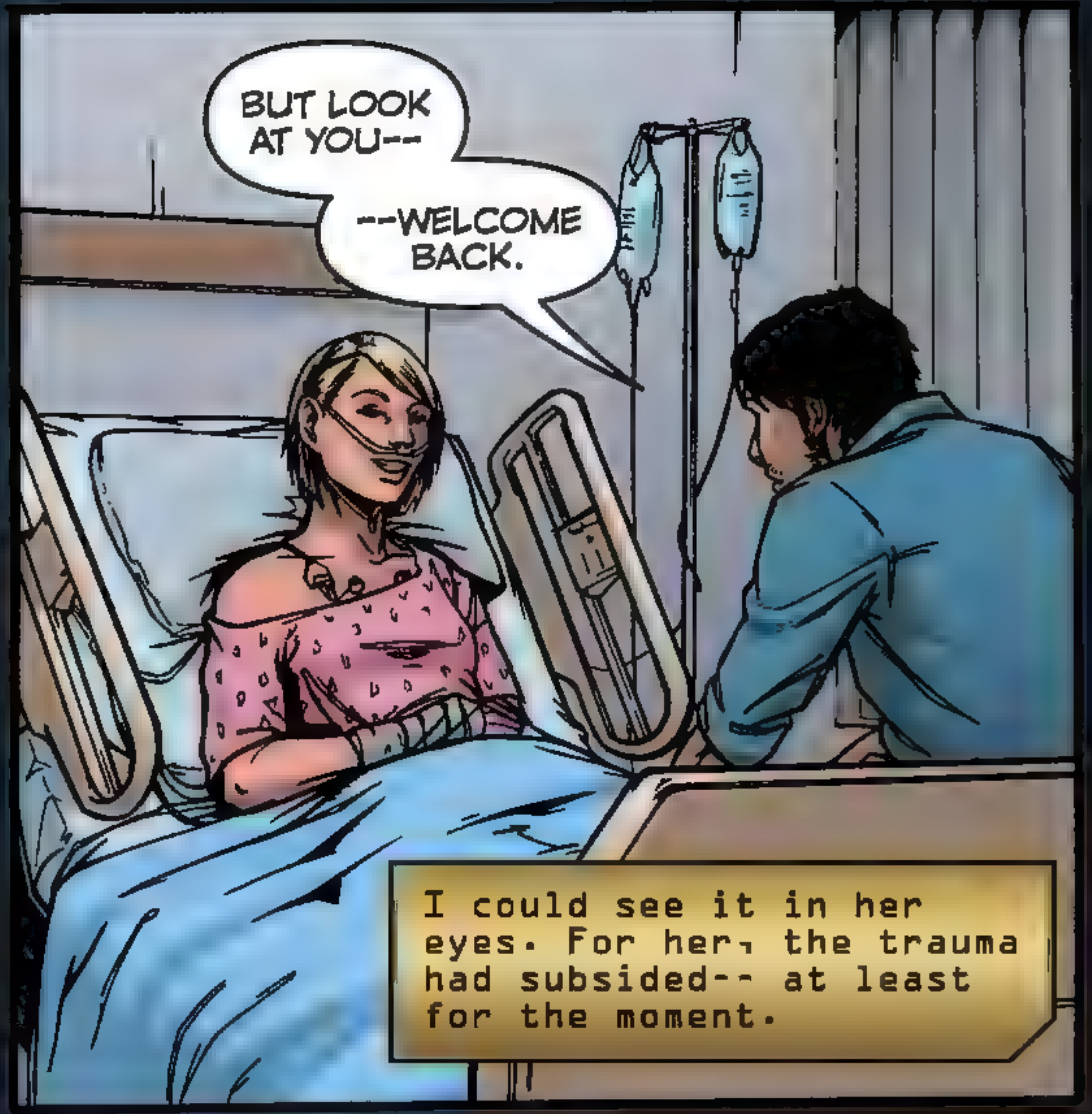
AHHHHH...

YOU  
OKAY?



LET ME  
GUESS. BAD  
DREAM?

I-I'M  
FINE.

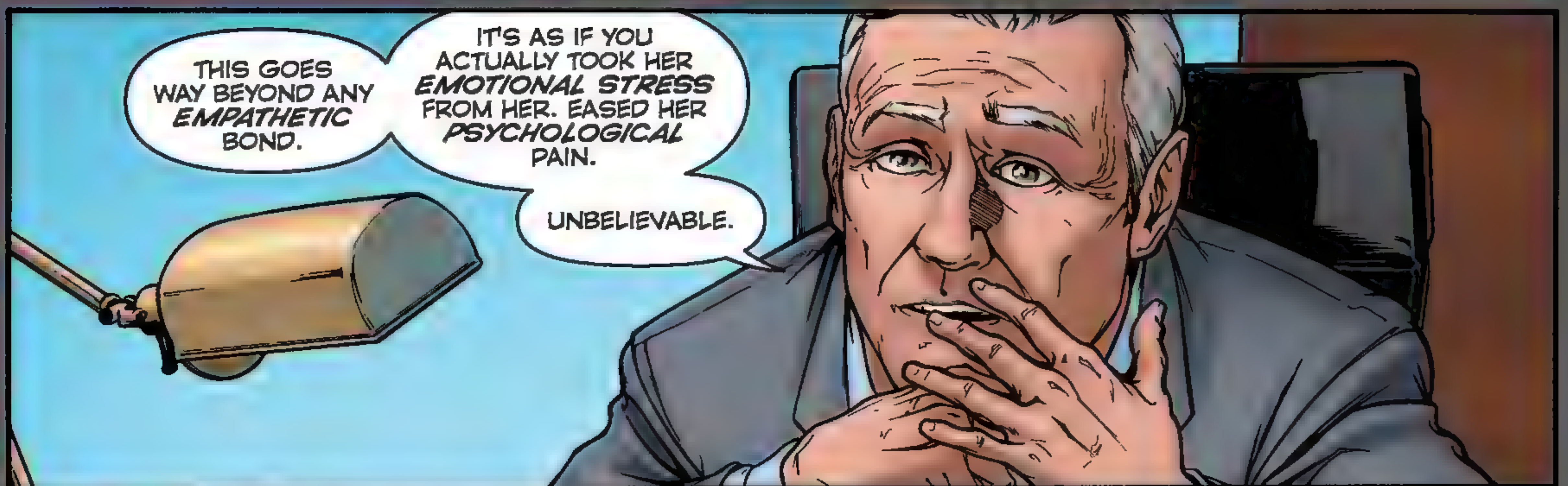
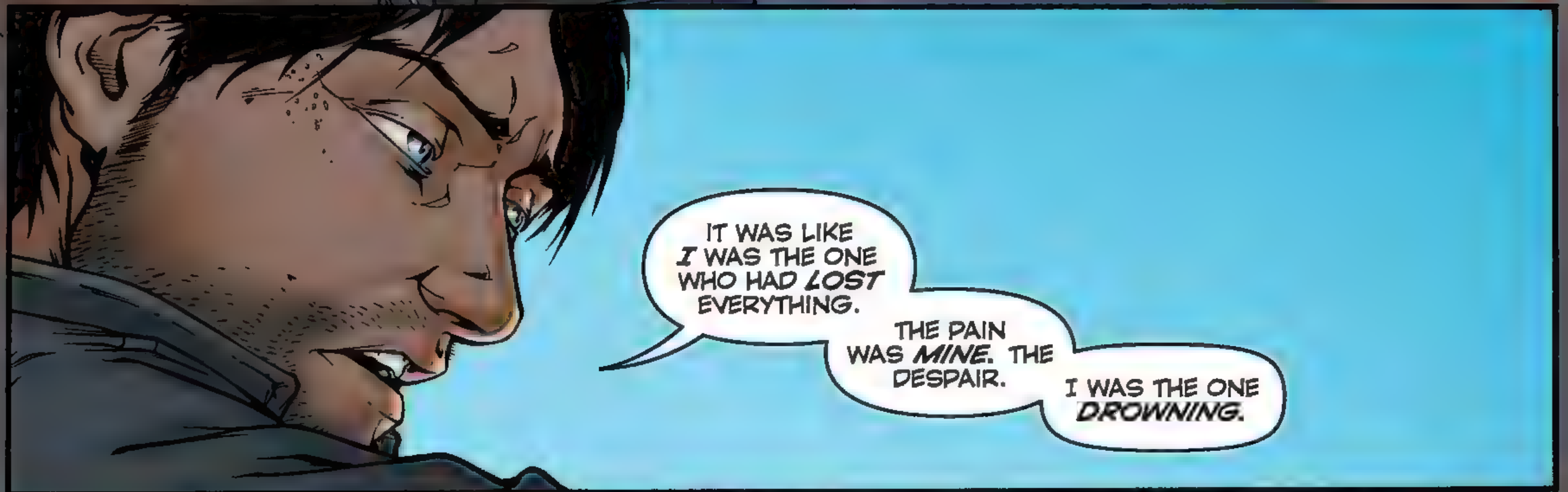


BUT LOOK  
AT YOU---

---WELCOME  
BACK.

I could see it in her  
eyes. For her, the trauma  
had subsided-- at least  
for the moment.









AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, MCMANUS DID EVERYTHING IN HIS POWER TO *RIP* MY MIND APART FOR HIS OWN NEEDS.

YOU-- YOU'RE THE ONE WHO *HELPED* ME PUT IT BACK TOGETHER. AND I WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR THAT.



WHAT WILL YOU DO?

STICK WITH THE *PROGRAM* FOR NOW.

REALLY?

YEAH. DESPITE WHAT MCMANUS DID, I CAN'T IGNORE THE FACT THAT WE STOPPED A LOT OF PEOPLE FROM *DYING*.



THAT'S GOTTA COUNT FOR *SOMETHING*.

I SUPPOSE IT DOES.



AND TO BE HONEST, THAT'S *ALL* I HAVE RIGHT NOW.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, *CONNOR*.



THANKS.



WELL, THAT COULD HAVE BEEN *AWKWARD*.





THINK  
HE *SENSED*  
EITHER OF YOU,  
MALCOLM?

NOT A  
CHANCE.

HE'S  
NOT *THAT*  
SPECIAL.



I'LL HAVE TO TAKE  
YOUR WORD FOR IT.  
PERSONALLY, I THINK WE  
*UNDERESTIMATED*  
CONNOR.

JUST AS  
MUCH AS WE  
*OVERESTIMATED*  
LUCIEN. I REALLY  
THOUGHT HE WAS  
GOING TO HIT HIS  
*TARGET.*

REGARDLESS,  
WE GOT WHAT WE  
NEEDED. THAT WILL  
DO FOR NOW.



BY THE WAY--  
IN EXCHANGE FOR  
HELPING CONNOR, THE  
*C.I.A.* GAVE ME A LOOK  
AT MY *FILE*. IT EVEN  
CAME WITH  
*PHOTOS.*

WHAT DO  
YOU SAY,  
BOYS?



YOU WANT TO SEE  
AN OLD PICTURE OF  
ME AND YOUR  
*MOTHERS?*

TO BE CONTINUED?



# MINDFIELD

PROJECT COBALT DATA FILES

Project COBALT

SUBJECT: RANDALL WRIGHT  
SCRIPT: J.T. KRUL  
ARTWORK: LORI "CROSS" HANSON  
COLORS: SIYA OUM



<NORTHERN  
CALIFORNIA. 1974.>>

AHHHHHH!

YES! THAT'S  
IT, *DAWN!*

FEEL THE  
POWER OF LIFE  
*BURSTING* FROM  
YOUR BELLY.

EMBRACE THE  
*ENERGY* AS YOU  
RELEASE A *NEW*  
*SPIRIT* INTO THIS  
WORLD.

YES!







OUR SOULS ARE SPOILED--- *TAINTED* BY THE DISEASE OF THIS *MODERN* WORLD. WE ARE *TRAPPED*.

TRUE *FREEDOM* IS BEYOND OUR GRASP, BUT WE CAN SHOW OTHERS THE WAY---

--ALLOW THEIR *SPIRIT* TO EXIST *UNCONSTRAINED*.

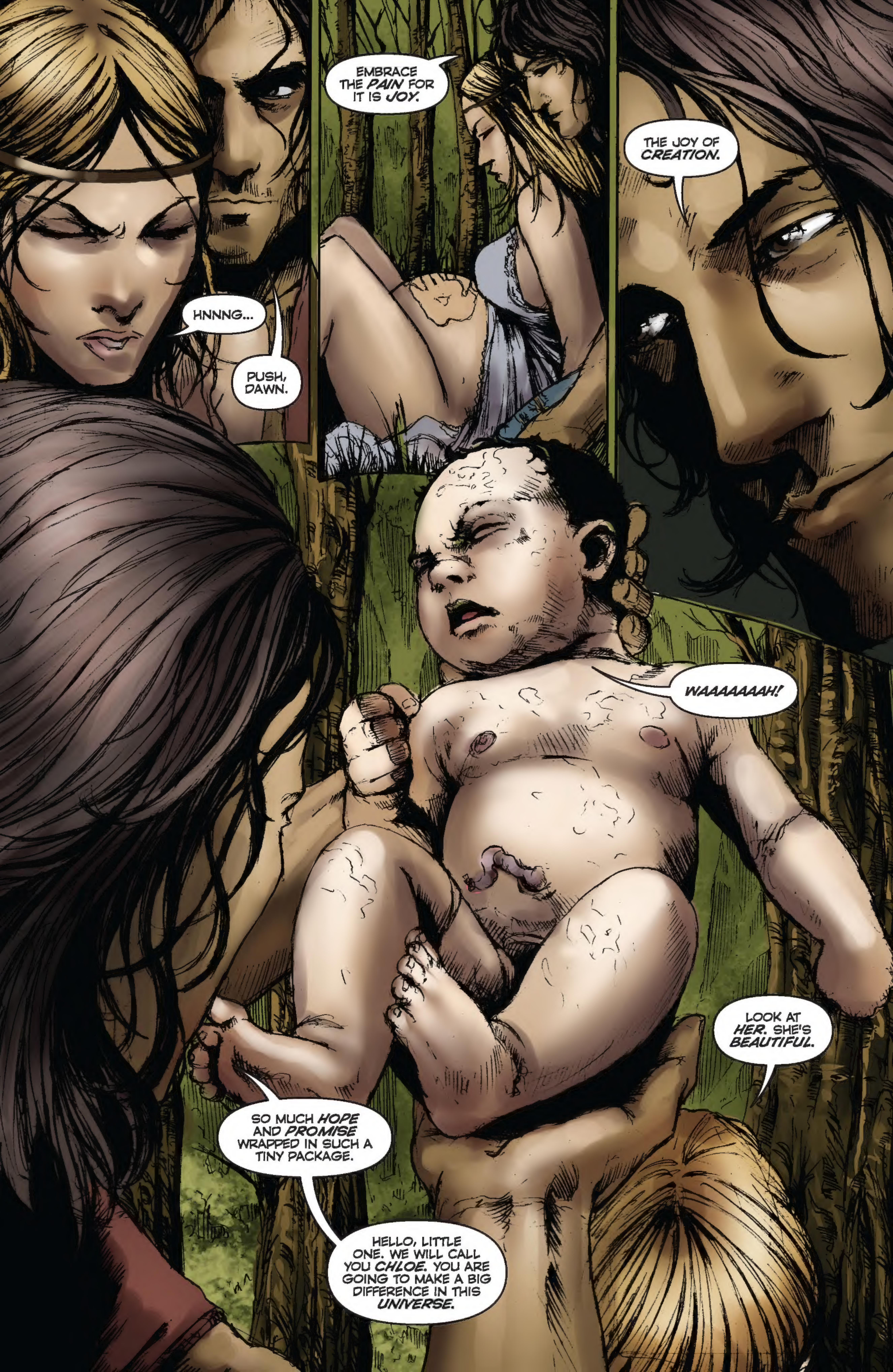
YES, *RANDALL*. I LOVE YOU.

AND I LOVE YOU.

THIS *CHILD* WILL BE BETTER THAN US. IT WILL BE *PURE*.

AN *ANGEL* AMONG US. MORE *SACRED* AND SPECIAL IN EVERY WAY.





EMBRACE  
THE *PAIN* FOR  
IT IS *JOY*.

THE JOY OF  
*CREATION*.

HNNNG...

PUSH,  
DAWN.

WAAAAAAAH!

LOOK AT  
*HER*. SHE'S  
BEAUTIFUL.

SO MUCH *HOPE*  
AND *PROMISE*  
WRAPPED IN SUCH A  
TINY PACKAGE.

HELLO, LITTLE  
ONE. WE WILL CALL  
YOU *CHLOE*. YOU ARE  
GOING TO MAKE A BIG  
DIFFERENCE IN THIS  
*UNIVERSE*.





TOGETHER,  
YOU AND YOUR  
BROTHERS WILL  
CHANGE THIS  
WORLD!

HALLELUJAH!

HALLELUJAH!

HALLELUJAH!

HALLELUJAH!

THANKS EVERYONE!  
J.T.